THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fo kly
Franklin

FEB. 4, 1922

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Beginning

Merton of the Movies—By Harry Leon Wilson

Here's a warm summer treat sure to tempt winter appetites

Baked spinach and eggs! It's a delicious dish—and as healthful as it is good.

Try it on a bleak, cold day. You'll find it warm and nourishing and rich in all those wholesome mineral elements that make spinach one of Nature's finest food tonics.

If you appreciate the importance of a well-balanced diet, serve spinach often, especially at this season of the year. It is the one vegetable that will surely put tone into your cold-weather meals. And when you do serve it, remember that DEL MONTE brings you spinach with a flavor as fine and fresh and appetizing as if just picked from your own garden. Furthermore, it is very convenient and economical. Being ready cooked, it may be quickly and easily served in a wide variety of tempting combinations.

Always look for the red DEL MONTE shield. It is your guarantee of highest quality and finest flavor in spinach, as it is in more than a hundred delicious varieties of canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties packed under the DEL MONTE label.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

BAKED SPINACH AND EGGS

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Fort Fisher Highway, New Hanover Co., N. C. Treated with "Tarvia-B" 1915-17-18-19-21 and "Tarvia-A" in 1916.

Another view of Fort Fisher Highway. Treated with "Tarvia-B" 1915-17-18-19-21, and "Tarvia-A" in 1916.

Above is Wrightsville Turnpike, New Hanover Co., N. C. Treated with "Tarvia-A" 1915, and with "Tarvia-B" 1917 and 1921.

"The Best Investment the Board Ever Made"

Mr. Addison Hewlett, Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of New Hanover County, N. C., writes, under date of July 25, 1921:

"We have been using Tarvia for surface treating the macadam roads of New Hanover County for the past six years, and we find this treatment satisfactory in every respect.

"Before we started the use of Tarvia we had great difficulty in maintaining our roads, as they became very dusty in dry weather and washed away in wet weather, leaving our road surface full of holes and ruts. Since using Tarvia the surface of the road has been well protected in all kinds of weather, and today our roads have smooth, hard surfaces and our maintenance problem has been very easily solved. The Tarvia treatment is very inexpensive.

"It is unquestionably the best investment the Board of Commissioners has ever made and we would not consider for a moment discontinuing Tarvia on our roads."

Additional comments on Tarvia are made by R. A. Burnett, County Superintendent of Roads:

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"We feel that we have a finer system of roads than any other county in the State."

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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Dirty Work at the Border

AT THE very beginning of the tale there comes a moment of puzzled hesitation. One way of approach is set beside another for choice, and a third contrived for better choice. Still the puzzle persists, all because the one precisely right way might seem—shall we say intense, high keyed, clamorous? Yet if one way is the only right way, why pause? Courage! Slightly dazed, though certain, let us be on, into the shrill thick of it. So, then——

Out there in the great open spaces where men are men, a clash of primitive hearts and the coming of young love into its own! Well had it been for Estelle St. Clair if she had not wandered from the Fordyce ranch. A moment's delay in the arrival of Buck Benson, a second of fear in that brave heart, and hers would have been a fate worse than death.

Had she not been warned of Snake le Vasquez, the outlaw—his base threat to win her by fair means or foul? Had not Buck Benson himself, that strong, silent man of the open, begged her to beware of the halfbreed? Perhaps she had resented the hint of mastery in Benson's cool, quiet tones as he said, "Miss St. Clair, ma'am, I beg you not to endanger your welfare by permitting the advances of this viper. He bodes no good to such as you."

Perhaps—who knows?—Estelle St. Clair had even thought to trifle with the feelings of Snake le Vasquez, then to scorn him for his presumption. Although the beautiful New York society girl had remained unsullied in the midst of a city's profligacy, she still liked "to play with fire," as she laughingly said, and at the quiet words of Benson—Two-Gun Benson, his comrades of the border called him—she had drawn herself to her full height, facing him in all her blond young beauty, and pouted adorably as she replied, "Thank you! But I can look out for myself."

Yet she had wandered on her pony farther than she meant to, and was not without trepidation at the sudden appearance of the picturesque halfbreed, his teeth flashing in an evil smile as he swept off his broad sombrero to her. Above her suddenly beating heart she sought to chat gayly, while the quick eyes of the outlaw took in the details of the smart riding costume that revealed every line of her lithe young figure. But suddenly she chilled under his hot glance that now spoke all too plainly.

"I must return to my friends," she faltered. "They will be anxious." But the fellow laughed with a sinister leer.

"None of the Rest Can Touch Her," He Maintained. "And Look at Her Nerve! Would Your Others Have as Much Nerve as That?"

"No—ah, no, the lovely señorita will come with me," he replied; but there was the temper of steel in his words. For Snake le Vasquez, on the border, where human life was lightly held, was known as the Slimy Viper. Of all the evil men in that inferno, Snake was the foulest. Steeped in vice, he feared neither God nor man, and respected no woman. And now, Estelle St. Clair, drawing-room pet, pampered darling of New York society, which she ruled with an iron hand from her father's Fifth Avenue mansion, regretted bitterly that she had not given heed to honest Buck Benson. Her prayers, threats, entreaties were in vain. Despite her struggles, the blows her small fists rained upon the scoundrel's taunting face, she was borne across the border, on over the mesa, toward the lair of the outlaw.

"Have you no mercy?" she cried again and again. "Can you not see that I loathe and despise you, foul fiend that you are? Ah, God in heaven, is there no help at hand?"

The outlaw remained deaf to these words that should have melted a heart of stone. At last over the burning plain was seen the ruined hovel to which the scoundrel was dragging his fair burden. It was but the work of a moment to dismount and bear her half-fainting form within the den.

There he faced her, repellent with evil intentions.

"Ha, señorita, you are a beautiful wildcat, yes? But Snake le Vasquez will tame you! Ha, ha!" laughed he carelessly.

With a swift movement the beautiful girl sought to withdraw the small silver-mounted revolver without which she never left the ranch. But Snake le Vasquez, with a muttered oath, was too quick for her. He seized the toy and contemptuously hurled it across his vile den.

"Have a care, my proud beauty!" he snarled, and the next moment she was writhing in his grasp.

Little availed her puny strength. Helpless as an infant was the fair New York society girl as Snake le Vasquez, foulest of the viper breed, began to force his attentions upon her. The creature's hot kisses seared her defenseless cheek.

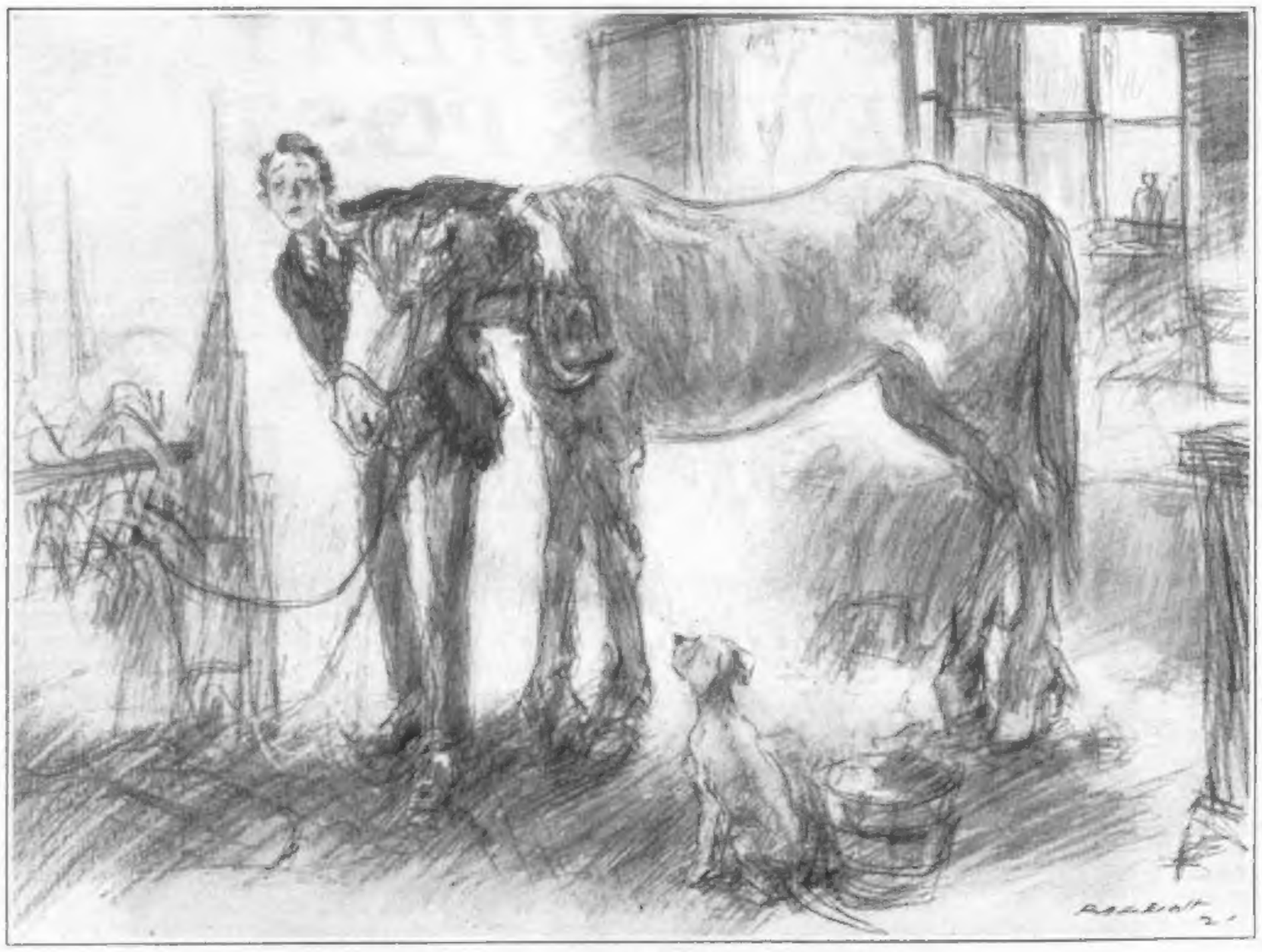
"Listen!" he hissed. "You are mine, mine at last! Here you shall remain a prisoner until you have consented to be my wife." All seemed, indeed, lost.

"Am I too late, Miss St. Clair?"

Snake le Vasquez started at the quiet, grim voice.

"*Sapristi!*" he snarled. "You!"

"Me!" replied Buck Benson, for it was, indeed, no other.



"Good-by, Old Pal—the Best, the Truest Pal a Man Ever Had"

"Thank God, at last!" murmured Estelle St. Clair, freeing herself from the foul arms that had infolded her slim young beauty and staggering back from him who would so basely have forced her into a distasteful marriage. In an instant she had recovered the St. Clair poise, had become every inch the New York society leader, as she replied, "Not too late, Mr. Benson! Just in time, rather. Ha, ha! This—this gentleman has become annoying. You are just in time to mete out the punishment he so justly deserves, for which I shall pray that heaven reward you."

She pointed an accusing finger at the craven wretch who had shrunk from her and now cowered at the far side of the wretched den. At that moment she was strangely thrilled. What was his power, this strong, silent man of the open with his deep reverence for pure American womanhood? True, her culture demanded a gentleman, but her heart demanded a man. Her eyes softened and fell before his cool, keen gaze, and a blush mantled her fair cheek. Could he but have known it, she stood then in meek surrender before this soft-voiced master. A tremor swept the honest, rugged face of Buck Benson as heart thus called to heart. But his keen eyes flitted to Snake le Vasquez.

"Now, curse you, viper that you are, you shall fight me, by heaven, in American fashion, man to man! For, foul though you be, I hesitate to put a bullet through your craven heart."

The beautiful girl shivered with new apprehension, the eyes of Snake le Vasquez glittered with new hope. He faced his steely-eyed opponent for an instant only, then with a snarl like that of an angry beast sprang upon him. Benson met the cowardly attack with the flash of a powerful fist, and the outlaw fell to the floor with a hoarse cry of rage and pain. But he was quickly upon his feet again, muttering curses, and again he attacked his grim-faced antagonist. Quick blows rained upon his defenseless face, for the strong, silent man was now fairly aroused. He fought like a demon, perhaps divining that here strong men battled for a good woman's love. The outlaw was proving to be no match for his opponent. Arising from the ground where a mighty blow had sent him, he made a lightninglike effort to recover the knife which Benson had taken from him.

"Have a care!" cried the girl in quick alarm. "That fiend in human form would murder you!"

But Buck Benson's cool eye had seen the treachery in ample time. With a muttered "Curse you, fiend that you are!" he seized the form of the outlaw in a powerful grasp, raised him high aloft as if he had been but a child, and was about to dash him to the ground when a new voice from the doorway froze him to immobility. Statuelike he stood there, holding aloft the now still form of Snake le Vasquez.

The voice from the doorway betrayed deep amazement and the profoundest irritation.

"Merton Gill, what in the sacred name of time are you meanin' to do with that dummy? For the good land's sake! Have you gone plumb crazy, or what? Put that thing down!"

The newcomer was a portly man of middle age, dressed in ill-fitting black. His gray hair grew low upon his brow and he wore a parted beard.

The conqueror of Snake le Vasquez was still frozen, though he had instantly ceased to be Buck Benson, the strong, silent, two-gun man of the open spaces. The irritated voice came again.

"Put that dummy down, you idiot! What you think you're doin', anyway? And say, what you got that other one in here for, when it ought to be out front of the store showin' that new line of gingham house frocks? Put that down and handle it careful! Mebbe you think I got them things down from Chicago just for you to play horse with. Not so! Not so at all! They're to help show off goods, and that's what I want 'em doin' right now. And for time's sake, what's that revolver lyin' on the floor for? Is it loaded? Say, are you really out of your senses, or ain't you? What's got into you lately? Will you tell me that? Skyhootin' around in here, leavin' the front of the store unpertected for an hour or two, like your time was your own. And don't tell me you only been foolin' in here for three minutes, either, because when I come back from lunch just now there was Mis' Leffingwell up at the notions counter wanting some hooks and eyes, and she tells me she's waited there a good thutty minutes if she's waited one. Nice goin's on, I must say, for a boy drawin' down the money you be! Now you git busy! Take that one with the gingham frock out and stand her in front where she belongs, and then put one them new raincoats on the other and stand him out where he belongs, and then look after a few customers. I declare, sometimes I git clean out of patience with you! Now, for gosh's sake, stir your stumps!"

"Oh, all right—yes, sir," replied Merton Gill, though but half respectfully. The "Oh, all right" had been tainted with a trace of sullenness. He was tired of this continual nagging and fussing over small matters; some day he would tell the old grouch so.

And now, gone the vivid tale of the great out-of-doors, the wide plains of the West, the clash of primitive-hearted men for a good woman's love. Gone, perhaps, the greatest heart picture of a generation, the picture at which you laugh with a lump in your throat and smile with a tear in your eye, the story of plausible punches, a big, vital theme masterfully handled—thrills, action, beauty, excitement—carried to a sensational finish by the genius of that sterling star of the shadow world, Clifford Armytage—once known as Merton Gill in the little hamlet of Simsbury, Illinois, where for a time, ere yet he was called to screen triumphs, he served as a humble clerk in the so-called emporium of Amos G. Gashwiler —— Everything For The Home. Our Prices Always Right.

Merton Gill—so for a little time he must still be known—moodily seized the late Estelle St. Clair under his arm and withdrew from the dingy back storeroom. Down between the counters of the emporium he went with his fair burden and left her outside its portals, staring from her very definitely lashed eyes across the slumbering street at the Simsbury post office. She was tastefully arrayed in one of those new checked gingham house frocks so heatedly mentioned a moment since by her lawful owner, and across her chest Merton Gill now imposed, with no tenderness of manner, the appealing legend, "Our Latest for Milady; only $6.98."

He returned for Snake le Vasquez. That outlaw's face, even out of the picture, was evil. He had been picked for the part because of this face—plump, pinkly tinted cheeks, lustrous, curling hair of some repellent composition, eyes with a hard glitter, each lash distinct in blue-black lines, and a small, tip-curled black mustache that lent the whole an offensive smirk. Garbed now in a raincoat, he too was posed before the emporium front, labeled "Rainproof or You Get Back Your Money." So frankly evil was his mien that Merton Gill, pausing to regard him, suffered a brief relapse into artistry.

"You fiend!" he muttered, and contemptuously smote the cynical face with an open hand.

Snake le Vasquez remained indifferent to the affront, smirking insufferably across the slumbering street at the wooden Indian proffering cigars before the establishment of Selby Brothers, Cigars and Confectionery.

Within the emporium the proprietor now purveyed hooks and eyes to an impatient Mrs. Leffingwell. Merton Gill, behind the opposite counter, waited upon a little girl sent for two and a quarter yards of stuff to match the sample crumpled in her damp hand. Over the suave amenities of this merchandising Amos Gashwiler glared suspiciously across the store at his employe. Their relations were still strained. Merton also glared at Amos, but discreetly, at moments when the other's back was turned or when he was blandly wishing to know of Mrs. Leffingwell if there would be something else to-day. Other customers entered. Trade was on.

Both Merton and Amos wore airs of cheerful briskness that deceived the public. No one could have thought that Amos was fearing his undoubtedly crazed clerk might become uncontrollable at any moment, or that the clerk was mentally parting from Amos forever in a scene of tense dramatic value in which his few dignified but scathing words would burn themselves unforgetably into the old man's brain. Merton, to himself, had often told Amos these things. Some day he'd say them right out, leaving his victim not only in the utmost confusion but in black despair of ever finding another clerk one-half as efficient as Merton Gill.

The afternoon wore to closing time in a flurry of trade, during which, as Merton continued to behave sanely, the apprehension of his employer in a measure subsided. The last customer had departed from the emporium. The dummies were brought inside. The dust curtains were hung along the shelves of dry goods. There remained for Merton only the task of delivering a few groceries. He gathered these and took them out to the wagon in front. Then he changed from his store coat to his street coat and donned a rakish plush hat.

Amos was also changing from his store coat to his street coat and donning his frayed straw hat.

"See if you can't keep from actin' crazy while you make them deliveries," said Amos, not uncordially, as he lighted a choice cigar from the box which he kept hidden under a counter.

Merton wished to reply: "See here, Mr. Gashwiler, I've stood this abuse long enough! The time has come to say a few words to you ——" But aloud he merely responded, "Yes, sir!"

The circumstance that he also had a cigar from the same box, hidden not so well as Amos thought, may have subdued his resentment. He would light the cigar after the first turn in the road had carried him beyond the eagle eye of its owner.

The delivery wagon outside was drawn by an elderly horse devoid of ambition or ideals. His head was sunk in dejection. He was gray at the temples, and slouched in the shafts in a loafing attitude, one forefoot negligently crossed in front of the other. He aroused himself reluctantly and with apparent difficulty when Merton Gill seized the reins and called in commanding tones, "Get on there, you old skate!" The equipage moved off under the gaze of Amos, who was locking the doors of his shop.

Turning the first corner into a dusty side street, Merton dropped the reins and lighted the filched cigar. Other Gashwiler property was sacred to him. From all the emporium's choice stock he would have abstracted not so much as a pin; but the Gashwiler cigars, said to be "The World's Best 10c Smoke," with the picture of a dissipated clubman in evening dress on the box cover, were different, in that they were pointedly hidden from Merton. He cared little for cigars, but this was a challenge; the old boy couldn't get away with anything like that. If he didn't want his cigars touched let him leave the box out in the open like a man. Merton drew upon the lighted trophy, moistened and pasted back the wrapper that had broken when the end was bitten off, and took from the bottom of the delivery wagon the remains of a buggy whip that had been worn to half its length. With this he now tickled the bony ridges of the horse. Blows meant nothing to Dexter, but he could still be tickled into brief spurts of activity. He trotted with swaying head, sending up an effective dust screen between the wagon and a still possibly observing Gashwiler.

His deliveries made, Merton again tickled the horse to a frantic pace which continued until they neared the alley on which fronted the Gashwiler barn; there the speed was moderated to a mild amble, for Gashwiler believed his horse should be driven with tenderness, and his equally watchful wife believed it would run away if given the chance.

Merton drove into the barnyard, unhitched the horse, watered it at the half of a barrel before the iron pump and led it into the barn, where he removed the harness. The old horse sighed noisily and shook himself with relief as the bridle was removed and a halter slipped over his venerable brow.

Ascertaining that the barnyard was vacant, Merton immediately became attentive to his charge. Throughout the late drive his attitude had been one of mild but contemptuous abuse.

More than once he had uttered the words "old skate" in tones of earnest conviction, and with the worn end of the whip he had cruelly tickled the still absurdly sensitive sides. Had beating availed he would with no compunction have beaten the drooping wreck. But now, all at once, he was curiously tender. He patted the shoulder softly, put both arms around the bony neck and pressed his face against the face of Dexter. A moment he stood thus, then spoke in a tear-choked voice:

"Good-by, old pal—the best, the truest pal a man ever had. You and me has seen some tough times, old pard; but you've allus brought me through without a scratch; allus brought me through." There was a sob in the speaker's voice, but he manfully recovered a clear tone of pathos.

"And now, old pal, they're a-takin' ye from me—yes, we got to part, you an' me. I'm never goin' to set eyes on ye agin. But we got to be brave, old pal; we got to keep a stiff upper lip—no cryin' now; no bustin' down."

The speaker unclasped his arms and stood with head bowed, his face working curiously, striving to hold back the sobs.

For Merton Gill was once more Clifford Armytage, popular idol of the screen, in his great rôle of Buck Benson bidding the accustomed farewell to his four-footed pal that had brought him safely through countless dangers. How are we to know that in another couple of hundred feet of the reel Buck will escape the officers of the law who have him for that hold-up of the Wallahoola stage—of which he was innocent—leap from a second-story window of the sheriff's office onto the back of his old pal and be carried safely over the border where the hellhounds can't touch him until his innocence is proved by Estelle St. Clair, the New York society girl, whose culture demanded a gentleman but whose heart demanded a man? How are we to know this? We only know that Buck Benson always has to kiss his horse good-by at this spot in the drama.

Merton Gill is impressively Buck Benson. His sobs are choking him. And though Gashwiler's delivery horse is not a pinto, and could hardly get over the border ahead of a sheriff's posse, the scene is affecting.

"Good-by, agin, old pal, and God bless ye!" sobs Merton.

II

That Night—the Apartments of Clifford Armytage

MERTON GILL mealed at the Gashwiler home. He ate his supper in moody silence, holding himself above the small gossip of the day that engaged Amos and his wife. What to him meant the announcement that Amos expected a new line of white goods on the morrow, or Mrs. Gashwiler's version of a regrettable incident occurring at that afternoon's meeting of the Entre Nous Five Hundred Club, in which the score had been juggled adversely to Mrs. Gashwiler, resulting in the loss of the first prize, a handsome fern dish, and concerning which Mrs. Gashwiler had thought it best to speak her mind? What importance could he attach to the disclosure of Metta Judson, the Gashwiler hired girl, who chatted freely during her appearances with food, that Doc Cummins had said old Grandma Foutz couldn't last out another day; that the Peter Swansons were sending clear to Chicago for Tilda's trousseau; and that Jeff Murdock had arrested one of the Giddings boys, but she couldn't learn if it was Ferd or Gus, for being drunk as a fool and busting up a bazaar out at the Oak Grove schoolhouse, and the fighting was something terrible?

Scarcely did he listen to these petty recitals. He ate in silence, and when he had finished the simple meal he begged to be excused. He begged this in a lofty, detached, somewhat weary manner, as a man of the world, excessively bored at the dull chatter but still the fastidious gentleman, might have begged it, breaking into one of the many repetitions by his hostess of just what she had said to Mrs. Judge Ellis. He was again Clifford Armytage, enacting a polished society man among yokels. He was so impressive, after rising, in his bow to Mrs. Gashwiler that Amos regarded him with a kindling suspicion.

"Say!" he called, as Merton in the hallway plucked his rakish plush hat from the mirrored rack. "You remember, now, no more o' that skylarkin' with them dummies! Them things cost money."

Merton paused. He wished to laugh sarcastically, a laugh of withering scorn. He wished to reply in polished tones, "Skylarkin'! You poor, dull clod, what do you know of my ambitions, my ideals? You, with your petty life devoted to gaining a few paltry dollars!" But he did not say this, or even register the emotion that would justly accompany such a subtitle. He merely rejoined, "All right, sir, I'm not going to touch them," and went quickly out. "Darned old grouch!" he muttered as he went down the concrete walk to the Gashwiler front gate.

Here he turned to regard the two-story brick house and the square of lawn with a concrete deer on one side of the walk, balanced by a concrete deer on the other. Before

(Continued on Page 81)

"Morton Gill, What in the Sacred Name of Time are You Meanin' to Do With That Dummy? Have You Gone Plumb Crazy, or What?"

TIDING OVER

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE whole business world has been working at one job—that of tiding over until a relief ship heaves into view from over the gray horizon line. One of the biggest bankers in America—and one of the most human too—sketches the situation in these terms:

"The chief concern of almost every business man—you might say of virtually every individual—in America to-day has been how much can I borrow and for how long? In the answer to that question he expects to find the bridge which will carry him across Readjustment Chasm—or will dump him into it! Yesterday we were all busy with the problems of purchase, of manufacture and of delivery. Borrowing didn't bother most of us a little bit because business was on the boom, values were expanding and almost everybody was able to show a profit to his banker. Then the long lines were formed in front of theaters, cabarets and other places of amusement. They were lines of spenders, of pleasure hunters. Later the long lines of waiting men and women led to the loan windows of banks and the doors of pawnshops. From a nation of gay and snappy spenders we became a nation of grim and resolute borrowers. The borrower is the outstanding figure of the landscape, the star in the center of the stage. It's a good time to throw the spotlight upon him and give him a bit of intensive study.

"The burden of all commercial borrowing to-day is in the renewal of old loans. Any business man who is able to keep his line of credit now is playing in luck—for credit lines established in 1920 were liberal. Of course individual emergencies must be met, but the purpose involved must be highly constructive. It must have a direct relation to giving work to the unemployed, moving commodities which are needed to replenish impoverished stocks or in some way lubricate the wheels of business in a practical and immediate way.

"Right now is the best time in the world to take a glance at what brought all this about. When the armistice came we were riding the highest wave of financial inflation the world has ever known. Those having the responsibility of doing the financial thinking for the nation knew that this was bound to die down. The whistles of Armistice Day gave the signal to throw the financial levers, to make the slowdown, the deflation, as painless as possible. The monetary machinery was all set to meet a sudden drop in business and in prices. These plans were all based on what happened after the Civil War, when business went dead at once.

"But these calculations did not prove to be correct. There was a very deceptive joker in the cards which the fates dealt to us. First came a business lull of about a month, and then began a wild fever of buying which continued for several months—long enough to make sober and seasoned financiers ask themselves if the World War had upset all known laws of political economy."

A Young Man Who Wishes to Borrow Six Hundred Dollars for an Engagement Ring

A Small-Town Banker's Problems

"WHEN the buying craze was on, merchants—eager for the fruits of this historic harvest—ordered two or three times the supply of the various wares which they needed, in the hope that half or a third of their orders would be delivered. Suddenly, when the September, 1920, slump came, orders everywhere were promptly delivered—100 per cent! Those who held to a high standard of commercial honesty accepted their deliveries and borrowed the money with which to settle for them; others canceled their orders, passing the buck back to the manufacturer.

"You may say that this is all ancient history and familiar to everybody—but it's mighty important and no one can grasp the borrowing situation to-day without a fresh perusal of these facts. Frequently a man will say to me: 'My business has fallen off 75 per cent while I have been able to reduce my overhead only 25 per cent. It's up to you whether we hang on and wait for conditions to improve or go into the bankruptcy court.' In most instances we say 'Hang on and we'll help you.'

"Here is an experience which shows what is taking place in every country and city bank in the land. At my request a small-town banker, located in a good agricultural section of the Midwest, near the Mississippi River, came in with a list of all his loans of one thousand dollars or more. First, there was a total of seventy-five thousand dollars in second-mortgage farm loans. Considering the fact that his bank is capitalized for only fifty thousand dollars I remarked that he was loaning in decidedly a free-hand fashion.

"'Looks like it,' he admitted, 'but you can't see the whole situation from where you're sitting—not by a jugful! There are two banks in our town, as you know. Besides, there are two other towns near us which are strong with the farmers—and the farmer is the whole thing with us. Your bank or any other big financial institution will not loan more than about fifty dollars an acre on our farms—which their owners consider worth about two hundred fifty dollars an acre. At least they did when these loans were made. Our farmers needed more money than they could borrow on that basis. Consequently my customers among them came to me and wanted to borrow about the same amount—and said they could do so at any of the banks competing with mine. This was the truth. With farm values where they were then, the loans looked good to me and I made them. It seemed to me that I had to. Those values are off now and the farmers can't pay. Suppose that you and all the other big institutions holding first mortgages on those farms close down. Of course that would bust my bank wide open. The same thing would happen if you called me for my line of credit. Would that help you any in the long run? Perhaps you think the farm is a dead asset, but we don't out there.'

"Instead of answering him I pointed to a list of five loans for five thousand dollars each and asked for a little light on them.

"'That,' he replied, 'is a still sadder story. The town nearest us is a hustler for trade. Some young men over there put up a movie theater that was a peach, and the shows they put on were the best going so far as appealing to the taste of the farmers and their families were concerned. The result was that about all the farmers who could take their grain, livestock, milk, cream, butter, eggs and poultry to that town with a little extra effort, did so. The theater was the magnet which drew them away from us. Of course our merchants and business men got excited and held a council of war to checkmate this loss of trade. They insisted that the only way to win back these desertions was to build a movie theater that would outshine the one in the other town and run topnotch attractions in it.

"'They hadn't the capital to finance the enterprise, but were determined to go into it as a protective measure. Then they put it up to me to lend them the money. Can you figure out how I could refuse—considering the reason behind the move? To do so would have put my bank at the head of the slacker list so far as town loyalty was concerned. I just naturally lent them the money. While it helped some to stem the farmer tide which had turned to the other town, we were out of luck in the management of the theater. Anyhow, the thing hasn't paid and the notes are not paid. They'll not be, either, until farmers are more prosperous than they are right now. They're not so free with movie money now as they were back in the days before all farm products took a tumble.'"

Rural High Life

"I DODGED an answer to this problem and took up the other loans on his list—mostly for automobiles, trucks and tractors. He disposed of these with the question: 'Can you think of any class of men to whom an automobile is more of a necessity than to the farmers? I can't. I'll say that a car of some sort is a prime necessity to any farmer. And if he uses it with anything like common sense it is about as paying an investment as he can make—particularly if he has sons who help him to operate the farm.'

"Well, the net of our session was this: I told him to go back and stand by his community and we'd stand by him until conditions had time to get better or worse. He's getting right down to brass tacks with his customers and is helping them to work out from under. They're buying nothing which they can get along without, and they're working as they worked when the land was new and they were fighting for a foothold."

Another metropolitan banker tells me of this experience:

"The president of a country-town bank in the richest farming section of America came in to borrow more money. I pointed out to him that he already enjoyed a heavier line of credit than he was entitled to under present conditions and then asked him: 'What's the matter with your state anyhow?'

"'I'll answer that for my town—and it's the center of the richest farming section of the state,' was his response. 'We're sobering up from the grandest agricultural spree that was ever pulled off. Our town has fourteen hundred inhabitants. A little while ago, when prosperity was at its peak, twice a week, on the big show nights, almost every farmer within a radius of twenty miles came to town and brought his family. There wasn't room in the village streets to park all the cars and they stretched in a line to the prairies outside. It was a sight to remember.

"'But this showing is only a starter so far as our spending spree is concerned. About all the young people from the farms, and many of the older ones, came early enough to have a regular dinner at a restaurant—a good dinner too. Then they went to a show, and after the show to a dance, finishing the night with a supper before starting for home. This was a regular stunt with several hundred young people. Regular New York stuff! Any young man who could go through that program and have anything left from a ten-dollar bill was either a financier or a piker.

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Getting Along in Journalism

THE JOYS AND THE SORROWS OF THE MANAGING EDITOR

By Chester S. Lord

THE managing editor of a morning newspaper usually gets to his desk about two o'clock and with an interval at dinnertime remains until two in the morning. The afternoon hours are devoted largely to seeing visitors, of whom there are many: the seekers for a job, those who wish to submit manuscripts or make suggestions, the man with a grievance over something printed or that was not printed, the individual who wants to meet the writer of an article that has interested him, the crank with his scheme—all sorts of persons on all kinds of errands. Some managing editors refuse to see these people; others listen patiently to them.

Forty years ago it was quite the thing for editors from distant cities to drop into the Sun office for a little chat, and they were welcome visitors. Charles De Young, of the San Francisco Chronicle, was a caller whenever he came East. He was greatly interested in newspaper methods, wanted to know how we did this thing or how we accomplished that. Colonel Taylor, of the Boston Globe, came often, and always he was filled with illuminating newspaper talk. He used to say that the Sun was his model. Col. Henry Watterson was a frequent and a welcome caller on Mr. Dana. He usually ended his visit with a chat with the boys in the big news room. He was an admirer of Amos Cummings, the Sun's old-time managing editor, and the legend is that he once said to Mr. Dana, "The Sun is a damned good newspaper, but you don't make it"—meaning that it was Cummings' genius as a news gatherer that made Mr. Dana's newspaper good. James W. Scott, of the Chicago Herald, was another worshiper of Sun methods and he came around very often. The place was a magnet for E. H. Butler, of the Buffalo News. Henry W. Grady, Murat Halstead, John R. McLean and Charles Emory Smith came—and very many more of the men who were making the best newspapers of the hour.

A Summons from Mr. Cleveland

THERE is perhaps no pleasanter memory of long-ago newspaper days than recollection of afternoon chats with these interesting editors. They were so alive to the questions of the day, to every phase of the newspaper business. The managing editor has many curious experiences with visitors; very many curious episodes add variety to his manifold duties.

Not very long after Grover Cleveland's inauguration as President a telegram signed by the Washington correspondent came to me at my Brooklyn home, saying: "The President wants to see you and me Thursday afternoon at five o'clock. You will come of course."

While Cleveland was governor of the State of New York, Dana had criticized him very severely, had opposed his election to the Presidency, and at this time was continuing to criticize him. I mused over the sending of the message to my house instead of to the office, and without any explanation to anyone for my absence went to Washington, found Ambrose W. Lyman, the correspondent, and asked him what was up.

"I haven't the slightest notion," was the reply. "The President's private secretary, Daniel Lamont, told me to wire you at your home, not the office, and said Cleveland wanted me to come with you."

So we went to the White House at the hour named.

Daniel S. Lamont

I had known Daniel S. Lamont quite intimately for several years. He was an Albany newspaper man and he had done correspondence work for the Sun before being made private secretary to Governor Cleveland. I had met Cleveland once, under circumstances that had excited my curiosity somewhat. We were just about getting to press one morning, between one and two o'clock, soon after Cleveland's inauguration as governor in 1883, when Lamont and Cleveland came walking into the Sun office and up to my desk and Lamont said, "The governor wants to meet you and see what a newspaper office looks like this time of the night." They were seated and began talking casually about anything except the appearance of newspaper offices, and after a time I suggested that they might like to visit the composing room and see the pages locked up, and also see the stereotyping process and the start of the edition on the presses. "Oh, no," said Lamont indifferently, "the governor just wants to look around"; and he went on talking about nothing in particular. A few moments later it was again suggested that we take a turn around the place, but Lamont answered, "No, we will just sit here a bit." They remained chatting for about twenty minutes and then went their way. Often I have wondered what prompted that midnight visit to the Sun office, for they sought no information, asked no questions, and Cleveland didn't even look around the room to see what a newspaper office was like at that time of the night. That was my first glimpse of Grover Cleveland. It was before the Sun's criticism of him began.

Would Mr. Dana Sell the Sun?

LYMAN and myself were shown into the President's private office in the White House. Lamont was already there and in a few minutes Cleveland entered. He had taken a liking to Lyman, and so had Lamont, and his greeting was cordial and whole-hearted. He touched an electric call button, and to the attendant who responded he said, "Bring some whisky." And, after a pause: "Bring a plate of sandwiches too. I am hungry. I forgot to have luncheon. Do you boys want something to eat?"

We hastened to say that we didn't.

The boy returned with a decanter, a pitcher of ice water and the sandwiches. We all took a drink. Cleveland leaned back in his big revolving chair, put his feet up on the desk, and began on a sandwich. Lamont, on the other side, put his heels up on the edge of the desk. Lyman, sitting at the side, ornamented the presidential furniture in the same manner. I made myself comfortable with my feet on the floor. Cleveland remarked that he had suffered a tiresome, trying day and it seemed good to relax a little.

"Well, Dan," he began, "tell them what we want."

"No," said Lamont; "you better do the talking."

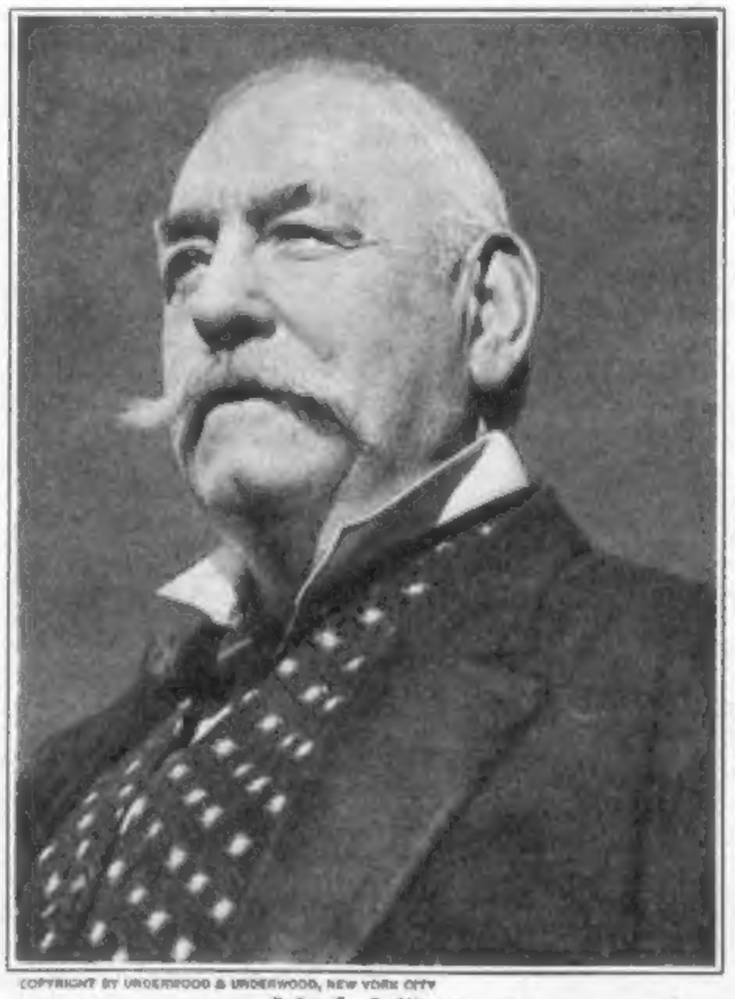
"Very well," continued the President, poising his sandwich in the air. "What we want is just this—we want to buy the Sun and we have you here to ask whether, in your opinion, there is any chance of our doing so."

He then added, without suggestion of resentment or any exhibition of impatience even, that he felt grieved over the attacks of the Sun on him, that they were the result of a misunderstanding, that he had tried in various ways to have an understanding with Dana, but without success, and that his friends had suggested that they buy the property. He mentioned William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, and Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury, as chief advisers of this plan, and intimated that they were willing to pay almost any price.

I replied that in my opinion Dana would not sell the Sun to anybody for

(Continued on Page 59)

Roscoe Conkling



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John L. Sullivan

THE KNOCK-OUT

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT'S a well-known physical fact that when lightning strikes it hits in the most unexpected places, and in this respect Wall Street lightning is no exception. At any rate, on the morning following that abrupt, violent outburst, the June break in Consolidated Can, the breakfast bell at Mrs. Tilney's in Twenty-third Street West had rung, and Miss Sadie Hultz, the assistant buyer at Zinzner's in the Avenue, was seated and already spearing actively into her grapefruit when there was a sudden stir outside, the sound of a commotion on the stairs. Her spoon poised, the lady buyer arched her handsome brows.

"My word, save the pieces!" she exclaimed.

The remark was one anybody might well have made. Out in the hall the uproar had risen into a series of jarring thuds and crashes, in the midst of which the voice of the landlady, Mrs. Tilney, was now to be heard, its note distracted. "Mind the paint there! I say, look out for the wall paper!" Mrs. Tilney was protesting; and as another crash, this time echoed by a shriek, reverberated into the dining room, Miss Hultz sat back suddenly, her air all at once alert.

"Say, what's up?" she breathed.

The question for a moment went unanswered. Around the table the other guests, eight or ten in number, were listening attentively to the noise; but as Miss Hultz spoke it was to be seen they stirred uncomfortably—all but one anyway. This one, the exception, was a Mr. Gerken, a gentleman who was something or other in a downtown insurance office. Grinning slightly, he glanced first at Miss Hultz, then at a vacant chair beside hers, after which he winked covertly at the others. Presently he spoke.

"Ain't you heard?" inquired Mr. Gerken. His lip for an instant curled itself. "It's that fellow Charley Nugent. He's movin' again," he said.

The lady buyer gave a start. She, too, glanced swiftly at the empty chair beside hers, after which she stared as swiftly at the speaker.

"What d'you mean—moving? Not leaving!" she ejaculated, and Mr. Gerken giggled. That he felt little love for the absent boarder was evident, for the giggle was joyful.

"No, not leavin'—no such luck," he said.

With a sniff, he added, "Th' boob, as usual, is jus' changin' his room again."

Miss Hultz gave another start.

"Changing his room?" she cried.

Her tone was filled with wonder, and Mr. Gerken let out another giggle.

"You said it, Miss H," he tittered, but as he did so the lady buyer's face changed with sudden asperity.

"Say, you keep your H's to yourself!" she snapped.

Shoving back her chair, Miss Hultz rose swiftly, and leaving her grapefruit unfinished she hurried from the room. At once the table broke into an animated chatter.

The doings of Mr. Nugent, the absent boarder, long had been a topic of talk at Mrs. Tilney's, but never before had any of them dared brave Miss Hultz in discussing them. She and Mr. Nugent, in fact, were known to be quite thick. Several times he had taken her to a restaurant, the theater afterwards. Often they went to the movies together. Once or twice she had even gone with him to Coney. Aside from this, though, the young man's other doings at the boarding house were enough to have created talk. To say the least, the way he changed from room to room was eccentric. He had done so, it seemed, no less than three times in as many months. Now, as it seemed, too, he was doing it again.

The salesman for a Broadway jobbing house, Mr. Nugent had first occupied a small, extremely modest bedroom—Mrs. Tilney's first floor back. At this period Miss Hultz could hardly be said to have known him, though of course there was nothing queer in that. As the others knew, the lady buyer mixed in only with a few, these the more prosperous and successful among them. Not that she was offish or stuck up, however. She was, on the contrary, a regular feller, as they said; but toward anyone who seemed to have failed, who was going to seed, not getting on, her attitude bordered on the superstitious.

"It's like grippe or the measles," said Miss Hultz. "It's on them, and you'll get it rubbed onto you, too, if you don't watch out."

But that Mr. Nugent was getting on—that he seemed to have got on suddenly, too—was clear. From his modest first floor back, a room as modest as were Mr. Nugent's ways and air at the time, he moved at a jump into Mrs. Tilney's choicest suite, a bedroom, alcove and bath on the second floor front. At the same time Mr. Nugent bloomed as abruptly in a brand-new wardrobe—suits of a lively pattern, mostly checks. A night or so later the report ran round the table that he'd asked Miss Hultz out to dine.

Mr. Backus gave the news. The gentleman, a superannuated, somewhat mysterious person, occupied a small hall bedroom on the fourth floor back. "Weird," was Miss Hultz's term for him. He was, at any rate, the dingy, down-at-the-heels bookkeeper for a Rose Street bookbindery; and night after night, once dinner was finished, it was his habit to lock himself in his room, where till late after midnight he kept the light burning, engrossed in some strange employment. What it was no one seemed to know, though never mind about that. It's enough to say that in the morning, when Maggie the upstairs girl went to put his room in order she found the floor littered from end to end with newspapers, all of which, curiously, were opened at the financial page; while on the table were other sheets, each scribbled over with rows of figures, each row running into the millions and all preceded by a dollar sign. But never mind that either. Young Mr. Nugent had, in fact, asked the lady buyer out for the evening.

They dined at Blanley's in Broadway and the check, it was understood, came to $16.45. In a cab they then went on to a show, after which, in another cab, they drove back to the white lights for supper. Then in a third cab Mr. Nugent brought Miss Hultz home to the boarding house. The evening she described later as swell, though Mr. Gerken, on hearing this, curled his lip. Once he, too, had taken Miss Hultz out to dinner; but, as the other boarders knew, it was only to a chop-suey place, after which they went to a lecture, the subject Efficiency, the New Idea, the office having given him the tickets. Then they'd had a nut sundae at the corner, when Mr. Gerken had brought home the lady buyer in a street car. All this, though, is merely in passing. What startled the boarders most was that on a salary of thirty-five per young Mr. Nugent could not only blow the lady buyer like that but could keep on doing it. Nor did Mr. Backus, with whom Charley Nugent had struck up a close intimacy, seem able to cast any light on it.

"I dunno. Don't ask me. Mebbe he's come into money," he said evasively.

Be that as it may, though, Charley Nugent's sudden money seemed to come to an end as suddenly. He had not dwelt more than a fortnight at the most in Mrs. Tilney's swell suite, the second-floor bedroom, alcove and bath, when again he gave the boarders a shock. He moved—moved again. Giving up the suite, Charley changed to a mere single bedroom at the back. A fortnight later, his look harassed, he moved still again. This time, too, it was to his original habitat—Mrs. Tilney's dim, dingy first floor back.

"Yeah!" was Mr. Gerken's gloating comment. "Th' lobster route's put a crimp in th' poor simp's leather!"

But no, the lobsters were but a detail. Had the boarders only known, Charley Nugent's odd, eccentric movements, his changes from room to room, were like those of a sensitive barometer. Each, in turn, it may as well be known, expressed accurately the ups and downs of the distant Wall Street market.

Charley, in short, had been dabbling feverishly in stocks.

One may as well be brief. Not only had Charley been dabbling in the market; it was Mr. Backus who was responsible. This was in fact the secret of the seedy bookkeeper's midnight incantations over the financial page—he had for years been a chronic gambler in Wall Street brokerage offices, bucket shops as well. It was the secret, too, of Charley Nugent's surprising movements. Convinced that on a salary of thirty-five per a man could get nowhere—not with Miss Hultz, at any rate—Charley had proved an eager listener to Mr. Backus' talk. With the slow savings of years, Mrs. Tilney's youthful boarder had embarked on the venture of bucking the Wall Street market.

Charley bought his dope—Consolidated Can, and Can went up. It was then that Charley moved splendidly into Mrs. Tilney's second-floor suite, at the same time inviting Miss Hultz to the lobster palace, the theater afterwards. So far so good; but as it ofttimes happens in Wall Street, what goes up also goes down, and in May, it will be remembered, Can began to slide. His paper profits dissolving, Charley at once moved out of the second floor front. Then, the market sliding still further, he moved again; and now for a third time, once more the lightning had struck!

This time, too, it had hit, it seemed, with a devastating crash. Consolidated Can having broken violently the day before, he was not only moving to a room still less pretentious—to the skylight chamber on Mrs. Tilney's top floor—but other things were happening also. At the market's close Mr. Beeks, the gentlemanly manager at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage office, called on Charley for more margins. Not being able to supply them, Charley had been sold out. On top of this the lightning struck again.

At the Broadway jobbing house the head of the sales department handed Charley an envelope. The envelope was a blue envelope, and in it was two weeks' pay. As the boss said, he had warned Charley once, and the house didn't want men who dabbled in Wall Street stocks.

His money gone, his job with it, it will be seen how the lightning had struck at Mrs. Tilney's.

Miss Hultz hurried. Her jaw was set and there was active determination in her air. Halfway up the stairs, though, the lady buyer halted abruptly, a muffled exclamation escaping her. On the landing stood Charley Nugent. He was leaning against the newel post, his

"Don't Concern Yourself. The Feller's Nothing to Me, Positively"

brows knitted, while he plucked reflectively at his chin. In his hand was a newspaper and he was immersed in its financial page.

"Say, you," said Miss Hultz, her voice harsh.

As he looked up Charley's face wreathed itself in a boyish grin.

"Why, hello, dearie!" he greeted her; but Miss Hultz did not return the greeting.

She swept him instead with a stare of mingled contempt and commiseration.

"You poor fish!" she remarked.

The smile stricken from his face, Charley gazed at her in wonder.

"Say, what's the big idea?" he inquired.

Miss Hultz told him. She wasn't going to be made a mark of, a joke for him or any other fellow. A girl had her own self to look out for, and if a girl didn't do it herself no one would do it for her. As she spoke the look of wonder grew in Charley's face.

"I don't get you," he said. "Are you trying to bawl me out, or what? You sound like old Tubbs at the office." Tubbs, it seems, was Charley's recent boss; and his face all at once grew morose. "Cut it out, Sadie. If it's Wall Street that's made you sore you've got no kick. You knew I was playing the market."

Miss Hultz gave a shrug, a jerk rather, of her shapely shoulders.

"Wall Street nothing! You c'n play your head off in Wall Street for all I care. I thought, though, when you went down there you knew your way around. Yes—and what?" added Miss Hultz disgustedly. "You go and get trimmed out of every sou marquee you have!"

"Well, it wasn't my fault," answered Charley lamely. "Backus ——"

"Backus? Oh, for the land's sake!" snapped Miss Hultz.

"It wasn't Backus' fault either," protested Charley. "If I'd only followed the system ——"

He was interrupted by another exclamation.

"I'm through! I'm finished!" proclaimed Miss Hultz, and as she brushed by him toward the stairs Charley turned and looked after her bitterly.

"You didn't put on like that when I was winning. You'd have thought from you I was the fair-haired boy, Little Bright Eyes, yes!"

Miss Hultz halted on the stairs.

"I know I did," she answered, and as she spoke her voice broke. For an instant, too, her eyes filmed, a suspicious hint in them of feeling. But as instantly she brushed it away. "I did -and that's the trouble. I tied up to you because I thought you wise—had your eye skinned, y'understand. I figured you were th' feller a girl c'd stick by—hang her number on. Oh, well," sighed Miss Hultz, "I was fooled again, that's all, I guess. You're just a come-on like all th' rest."

As she went on up the stairs Charley gazed ruefully after her. "Then you're givin' me th' gate?" he growled.

"It's all off, Charley," said Miss Hultz.

II

EVERY morning promptly at nine o'clock Mr. Backus was supposed to punch the time clock at the Rose Street bookbindery; but this morning it was already past the hour ere the bookkeeper emerged from the near-by Subway and trudged down the side street toward the building. With him was Charley Nugent. All the way downtown, as they hung to their straps in the train, Mr. Backus had been talking earnestly.

"I don't understand it," he kept on saying. "I can't make out what happened. For months I been playing th' system, th' dope I got figured, and ev'ry time it's come out right. Why, I'm millions ahead on th' market! Millions!" he exclaimed.

Charley writhed uneasily. It was pretty tough. It was only himself, though, that Charley had to blame. He dared not tell, in fact, what had happened.

In the four or five months he'd been trading in stocks Charley had learned a lot about the Wall Street market. It was so much that even he was astonished. Tips, he knew, were just junk. The Street was full of tips; and if a chap played them it was a cinch, he knew, that the market would clean him out. In the brokerage offices the big fellows, the traders that made killings, knock-outs, turned up their noses at such things. They were dope for the suckers. There was only one way of beating the game, Charley knew now. At Rooker, Burke & Co.'s a lot of the other traders—the ones that were wise—said so too. It was by playing a system. You had to play a system if you meant to win.

That was Mr. Backus' secret, the mystery of his midnight incantations. The bookkeeper, after years of painful study, had doped out a combination, a knock-out method of playing the Wall Street market. Now, penniless, however, and far in arrears for his board at Mrs. Tilney's, the old man had been unable to find the money to put it to an actual test. All he had been able to do was, night after night, in effigy, in fictitious transactions and with equally fictitious capital, to play the market from the figures supplied by the financial pages. And the system had proved itself! At any rate, with an imaginary capital of one thousand dollars, Mr. Backus had run the amount into vast proportions—as he'd said, millions! The trouble was, though, that while Charley Nugent had been fired by Mr. Backus' talk of all this easy wealth, what happened to him was the old, old story again.

It was one of the big stocks, a market leader, that Mr. Backus had directed him to play. But Charley had not played it. Led on by all the talk he heard at the brokerage office, Charley fell for a tip. The tip was in Consolidated Can, and at first Can had gone up; then after a period it went down. Now Can had bust for fair, and Rooker, Burke & Co. had sold him out.

Shaking his head, Mr. Backus was still protesting, "I can't understand it; I can't make it out!" when Charley cut him short. A sudden glint in his eyes, he gave the old man a nudge.

"Say," he said, "let's see those charts and things you've got. Have you anything on Consolidated Can?"

Mr. Backus darted a look at him.

"Can? Can?" he repeated suspiciously. "What's Can got to do with it? Amalgamated Rail was what you played, wasn't it?"

"I was just asking," Charley answered evasively. "I just wanted to see your dope on it."

Mr. Backus fumbled in his pocket. From it he drew a sheaf of papers dog-eared at the corners and soiled from constant handling. Then in another pocket he felt for his glasses, but not being able to find them he began pawing nearsightedly at the papers.

"Can, you said? Here—no, that ain't it. That ain't it either. Where'd I put it anyway?" Finally he pulled out one of the folded sheets. "That's Can, ain't it?" he mumbled.

Charley seized it from him hurriedly. Clinging to the strap, he peered at the paper in the light from the car lamps overhead. The sheet was ruled off into minute squares, and all across it ran a line of ink that zigzagged up and

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"Yah, You Big Shoehorn!" Shouted Mr. Bimbaum. "You Should Wish to Know it Now, Wouldn't You? Go Beat Yourself, Bully!"

CINDERELLA

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"I've Come to Give Myself Up," She Faltered

ONCE a year Ella was extravagant. She sent a Christmas card to John Jeffries. The card was chosen with infinite care and its price was enormous. It was never less than hand-painted nor cost less than one and three. One shilling and threepence is a great deal of money in certain circumstances. Ella never had any money to spend, and barely enough to pay for things. Food and rent and half-journey bus fares isn't spending money; it's an unavoidable evil. Ella did not buy the card at the first shop, and often visited a dozen before the irrevocable choice was made.

On the flyleaf—for it was that sort of card, with a quality envelope of its own and lots of blank pages before you came to the real interest—she wrote in the littlest possible hand, "To Mr. John Jeffries, from Ella." That the writing should be virginal and beyond reproach yearly she bought a new nib and a penny bottle of ink. The envelope was addressed, sealed with wax and perhaps with kisses, and dispatched to Underbrow Farm, Little Green Lanes, Lincolnshire. Try to conceive a more attractive title and destination, and see what failure tastes like.

Once a year the card was acknowledged, generally about the following June. A post card acknowledged it in a few laboriously charactered words. The pen used was always the same one, always capricious and seemingly always resentful that its metal had not been used for fishhooks. To prove a natural bent it fished up large pieces of dirt and nonsense from the base of the inkpot and deposited them unexpectedly upon the page. It was the kind of pen that was either too drunk or too sober, too thrifty or too plentiful. A horrid pen it was, but Ella loved it. She loved also the not infrequent smears of loam from the writer's hand, since they gave to her a sense of the fields as well as of the man. Sometimes the print of his great thumb, incautiously licked, showed beneath the stamp, setting a seal, as it were, upon personality.

The words he wrote did not amount to much—but to everything:

> Thanks for card. Good of you to remember. Hope you are all right. Best wishes J. J.

There were five post cards like that, with only the little differences of blot and smudge to mark their year of vintage. Five perfect cards—and they made a full house—a pair and—allegorically, futuritively, hypothetically, and only to be whispered very privately to oneself—three of a kind.

Of course, Ella was romantic and silly. She admitted it herself; but her philosophy was sound. She never had enough to eat, and yet she lived; she never had nice clothes, and yet she looked nice; and she never had a real love affair, and yet she loved. It is possible to go short, but it is not possible to go without. The five cards were her only treasure, and out of them she made a fan to cool the brows of love. She had barely exchanged a dozen sentences with John Jeffries when they were together, but it was enough.

The first thing he had said was, "There's a room for you at Mrs. Harvey's."

The second, "Lord, girl, that's no way to dig potatoes!"

The third was to ask if she had any parents and to nod kindly at the negative.

There were no harvest jollities that year because of war, but he gave her a great bun out of a sack and a draught of barley mead that went to her head. He treated the other land girls just the same, but Ella would not admit that. One time he scolded her soundly for breaking a branch off a cherry tree, but the real cause, she decided after the shedding of tears, was because she had been standing on the branch instead of the ladder and might have broken her neck. She had a rare gift for finding silver linings.

John Jeffries had been to the university. In the farm kitchen was a picture of him in his college boat, looking twice as big as anyone else. He was a gentleman of gentlemen. He might have had a commission in the Guards, but instead he wore stripes in the County Yeomanry. He had his knee smashed in Gallipoli and came back to his beloved farm with a stiff leg and a mighty determination to raise crops and stock. People who knew him thought John Jeffries was magnificent; but his own people, who lived in Mayfair and went to the city, thought he was tiresome and told him to go to the devil. They, of course, didn't know anything about him. He was a man who smelled of the open air, of bronze and honesty and purpose. His hands were huge, but astonishingly gentle.

Ella had seen their strength and knew their tenderness. That was on the day Bluebell calved and Ella clambered over the half door to whisper to the rickety-legged newcomer what a lovely farm it had arrived at. Somehow the girl's arm round her offspring's neck offended Bluebell, and the next Ella knew was that John was fussing round her with clumsy efficiency, stripping off the coarse smock she wore, without a blush, and sponging a shoulder that was all black and scarlet. While he worked he swore unceasingly under his breath, using the most dreadful words that sounded to Ella like angels singing far away. Looking up, she saw cobwebs on the ceiling of heaven, which she felt had no right to be there.

But then, of course, no one looked after John Jeffries. After that the district headquarters gathered her in, put her under repair, shuffled her off the land into a munitions office at Southwark, and finally at the war's end emptied her out into the pool of life to sink or swim.

It was Ella's misfortune that until fifteen years old she had lived with some pretensions to luxury. Her people had money—and the knack of spending it. Her father belonged to fifteen clubs and left sovereigns all over the place. Her mother was always buying new cupboards for hats. The clothes her mother wore were only visitors, never residents. They were treated like visitors, borne upstairs to unwrap, carried off to a party and maybe a theater and then sent away to someone else and forgotten all about You never had that pleasant feeling of getting to know a blouse or an afternoon frock in the house of Ella's mother.

When the parents died, a calamity brought about by a collision between a two-seater car and a brick wall, it appeared that their money belonged to everybody else. At any rate Ella got none. She got experience instead, and poverty, and a nice long war, and one bright patch and then five dismal years. But the love of pretty happenings and pretty things survived it all. Absurdly enough, she felt that if John Jeffries were to see her dressed as other girls his curiously tranquil eyes would light up with a new fire—and then she would be able to sweep the cobwebs off his ceiling.

But why bother with nonsense? John Jeffries belonged to the earth he tilled, to new-turned furrow and fresh-mown hay. He didn't know there was anything else in the world. He was no man to think of shabby little land girls. He was no admirer of Worth and Paquin. Pff! Away foolishness! To work, and damn the women!

On December 21, 1921, Ella pilgrimed forth to the purchase of her card, and fourteen stationers in different parts of London were mortified. The shabby little customer turned down their offerings with scorn. Outlying districts proving unproductive, she came to the West End. In Bond Street she stopped in ecstasy and glued her nose against a window. Standing upon a sheet of virgin glass was the ideal card—a plow and horses in aqua tint. It was unpriced, and heaven alone could say what the charge might be; and yet in all London was there none to compare with this. Mince pies and holly, mistletoe, robins, snow—compose them how you might with wealth or thrift of color, and admit yourself worsted by this plow and horses—worsted in practice and bettered in art. Ella shifted from one foot to the other and bated her breath. Dare she enter and claim the prize? The risk was great The sudden appearance of a hand approaching from the back of the card and blindly feeling about in space decided her. She darted into the gallery—offense would be taken were it called a shop—and seized an assistant.

"I want that card in the middle of the window," she gasped.

The assistant was unmoved. No sign of emotion did he betray. He took the card and put it into a violet envelope and he said "Half a guinea," because he sold pictures and knew that to say ten and six was vulgar.

Ella's eyes opened wide and her heart stopped beating. She faltered, "I beg your—how much did you say?"

He repeated the elegant sum.

I told you she came of thriftless parents, and here is the proof: In her bag were twelve shillings and some coppers, her entire wealth. Nor was there any prospect of earning more until the first week in January, since the contributor to Friends at Home, for whom she did a little typing, was away on a holiday, studying the legend of King Cophetua. What matter? Boats and money were made to be burned. She planted a ten-shilling note, five pennies and two halfpennies on the counter; and, ruined, she strode from the gallery, with head in the air, with flags flying in her eyes and beacons burning on her cheeks. The assistant was quite unmoved.

If you have tried the simple experiment of spending Christmas week on a capital of two shillings and a penny

you may be able to sympathize with what follows after. To sympathize is not necessarily to condone. One may be very shocked at the people one sympathizes with.

Ella dispatched her card, as was fitting, with more than usual precaution. She even wrote "Glass, with care" on the envelope, which was a lie. After that everything was very hungry and bleak, her one dress was dusty and there was no one to cry on. Christmas Day was marked by other people's children trundling toys in side streets and the ugly giblets of turkeys lying in the gutter.

Ella lived on bread and sausage, and she turned her mirror to the wall.

It was on December twenty-eighth John's letter came; a real letter, a very fat letter, with an envelope round it and a piece of stamp paper over the flap and a blue-chalk cross and a registered number. It had to be signed for at the door, which was an appalling expenditure of time.

"I liked the card first-rate," wrote John, "and have stuck it in the glass alongside the others."

Here was news! Actually he had kept them!

"It really is jolly of you to remember my existence in this way, when your life must be full of other interests."

Was the man mad to write so?

"I wonder if you'd do me a favour."

Is it the moon you want, beloved? It shall be thine!

"My people are anxious to bury old grievances, of which, of course, you know nothing, and want me to come up to town for a bit."

Somewhere in the street below a carolist began to sing "See the heavenly host approaches."

"The old people are getting on and I think I ought to meet their wishes, especially as things are pretty well in order down here just now. The trouble is I have nothing to wear and daren't face London in whipcord bags."

"Daren't?" How should he know such a word?

"Do me the tremendous favour of going round to my tailors, Brown & Rapson's, in Savile Row, and order me a couple of suits and some dress things. They've got my measure, and I'll take a chance of the fit. Also, I want some boots and shirts and all the rest of it. I wear elevens in boots."

Verily, the gods stand firm!

"It's a tremendous lot to ask, but I've a feeling you won't mind. Enclosed are two fifty-pound notes."

True, and she had never noticed them!

"Pay for the stuff as you go. And if it isn't cheek, please buy yourself a little anything you may fancy. Wouldn't suggest it, only it's Christmas."

Passengers alight here for amazement.

"I know very well what is in the old people's minds. They want to rescue me from the land and marry me off to some girl or another."

Did you hear thunder and rain?

Did you feel that gust of knife-edged wind?

"After all they may be right. It's a futile existence, living alone, with new things growing up all round you that aren't of your making. Mother's a clever old soul, and—well, one never knows.

"Thanks again for the card. Sincerely, J. J."

Blank! And the sound of leaves falling—leaves from the Bank of England—at fifty pounds a time!

You will not guess what she did, although you are perfectly right in the surmise that she put the two notes in a clean envelope and addressed it to John Jeffries. But there is a lot of difference between addressing an envelope and posting a letter. The absence of stamps was conspicuous, and that in itself gave opportunity for thought and delay.

Ella did not cry at all. Hers was a nature that cried for joy rather than for sorrow. But a fierce resentment possessed her. It was not a personal resentment against John Jeffries—banish the thought; it was a whole-hearted solid resentment against controls and governments. She used those words because she had been given a Christian teaching at school, and it would have been wicked to be more explicit or simpler. It seemed —— It was such a shame, when for years she had cherished the belief that love is rewarded by love. And now she was to dress the room for Hymen, to plait a wreath of flowers for her hero's head that he might seem good in the eyes of an unknown goddess.

It was the goddess who stuck in Ella's throat. It was the goddess she longed to dishevel.

And then came the idea, on the heels of rereading the letter for the fortieth time. That line "buy yourself a little anything you may fancy." Of course! It was simple and it was just. Just a little frock and a speck of a hat she would buy. And just for a moment, when it was too late, John Jeffries should behold her wearing them. Then he would know what he had missed, and perhaps there would be another broken heart in the world to keep hers company. Stripped of her miserable rag of a dress, freshened by new raiment, she never doubted but that he would see at last with eyes that saw. No one could see a land girl in dirty boots and leggings, or a little drab in a one-piece frock that was fading its last black dye into a negative brown.

She achieved the idea in bed in that romantic ten minutes between waking up and getting up. It is true it did not look so favorable with one foot on the linoleum and the knowledge that the soap had hard corners that cold water never blunted. But it remained constant.

It was still with her while she brushed and looped her pretty hair. And, after all, how could she go to Savile Row to Burlington Arcade, to Jermyn Street, in the clothes that she possessed? To do so would be to degrade the man she loved in the sight of his fellows. This was a frightfully happy afterthought, and once and for all banished the sense of wrongdoing.

And then the idea took firm hold and began to throw out branches, and by breakfast time—there was no breakfast, only the time—the tree was in full leaf; objection, reason, everything else was in the shade.

What she did that fateful morning was like a conjurer's hand, too quick for the eye to follow. She came first to the dress, drawn irresistibly. Her mother had been a customer at Radley's, and to Radley's she proceeded, after changing one of the notes at a bank and buying a new bag to put the money in, because her own had a leak in it. The splendor of the place awed her, that and the sudden thought of her undies.

How could she possibly try on a frock over that appalling camisole? It couldn't be done. She darted out of the shop and into a taxi. The saleswoman at Clarice et Cie. took advantage of credulity in persuading Ella to buy two of everything. She was a temptress, but it couldn't be helped.

Ella got another taxi and went home and underdressed and returned to Radley's and manikins paraded before her, and to remove the suspicion of herself that showed in these girls' eyes she longed to strip off her hateful one-piece frock and sit in the new flimsies. The dress she chose was of saxe-blue charmeuse, and had edgings of silver fox. In the hand it weighed nothing at all, but I wouldn't like to say how many pounds it weighed in specie. Of course, when once it was on it could never have come off again, except in her own room. A really perfect dress is like a lover, and cannot be escaped—not that anyone wants to escape either.

Until she saw herself in a cheval glass Ella had not realized the tragic condition of her shoes and stockings. Everyone else in the department had done that ages ago. But it was not until she picked up her hat that she thoroughly understood the meaning of shame. By this time her morale was so low that she actually gave out that she was wearing the hat for a joke.

"I'll buy another to go home in," she said. "Take what money you want from my bag there."

For she dared not ask the price of what she had bought.

"Is modom wearing the dress home?" asked the saleswoman.

Modom was.

"Modom will find it a little unseasonable without her furs."

Modom agreed, but had forgotten to bring her furs.

"We have a little wrap here, warm and smart, and just in modom's style."

It was true, until modom persuaded them to part with it for a mere song at about the price Melba would have charged to sing it.

"Does modom require her own things sent home?"

Emphatically no.

Hats!

But Radley's couldn't make a hat fit for the need. She bought a trifling something to cover her head and was away to a specialist who did the trick and the customer at a single coup.

Shoes!

Pinet, of course. Why, Ella wore Pinet shoes at her first dancing class! Stick to your own folk.

A spatter of rain! After all, it is only economy to protect oneself.

How did she know that Briggs' was the place at which a well-dressed person buys the right umbrella? That little knob of ivory gave a finishing touch to the whole effect, or would when gloves had been bought at the shop where one got the stockings.

If there is anything more exhausting in the world than shopping, name it. It has its glories, too, as Ella realized when she subsided in a chair before a little table at Princes

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Ella's Eyes Opened Wide and Her Heart Stopped Beating. She Faltered, "I Beg Your—How Much Did You Say?"

STOP AND GO—By a Traffic Officer

IN FEBRUARY a few years ago I was standing at a street intersection in upper New York directing traffic. I noticed several little girls gathered at the curb, evidently waiting for a chance to cross. Suddenly one of them ran out to me, as if on a dare, handed me an envelope and scurried back to her giggling companions.

They waited for me to open the envelope. As I looked up they all ran away, pretending to be in great fright.

The little girl had handed me my valentine—a comic picture of a fat, red-faced cop holding up an enormous white hand and scowling at somebody in an automobile.

I kept that valentine and used to pretend to be angry and shake my fist at that little girl every time I saw her.

In time that comic picture got to be common. It was used for post cards, valentines and everything. Some novelty dealer even made a copy of it in the form of a little policeman with swinging white hands to be used as a radiator cap on cars. All of you have seen it.

In later years I have wanted to know who drew that picture, but I was never able to find out. I wanted to know because it has become my life work to study traffic problems, and I feel quite sure that that little comic drawing has done more than any other one thing to help us. Though intended as a joke on the cops and the automobile drivers, it was the first good lesson to bring home the idea of authority in the uplifted hand. It did it without a lot of reading and writing and explaining.

The white uplifted hand came to be a sort of symbol of law and order. At the sight of it everybody came to understand that he must stop. That hand has a stern meaning now and it is the foundation of all traffic regulations. Without the aid of the comic artist we should have been a much longer time teaching people that.

It's pretty hard to realize that it has been less than twenty years since a police officer in America was able to assert his authority over one person, let alone a crowd, by merely holding up his hand. I remember well, when I was a plain, everyday cop, how we used to laugh when a traveler from Europe told us how bobbies could do that in London. In any city in this country now that signal would stop a man just about as quick and certain as a six-shooter in the hands of a sheriff.

A Clever Capture on Broadway

IT HAS all come about in gradually making the public understand that safety depends upon what Englishmen call respect for the majesty of the law. I've got to hand it to that comic artist for being first to bring the idea home so that everybody could see it.

You see, the main job was to teach the people to respect the law, not fear it. If it was only fear of arrest and punishment that made automobile drivers and pedestrians obey that signal we could never get anywhere in establishing order in our busy streets. Traffic would be gummed up every day. They must obey the signals because they know it helps.

If each traffic cop on fixed post had to make three arrests a day, for instance, he couldn't watch the traffic. The whole system would collapse.

Not so long ago one of our best men on Broadway noticed a man handling his car awkwardly. The officer knew instinctively that the man was unfamiliar with the gear shifts in that particular make of car. He stopped him.

"What's the trouble?" the officer asked.

"Something out of order in my engine," replied the man, his eyes all the time shifting and refusing to look the officer in the face.

"Is that so? Well, I guess you'd better pull up to ——"

Suddenly the man threw in his gear and shot straight ahead. Running behind another car the cop jumped on the running board and finally pulled the man up at the curb a block and a half away.

"I thought so," said the officer, pulling out a little book.

Quickly he glanced over the pages and then examined the license plate on the car.

"This car was stolen from So-and-So," he said. He blew his whistle to call a regular policeman and sent the thief to prison.

Automobile thieves are often caught that way, but that is not the point of this incident.

The officer had left his post for not more than fifteen minutes.

In that time the traffic had got so snarled that it took a half hour to straighten it out. There had been no cop around to take his place immediately.

Now suppose that officer, or any other officer, had to make two or three arrests a day for violations of traffic signals. You can readily see what would happen. The time taken up in writing out summonses alone would be fatal to the movement of traffic.

A Type of Signal Light Used in Philadelphia

As a matter of fact a majority of the traffic cops in New York do not average making two arrests a week for traffic violations. They occasionally make arrests for other crimes, but drivers and pedestrians have learned to understand the spirit and importance of the uplifted hand. It is not a fear of arrest, because they know there would be no chance of the officer arresting them. He simply couldn't do it.

I am a traffic officer and I have been one since there were any traffic cops in this country. I can tell you that ninety-nine out of a hundred traffic violations and accidents are due to a lack of understanding of signals or, possibly, a failure to see them. The public is very slow to learn. Most people fail to read or listen to instructions. Either that or they do not grasp the meaning after they do read or listen.

Two Simple Rules for Safety

IN BIG cities there could be perfect safety by the observance of two rules or principles—one for drivers and one for pedestrians. It is very simple.

Drivers in turning to the right at a corner must always take the short turn next to the curb; in turning to the left they must take the wide turn, going across the street as nearly at right angles as possible. For other directions watch the traffic officer.

Pedestrians should gather at the curb on a corner and wait until the officer has motioned them across. If there is no traffic officer they should wait until the traffic has thinned and then, after putting up a hand, walk across. Pedestrians, you know, have just as much right to signal cars by putting up a hand as a driver has.

In general principle that's about all there is to it. Now you'd think any man or woman would be able to learn that and would teach it to the children, especially when at times it is a matter of life or death. But if you were to look over our records you'd think different.

For seventeen years, with every educational means within our power, we've pounded that into the heads of the public. But accidents—inexcusable accidents—go right along piling up from year to year. The great majority have learned to respect the uplifted hand, but individuals have not learned to watch out for it.

Only last week a business-looking man dashed from the curb at Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue and started across the Avenue while traffic was in motion, looking back over his shoulder at someone. A chauffeur saw him coming and pulled his car up to a dead stop until he could make sure what this man was going to do. Regardless of signals the man kept going full tilt until he ran ker-plunk into the standing car. The stopping of his own momentum sent him sprawling.

"Hey," yelled the chauffeur, more amused than angry, "why don't you blow your horn?"

It was a good laugh, but the business man didn't see anything funny about it. He got up, mad as a hornet, and actually demanded that the chauffeur be arrested! Also, he took down the number on the license plate and said he was going to sue for damages.

There is no law, rule or regulation to cure men like that.

But there is an excuse for people who get confused over the installation of new signals or a new system, which often becomes necessary. In many cities that have grown up quickly the trouble is that the police inaugurate new regulations—often experiments—without thoroughly informing the people in advance as to what it is all about.

The Public Must Coöperate

AS I HAVE said, the public is slow to learn. Teaching them is no easy job. A lot of folks refuse to read newspapers and cannot be made to observe signs or placards. Why, in New York a few years ago, when the double subway system was started, the west side and east side being connected by a shuttle train running across Forty-second Street, there was a panic. Though full and complete notice had been given for days in advance, people got jammed up by tens of thousands. Some of them on the way to dinner didn't get home until late at night. The company had put up maps, placards and arrows of direction, in addition to elaborate instructions in the newspapers. Just the same, hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers were a week or ten days in learning how to get home. Some of 'em even get balled up now, five or six years since the change was made. I have seen dozens of these people fighting and wrestling with one another to ask the guard a question when there was the sign, giving full directions, right in front of them. During those early days the police had to keep reserves on hand to prevent actual loss of life.

Training a traffic squad—the cops, I mean—is secondary to training the people. We may work out the most simple and practical system in the world and have the best cops to enforce it, but it isn't worth a hill of beans if the drivers and pedestrians don't know what it's all about. They must know a long time in advance too.

One day a few years ago, just when we thought we had a perfect system, I was stationed on a fixed post in the middle of the Avenue. A woman driver pulled up alongside me and asked if I could direct her to a certain jewelry store. I pointed diagonally across the street.

"Three doors from the corner."

I turned to direct some traffic coming behind her when I heard a crash. This woman had cut directly across and was pulling up on the left side of the street when a car coming around the corner ran into her. There was a great commotion of argument and taking of names.

I went over and with some emphasis told the woman she was in the wrong.

"How dare you speak to me in that tone!" she said. "You didn't tell me to go to the corner and turn around. I'll report you for this."

In this day and time you could hardly believe a thing like that ever happened. But it did. We had dozens of cases like that at first.

Foolish as it may sound, the hardest job we ever had was to teach people that they must not stop except with the right side of their car, or other vehicle, next to the curb. In small cities, to this day, I see drivers pulling up on the left side of the street.

New York Policemen Equipped With Night Signal Lights. Harness Over the Shoulders Carries a Box Showing Red, Yellow and Green Electric Lights Operated by a Storage Battery and Push Buttons

Women are not the worst violators. As a rule they obey the law to the letter, once they understand it. A great many of them, though, have the idea that the signal business is a lot of tomfoolery just put on for show. The thing that influences them most is a show of something snappy and military. An officer of commanding figure who stands erect and salutes punctiliously never has any trouble with the women. A careless, sloppy one, though, has his troubles cut out for him from morning until night.

I have made quite a study of men and women drivers. As a rule women are very expert in handling their cars and seem to take pride in making hair-line maneuvers in traffic. In a monotonous procession, though, they often get absent-minded.

There is a little country cop on one of the main roads out of New York who has the best scheme of handling the ladies that I have known of. He has a tough assignment. Five main thoroughfares come together at his post.

To begin with, this fellow dresses with all the care and exactness of a staff officer in the army. His white-gloved hands on a Sunday afternoon are going like windmills. Tourists often drive that way just to see him work. He shouts his verbal orders like a platoon commander.

The Driver's A, B, C

I WAS out there to watch him one day when I learned something that I have used to good advantage on Fifth Avenue. A woman driver, handling a snappy car and not noticing the direction of the traffic, slid the nose of her car by him, only to pull up with a jerk at the sight of his suddenly uplifted hand. Half of her car was over the line and crossing the traffic stream before the cop saw her. He motioned her to back over to the curb.

Stopping all traffic he walked over impressively, and addressed her.

"Madam," he said, "to be a good driver there are just three things a lady must know—the letters A, B, C. Do you know what they mean?"

She gave him a withering look, then shook her head.

"A, B, C—always be careful. Remember that. Now go ahead," he said.

With the eyes of all the halted drivers on her the woman proceeded. Her face showed, too, that she was impressed.

Lessons like that are great educators. It gives a person something to mull over. This officer told me that he used to give that lesson ten or twelve times a day. Now he finds it necessary but once or twice a day.

Though we have made a lot of progress in educating the people in traffic fundamentals there are many years of hard work ahead of us. The public is just beginning to get a vague notion that we really have a great problem to solve.

The biggest job and the one that I consider absolutely essential to safety and convenience in the United States is the adoption of uniform regulations so that a driver in one city or state will know how to act in another. Naturally the necessities of one place have been different from those of another. This, added to the fact that all new laws spring from necessity, accounts for the present jigsaw puzzle for tourists. Right now it seems almost impossible to get the thing fitted together. But give us time, and with the aid of the public we shall do it. Traffic experts throughout the country are enthusiastic about the matter and all we need is a little thought and coöperation from the very ones we are trying to aid.

If you will stop to think what has been done in seventeen or eighteen years most anything seems possible. The first real traffic system in this country was inaugurated in 1903—in New York. During the early part of that year superior police officials began to feel the necessity of a system to control street traffic. Automobiles were numerous enough to have lost some of their novelty. At congested spots we had had some accidents. Up to that time the only recognized job of a policeman was to arrest folks for committing crimes—nothing else.

The First Traffic Squad

GEN. FRANCIS V. GREENE, police commissioner, sent Maj. Alexander R. Piper, a deputy commissioner, on a trip to London and Paris to study conditions and make recommendations. I remember well how we all smiled on the side when Major Piper came back with a tale that a London bobby could enforce law by simply lifting his hand, and that he was never armed with a gun. Up to then our main persuader had been the night stick and sometimes the six-shooter.

We had a famous organization in the police force then known as the Broadway Squad. The members were hand-picked for size and appearance. Every cop had to be over six feet tall, of polite manners and good looking. It was a nifty outfit—even if I was a member. The Broadway Squad became famous in song and story.

The Signal Tower for Directing Traffic at Fifth Avenue and 42d Street, New York

We were stationed in the Forty-second Street section—the theatrical district—and our main job was to escort old people and children across the streets—and answer questions. They used to ask us everything from "What are the new styles in skirts?" to "Show me the hotel where the French actress takes the milk bath."

You can well imagine how often we found it necessary to escort some pretty young lady across Broadway while the old people had to wait for a more propitious moment. That famous Broadway Squad turned out to be the daddy of all traffic organizations in America. That's how I came to be that kind of cop and why it has become my life study.

Members of the Broadway Squad were considered sort of dudes by the rest of the force, and when the higher authorities decided to install a regular street-traffic system and assign officers to fixed posts we were selected for the job. Since then our squad has grown to more than fifteen hundred—not nearly enough, at that. Next to the detective bureau, where officers are allowed to wear plain clothes, the traffic department is now considered the choicest assignment.

Since we started that new-fangled idea—one that made us the butt of Broadway jokes—traffic has grown to where we have to direct the movement of three hundred thousand automobiles a day, besides the horse-drawn vehicles. We have to keep forty thousand motor cars moving in the theatrical district alone in two or three hours. This district takes in the small area between Thirty-ninth and Fifty-ninth Streets—one mile—and between Sixth and Eighth Avenues—less than half a mile.

To appreciate the congestion of these three hundred thousand cars it must be remembered that Manhattan Island—New York City—is about three miles wide at the widest point, and about twelve miles long.

Other cities may not have so many cars, but the problem in some of them is greater because they haven't the advantage of square blocks and wide avenues, the latter paralleling one another.

At the start our so-called traffic tricks were kidded unmercifully. Pedestrians and sometimes other policemen laughed at us openly. This made it very difficult to get any respect for our signals.

Trouble With the Truckmen

IT WAS months before drivers of horse-drawn trucks would pay any attention to us at all. The very first rule we had trouble in enforcing was that requiring all vehicles, in coming to a stop, to pull up on the right side of the street, next to the curb. If a truckman came along and saw a good open spot in front of his destination he would simply cut across the street and pull up to it regardless of the way his horses were facing. He had always done that, and why not? was his argument. The idea of going to a corner, making a turn and coming up on the other side with the right of his wagon to the curb, he considered plumb ridiculous.

Our captain stood for these constant violations as long as he could and then ordered us to begin making arrests. For ten days or more we arrested them by the hundreds. I remember issuing twenty-two summonses to drivers in a single day. The standing fine was two dollars.

At no time did it occur to the drivers or to their employers that the police were trying to establish order. No, it was simply a fool notion thought up by some smart-Aleck. Even the business men, property owners, went to the aid of the truck drivers. They appointed committees of protest, called on the mayor, and everything.

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OLD GRANITE FACE

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"I OBJECT. It has been shown, *ipso facto* ——"

"You sit down," ordered Old Granite Face, "or I'll fine you!"

"What for?" demanded the attorney.

"Ten dollars for contempt of court. That's what for."

"Here's twenty."

The thrust got home. "For two pins," said the court between its teeth, "I'd make it the limit—twenty-five dollars and a day in jail."

The smart-Aleck from the county seat paled at that, and we nudged one another; but with so many spectators watching him he could not afford to back down for a mere justice of the peace.

"I would remind the court" but now his voice was modulated and he chose his words discreetly "that its decisions have not always been upheld by higher authority. For instance, *re* the State of Texas versus Foard *et al* "

"That's enough from you. Why don't you cite the case of MacQuistion versus the South Fork Valley Railroad, hey? You was in that. Are chickens livestock, or ain't they? Answer me that!"

"It is before the Supreme Court on appeal and has not yet been decided."

"Yes, but maybe you'll notice I've been sustained all the way up. Now I've had all the speechmaking from you I want to hear. This court ain't a political meeting." Everybody chuckled, for it was well understood that Demit Sparger aimed to run for county attorney. "The trouble with a lot of the two-by-four lawyers who come here is they know just enough law to land themselves in a mess. Where's the sense in all this hair-splitting? Didn't you ever read the statutes for justice courts where it says: 'And where one construction works injustice, and the other is consistent with right, that one will be favored which upholds the right'?"

"May it please the court, my point was that, *pendente lite* ——"

"Quit right there!" Old Granite Face hadn't looked so grim since he sent Lem Harkins up for trial for setting fire to the orphan asylum. "This court has listened to all the Latin it has a mind to hear for one day. If you couldn't say it in English it would be different; but where's the sense in shooting off a lot of dead language? Maybe you got the idea we're *non compos mentis*, hey?"

I tell you we sat up when we heard that, and Reb Riddell whispered to me that Demit was sure in for it now.

"You may know a lot of pinhead law, but did you ever hear '*vox populi, vox dei*'? Hey? And there's such things as *leges non scripta* too. You're like to find that out as you grow older. Now I don't want to hear any more out of you at all. *Mutatis mutandis*—well, that'll be about all *pro tempore*. But if you take my advice you'll get your feet on the ground; you're *in nubibus*, young man, *in nubibus*."

Thunderation, it was a knockout! Demit Sparger wore a dazed sort of look and he didn't come up for air again until close to noon.

The way he laid Sparger out was typical of Old Granite Face. Nobody ever got ahead of him, and he was mighty salty to people who liked to show off.

He would never stand for any formality in court. That was all right for Europe maybe; over there they had to impress the majesty of the law on the ignorant hoi polloi by stern form and ceremony, or the trappings of grandeur and enthroned power; and maybe it was all right in the effete East too, where restraint and dignity laid their chill hands on you the moment you entered the door; but our justice of the peace despised artificial aids and would have no mummery when he was around. What was the use of swelling all up and pretending you were something you weren't, and scaring people? His was a plain justice court and this was a free country, thank God, where the principles of democracy still flourished in spite of the hellish machinations of the Republican Party.

Consequently, if the weather was warm and a man happened to be wearing a coat and collar, he was at liberty to take them off, court or no court. Everybody smoked except those who preferred to chew, and I have seen a prisoner borrow the judge's plug without the slightest embarrassment. It never occurred to one in three to remove his hat in the presence of the law, prisoners least of all, unless so hap they were darkies. Old Granite Face presided at a plain pine table in a room bare of everything except chairs. This room was behind the tailor shop, and to get to court one had to go down a lane, through a gate and across the back yard. It was a little difficult of access for strangers, but on the other hand it had distinct architectural advantages. The door was so situated that bench and counsel and prisoner could spit comfortably into the yard without stirring from their places, a happy arrangement due more to luck than design, however, inasmuch as the room had been originally intended for a lodge room, but the Ancient and Loyal Order of Wahoos had fallen down on the lease.

Every session of his court drew crowds, and several windows afforded an expectorative outlet to these spectators. As for Constable Dan Frizzell, he roamed about as he willed, anon sitting aloof by the door—a seat left vacant for him by tacit understanding—again, taking up a position where he could confuse a prisoner by the deep meaning and intensity of his stare. Often a hard-boiled prisoner grew so rattled under the constable's penetrating scrutiny that he would start to sweat and go back on his story; Dan said so himself.

Just because the court was short some of the refinements of decorum it must not be concluded that it lacked authority. The moment Constable Frizzell droned "O yez, O yez," the hum of conversation ceased and everybody settled down to business. And if peradventure there was anybody present who fancied that the justice of the peace could be imposed on or might be lax in duty, he changed that notion the instant Old Granite Face lowered his head to look over his spectacles. Right then one saw why it was that Ben Rust needed no adventitious aids to give dignity and force to the justice court of the Fifth Precinct.

Also, the stranger realized why Old Granite Face got his name. No matter what he might be saying, Ben's expression remained stern. But he wasn't old; he had looked just about the same ever since he grew up. You know the kind of leather-faced individual who looks forty-five when he is twenty-two and still looks forty-five when he is eighty—well, that's the kind Ben Rust was.

On a brisk, sparkling day in November a crowd filled the court room and overflowed into the yard.

"Defendant, Atticus Pericles Poe," Old Granite Face began sternly, reading from the docket, and a forlorn darky rose from his seat and stood twiddling his hat. "You are charged with an offense against the peace and dignity of the State of Texas in that you did on or about the fifth day of November, 1920, in the county aforesaid, take possession, without right from one Sidney Semple, of a shirt of the value of two dollars and thirty cents, with intent to steal. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Here he glanced up and espied the prisoner for the first time. With the same set expression he continued, "Why, hello, doc, is that you? Atticus Pericles—I reckon your female kin sort of ganged up on you at the christenin', didn't they, doc? How come you stole that shirt, boy?"

"Why, Mr. Ben—judge, suh—I didn't aim to steal no shirt. You know that, Mr. Ben. Lina was fixin' to send back that shirt in next week's washin', sho as I'm standin' heah, and I just kinda thought—well, judge, suh, I had a new suit and I just naturally likes to strut my stuff."

"Washin'? Washin', did you say? Is this court to understand your wife does the washin' for complainant?"

"Fo' Mr. Semple—yes, suh—goin' on two years."

"Discharged!" rasped Old Granite Face. Then turning to the complainant he added: "I'm surprised at you, Sid. Don't you know by this time the difference between borrowin' and stealin'? Why, there ain't been a week in ten years Benny hasn't held out something on me for that scoundrel of a husband of hers—a pair of socks or something—but they come back next washin'."

"But I tell you he done ruined that shirt, judge. It's wore clean through at the neckband—and I don't aim to put it on again after no nigger," cried Semple. "You've no right to discharge him. He done stole my best shirt and he's got to pay ——"

"All right," said Rust with a gesture of dismissal. "But your redress lies in a civil suit for damages, then. And maybe this'll learn you not to wear 'em with yaller stripes, Sid. Prisoner is discharged."

As Atticus Pericles Poe started jubilantly toward the door he was summoned to the bench by an almost imperceptible jerk of the head.

"Say, boy," said the court in a stern whisper, "you got that white bull possum dog of yours still?"

"I sho have, Mr. Ben, and he's r'arin' to go."

"Fetch him round to-morrow night," ordered the judge, "and we'll go get us a few. Next case! Defendant, Lon Luna."

There They Found Doc Poe, in a Frenzy of Fright, and in the Doorway the Body of Buck Dill

This proved to be a complicated question of ownership, Jim Spivey charging that Lon Luna was harboring his bees, which had flown away. Luna refused to surrender them, denying that they belonged to Spivey.

"Well, do they?" demanded the court. "How do you know they're your bees?"

Jim was simply thunderstruck. "What?" he gasped. 'Don't you suppose I know my own bees?"

"Case continued for purposes of identification," said Old Granite Face calmly. "Next! Defendant, Squire Taylor."

Squire was charged with assault. He was a big, burly negro, and his wife had such abundant evidence in her right eye that nothing more was required, as Squire did not deny having sort of slapped her. But he hadn't really hit her at all, judge—she had sort of run up against his fist—and besides, he was drunk at the time and she had dared him to lay a finger on her.

"Five dollars and costs," said the court tersely, breaking in on this defense, "and if you can't pay you'll work it out on the road. And the court wishes to add, for the benefit of complainant, that if she thinks she can come around in a few days and borrow the money to get him off, like she done last time, she is mighty mistaken. Next case! Defendant, Harvey Lee Mena."

He bent his brows at a stout man who sat tilted back in a chair nonchalantly mouthing a cigar stuck at an angle in his mouth. "Well, what've you got to say?"

"I ain't the man you want, judge. That gentleman over there is the prisoner. I'm just a friend of hisn."

"What's your name, then? And what's your business?"

"I'm a reformed bootlegger, judge."

The spectators burst into guffaws and then waited expectantly, anticipating that Old Granite Face would curl him to a crisp, but Ben never moved an eyelash.

"Well, you're honest about it, anyhow," he remarked, and after a whispered conference with the district attorney's representative, announced that Mena's case would be continued.

"But this court wants to go on record as saying that in its opinion the officers of the law have not done their full duty. The prisoner is charged with bootleggin'. Maybe he's guilty, maybe not. That is to be determined.

"Now this court stands ready to do everything in its power to enforce the law and stamp out the practice. But when you hale a poor devil like defendant into court you're triflin' with the problem. Where's the man who bought it off him? I'd like to see him here too. Where's the man who put up the money? This defendant never had more'n eight dollars together at one time in his life. Where did he get the money to buy an automobile load of A 1 stuff? There're a lot of things I want to know when the case comes to trial. Next! Defendant, Mrs. Fay Abernathy."

Everybody drew a long breath. This case would be the fireworks, the grand finale of the show. For this they had crowded to the court from every corner of Four Oaks, so that the yard was half filled with those who could not gain admittance. In fact, it's my belief that the whole county would have been on hand if the issue to be decided had been known beyond the limits of Four Oaks, for it vitally affected every mother's son of them; but the complaint had been sworn to only the previous day.

The audience strained forward to listen, to catch every syllable of the court's mumbled words, for Ben had a bad habit of hurrying through the legal phraseology as though he despised it, slurring the finest and most ponderous periods in such slovenly fashion that they lost their impressiveness. The spectators were so eager to hear that they shook their heads and made fierce faces at one another to impose silence.

"Personally appeared before the undersigned authority this affiant, who, after being by me duly sworn, deposes and says: Your affiant has good reason to believe and does believe that one Fay Abernathy, hereinafter styled defendant, heretofore on or about Sunday, the fourteenth day of November, 1920, in the town of Four Oaks and State of Texas, did then and there unlawfully and willfully, by permitting one Plymouth Rock rooster owned and possessed by her and kept on her premises, without cessation to crow and make loud, raucous and intolerable noises in the early morning hours, commit a misdemeanor"—here Ben paused to get his wind and a fresh start—"in violation of Ordinance 681, Ordinances of the town of Four Oaks, entitled 'An ordinance prohibiting any person from willfully and knowingly suffering or permitting any animal, harbored or kept under his control in Four Oaks, to unreasonably disturb the peace and quiet of other persons, and declaring an emergency.'"

Having read it the court leaned back, surveyed the Widow Abernathy over his spectacles, and inquired: "What have you to say? Guilty or not guilty?"

"But what does it mean, Mr. Ben? What's it all about?" inquired the defendant in bewilderment.

"This here complaint is just a legal way of saying that you let your rooster crow when Miz Dill wanted to sleep Sunday morning," explained Old Granite Face dryly. "It seems to this court ——"

"And you mean to say she had me up for that?" broke in the widow. "Well, who ever heard the like! Why, it's spite work—that's all it is, Mr. Ben. She let her bird-dog pup wander over into my back yard the other day, and Alonzo—that's our rooster, judge—pecked him good and run him off, and now she's trying to get even!"

A burst of applause came from the crowd, but whether inspired by Alonzo's prowess or by Mrs. Abernathy's analysis of motive, was not indicated. Constable Dan Frizzell yelled for order. It took him some time to obtain it, as Mrs. Dill was now on her feet, indignantly repudiating the allegation. The court was in an uproar; and in the midst of it up rose Emmett Rainey, the pride of Bull Bayou, who shook the mane out of his eyes and trumpeted to the world, "I appear for the complainant."

"You do, do you?"

"May it please the court ——" began Emmett in a rich, roaring bass, and a sort of happy sigh went up from the audience, for we knew the fireworks were on now for sure. But Ben Rust spoiled it all. He told Emmett to sit down—fairly snapped at him—and when Rainey hesitated whether to obey, demanded to know when the county attorney had delegated Emmett to try his cases for him. There was that angle to it, of course, because a representative of the county attorney was then in court, so the boy orator of Bull Bayou flopped into a seat, where he went through some deep-breathing exercises in preparation for his chance. Old Granite Face entered into whispered consultation with the county attorney's representative and after a while they seemed to come to some sort of agreement, for the young lawyer nodded and Ben spoke up:

"The defendant has the right to trial by a jury, or she may elect to have the court dispose of the case."

That brought Emmett Rainey straight up in the air, his head thrown back and his chest swelling like a barrel.

"May it please the court," he thundered, with one hand upraised, "I protest that this justice of the peace is disqualified from acting in this case."

It was a stiff counter, and you could see that the crowd was impressed.

"Is that so?" said the court. "And where do you get that stuff?"

"By law and statute provided, to wit: A justice of the peace is disqualified from acting in any case wherein he is a party, or interested, or when he is related to either party by consanguinity or affinity within the third degree."

Though this wasn't as plain language as it might have been we all guessed what Emmett meant, and there was a lot of nudging and sly winking, for not one there but knew Ben had been going out to the widow's house pretty regularly. In fact, he hadn't missed a Sunday night in a coon's age. It raised Emmett in our estimation a whole lot; the boy certainly had nerve.

"Well, and now I'll give you some law, young man," replied the court calmly. "The case is dismissed."

"I protest ——"

"The case is dismissed," continued Old Granite Face, raising his voice until it sounded like a buzz saw going through a knot. "The affiant and her attorney have overlooked one important point—Ordinance 681, Ordinances of the town of Four Oaks, applies only within the corporate limits of Four Oaks, and defendant lives and keeps her rooster beyond the territorial limits. Case dismissed for want of jurisdiction."

Well, you could have heard a pin drop. There had been nothing like it in a justice court in Muleshoe County in twenty years, for no other justice of the peace could spring a surprise as Ben Rust did. Emmett Rainey's face was a sight to see; he stood there with his mouth open and seemingly couldn't think of a word to say. And we were all so taken aback that for a minute or two everybody held his breath. Then somebody let out a whoop and we began to cheer, for the Dills were none too well thought of in Four Oaks and everybody admitted that the widow was a right fine woman and always behaved like a lady. Besides, if once you started in to shut off a rooster, where would things end up? The case made people mighty uneasy.

"May it please the court ——" bellowed Emmett as soon as Dan Frizzell obtained some quiet.

"It doesn't please the court. Case is dismissed."

"But my client wishes to amend her complaint," Emmett persisted. "If this ordinance does not apply, then we wish to lay a complaint under Article 193, Revised Criminal Code of Texas. We will show that defendant's rooster did, against the peace and dignity of the state ——"

"Go ahead and amend it. But I think you'll find in this matter that when it comes to a show-down between Alonzo and the peace and dignity of the State

(Continued on Page 48)

We Were All So Taken Aback That for a Minute or Two Everybody Held His Breath

EUROPE IN TRANSITION

France and the Future

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ACCURATE economic appraisal of Europe in transition bristles with difficulties because the situation is in constant process of change. Furthermore, the political influence everywhere is interwoven with the attempt at fiscal readjustment. If the various countries were permitted to work out their commercial destinies unhampered by the acute self-interest of politicians, stabilization of currency and with it immunity from devastating crises would inevitably follow.

The case of France will illustrate. No European nation, with the possible exception of Germany, has such an inherent sense of thrift and industry. These qualities enabled her to revive swiftly after the disaster of 1870–71, and despite the ravaging of her soil and substance in the World War she would be much further advanced on the road to recovery to-day but for the clash of politics at home and ambition for power abroad.

Louis Loucheur, Minister of Reconstruction

You have only to scan the map of Europe to find the impress of France wherever you turn. Conscious of her war-won power, she surveys the world with real elation for the first time since Napoleon's great day. Something of his genius for acquisition seems to invest her. She dominates Polish military policy, her officers are training the new Czecho-Slovakian army, she is deeply rooted in Syria, and she lately concluded a pact with the Turkish Kemalists that strengthens her immeasurably in the Near East. Thanks to the war she has increased her African colonial possessions. She backed the ill-fated Kolchak, Denikin and Wrangel expeditions to redeem Russia. Moreover, her army, despite the reduction promised by Briand at the Washington Conference, will continue to be the most imposing military force in the world.

French Thrift and Industry

IN THE contemplation of these activities you have a series of reasons why French Government finance is in the dumps and why the general economic aspect of the republic is not particularly rosy. That sense of thrift and industry which comprises the principal birthright of France has been impeded rather than encouraged by the course of political events. Nothing is so distracting as political upheaval, especially when it is projected with bitterness. We know the effect of a presidential campaign upon the fragile fabric of finance. Repeat this every year and you get some idea of the turmoil that has been the lot of the French people. Even the reconstruction of the devastated area has encountered obstacles from time to time in the shape of differences between the politically powerful magnates who make up the consortium of contractors, for France, like Germany, is a land of trusts. With a knowledge of these facts we can now enter upon some analysis of what is going on in a country linked with us in an imperishable tradition of valor and sacrifice.

There are two approaches to the estimate of France. One is through the mist of sentiment born of a common ideal of republican government and enhanced by our comradeship in the struggle for liberty. Her battle-scarred soil, to paraphrase the kindling line of Rupert Brooke, "is forever America," because our blood has drenched it and our dead sleep in its embrace. It will always have a sacred association. So much for the attitude begot of the great days of war.

The other approach is in the cold light of business progress, and more especially its relation to the larger rehabilitation of this still distracted and shell-shocked universe. Unhappily, the relentless march of economic necessity knows no emotion. It is with the latter and therefore practical phase that we are mainly concerned.

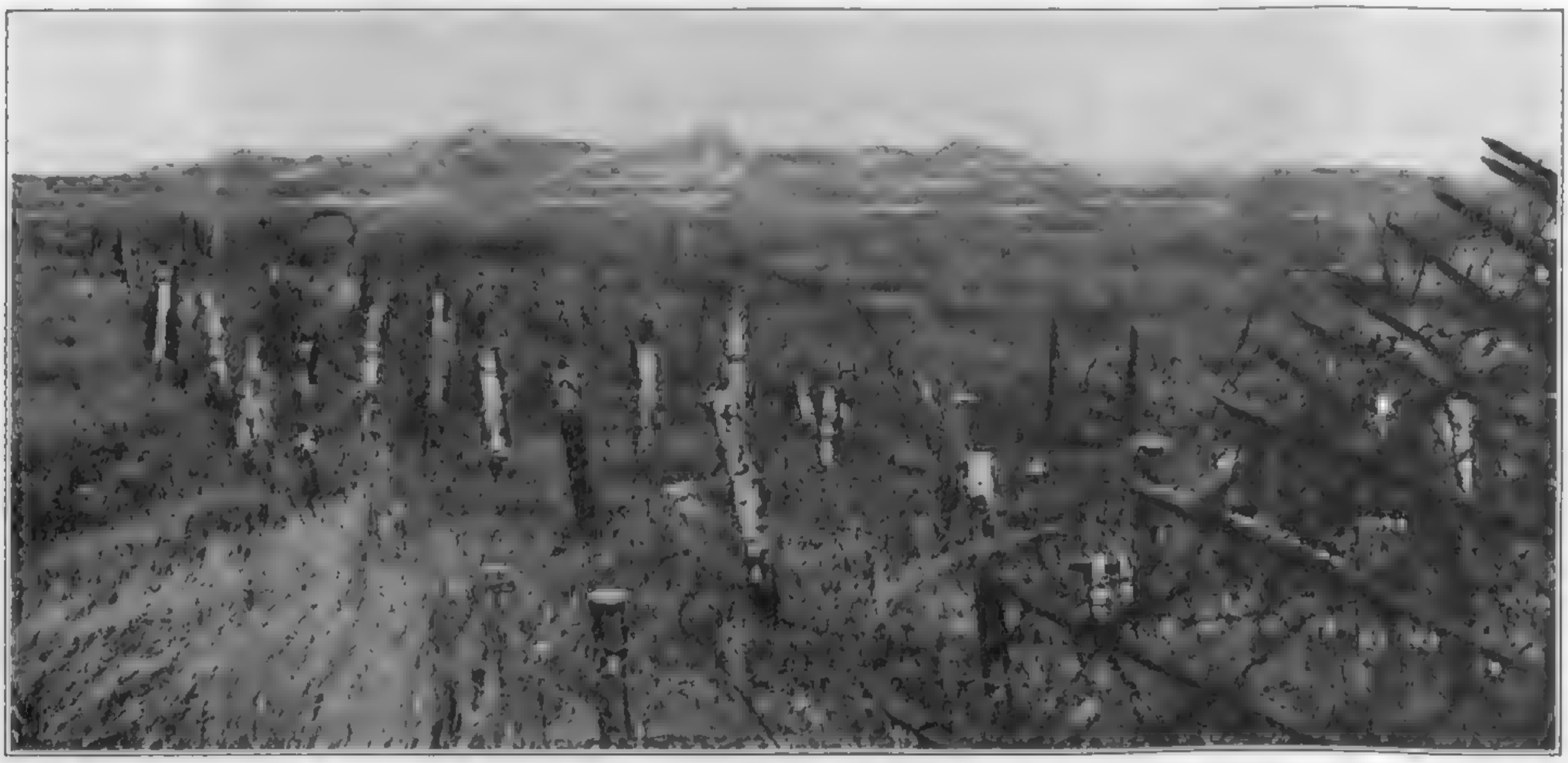
To visualize the France of to-day we must go back for a moment. Peace dawned upon a disordered land. Nearly 10,000,000 of her acres were scathed in some way. Four thousand of her towns or villages had been laid waste. Seventy-five per cent of her coal mines were practically destroyed. Fifty per cent of her male population between the ages of nineteen and thirty lay dead. Her list of wounded—half of them mutilated—had passed the 2,000,000 mark. Such was the vast wound that the republic was called upon to bind up. It would have staggered a people less dauntless in hope and courage. The French people, however, are endowed with two priceless qualities—imagination and application. In ordinary circumstances they are an irresistible combination.

But all signs fail, as it were, these days. The French made the mistake, as they themselves now admit, of depending too much upon reparation and too little on their own immediate postwar effort. They had a right to expect quick and complete indemnity—their share is 52 per cent—for they were the principal victims of those years of agony and slaughter. The trouble was not with the rank and file of the populace but with the statesmen who made reparation a political issue. It explains why the economic situation in France is still troubled.

The Reparation Tangle

NOR were the French alone in contributing to the reparation muddle. The Germans, as I indicated in the preceding article, tried in every way to extricate themselves from full responsibility. They mistook postponement for concession. After the German marks began to flow toward the Allies the usual complication ensued, for the difference developed over the division of the proceeds, England having made an unexpected demand for funds to defray the cost of maintaining her army of occupation. Meanwhile France languished, and reconstruction, the most vital of the agencies for standardization, was delayed.

The significant point with regard to the French share of the reparation—and we may as well dispose of the matter now—is that though the country needs the German money badly it is beginning to reconcile itself to the conviction that before many years pass restitution must resolve itself largely into reparation in kind. This means that the Germans will supply France with building materials, houses,



A French Farm as it Appeared on the Day the Armistice Was Signed, and as it Looks To-day Under

machinery and railway equipment to restore the wartime losses. The arrangement entered into between Louis Loucheur, French Minister of Reconstruction, and Dr. Walter Rathenau, until recently his German colleague, by which Germany agrees to furnish 7,000,000,000 marks of materials during the next five years, shows which way the reparation wind will blow.

Reparation in kind performs manifold service. It gives Germany relief from financial strain and provides an outlet for her labor. It enables France to concentrate her industrial energy in widening her sphere in the world markets. More important than this, it has already diverted the French from reliance upon money reparation and brought them round to the constructive realization that in their own efforts lies the rehabilitation of the nation.

The mistaken dependence upon reparation as a bulwark for reconstruction has been only one of many factors that have hindered a return to normalcy in France. Another striking reason is the French fear of Germany. No man can traverse the republic to-day without encountering at almost every point of human contact, whether it be minister, magnate or proletarian, the deep-seated conviction that Germany is still a potent menace to be eternally guarded against. The dominating idea in France is to keep Germany humbled. Coincident with this desire to reduce Germany to a fourth-class power is the demand for full reparation. The most casual observer must come to the conclusion that both these ends cannot be served at the same time. I pointed out this inconsistency in the second article of the present series, but since it is a necessary part of the sequence of this narrative I refer to it again.

Fear of German Aggression

THE French fear of Germany has been a distinct economic handicap, and I will explain why. The new French budget calls for an expenditure of roughly 25,000,000,000 francs, of which approximately one-third is for military purposes. Not only does this immense military establishment impose an excessive overhead cost but it diverts hundreds of thousands of able-bodied men from the ranks of production. The big defect in the French industrial situation to-day lies in a lack of output. To be sure, her industrial capacity has been overextended, as you will presently see, and France, like all other countries, feels the universal business slump. The main fact to be emphasized in connection with the huge French army is that it dislocates the normal relation between man power and productivity.

When you talk to the French, however, you get the explanation for her armed host. I can best interpret what might be called the national attitude in the words of Capt. André Tardieu, former French High Commissioner to the United States, colleague of Clemenceau in the making of the Versailles Treaty, first Minister of Reconstruction, and at the moment leader of the opposition to the government. In discussing the situation with me in Paris he said:

"Why is France called imperialistic? It is because the outside world does not understand the situation. France is not imperialistic. She merely wants to protect herself and establish some insurance against future German aggression. Our people are inherently peaceful. Their instinct is to work and not to fight.

"The destinies of England, America and Japan lie on the sea. These three countries must have adequate navies. The destiny of France, on the other hand, is on the land. This is why she must have a large army. Her strong arm must be her soldiers.

"Why is France so skeptical about German disarmament and why do we still maintain a large army? I will give you one reason. When civil war broke out after the plebiscite in Upper Silesia the Germans were able not only to mobilize an army of 40,000 men but to equip it with machine guns and ammunition. France has insisted all along that Upper Silesia must be lost to Germany because its retention would have embodied a new menace to France. Upper Silesia was one of the German strongholds for the manufacture of armament, as the province is rich in coal and iron mines and factories.

"Every amendment that is made to the Versailles Treaty only operates to the benefit of Germany. Take the matter of indirect taxation of luxuries.

"The treaty specifies that German taxation must be equal to that of the Allied and Associated Governments. As a matter of fact, it is much less. In the matter of indirect taxation on luxuries, for example, the French pay eight times more than the Germans. The only way that France and the rest of the productive world can escape utter industrial annihilation through German competition is by imposing first, a tax on German coal, which compels the Germans to pay as much for it as other countries; and second, a heavy tax on exports.

"In the end you find that the solution for the so-called imperialism of France as well as the guaranty of future peace in Europe and throughout the world lies solely in interallied solidarity in which America must have a part. If the United States and England would guarantee France against future German aggression the French army would soon melt away. Without this guaranty it must stand as our only safeguard."

France United for a Big Army

NO MATTER how bitter become the differences between the political groups in France—in no other country, perhaps, is political animosity so virulent—there is a unanimity of opinion and action about the German menace and the necessity of keeping the big army intact. To illustrate: The antagonism between Lloyd George and Asquith is a dovelike affection compared with the breach between Tardieu and Briand. Yet they are as one man in the matter of preparedness to meet what France regards as the inevitable German aggression, as Briand's plea before the arms conference at Washington showed. With the German menace he joined the danger arising from a red Russia. In justifying the continuance of the French Army he declared that it was the possible protection against future wars.

The French financial situation presents something of the paradox that exists in Germany, where the nation, as such, is on the verge of ruin although its individuals are getting richer all the time. France, however, is far from bankrupt in spite of the deficit of more than 2,000,000,000 francs in the budget, which is unobtainable through taxation.

To arrive at the undoubted financial strength of France you must first understand that in every country there are two kinds of fiscal life. One pertains to government income and expenditure, the other to what

(Continued on Page 32)

Cultivation. Above—Mrs. A. M. Dike, Commissioner in France for the American Committee for Devastated France

HONOR AMONG SPORTSMEN

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

EACH with his favorite hunting pig on a stout string, a band of the leading citizens of Montpont moved in dignified procession down the Rue Victor Hugo in the direction of the hunting preserve. It was a mild, delicious Sunday, cool and tranquil as a pool in a woodland glade. To Périgord alone come such days. Peace was in the air, and the murmur of voices of men intent on a mission of moment. The men of Montpont were going forth to hunt truffles.

As Brillat-Savarin points out in his Physiology of Taste, "All France is inordinately truffliferous, and the province of Périgord particularly so." On week days the hunting of that succulent subterranean fungus was a business—indeed, a vast commercial enterprise, for were there not thousands of Périgord pies to be made, and uncounted tins of *pâté de foie gras* to be given the last exquisite touch by the addition of a bit of truffle?

But on Sunday it became a sport—the chief, the only sport of the citizens of Montpont. A preserve, rich in beech, oak and chestnut trees, in whose shade the shy truffle thrives, had been set apart, and here the truffle was never hunted from mercenary motives, but for sport and sport alone. On week days truffle hunting was confined to professionals; on Sunday, after church, all Montpont hunted truffles. Even the subprefect maintained a stable of notable pigs for the purpose, for the pig is as necessary to truffle hunting as the beagle is to beagling.

A pig, by dint of patient training, can be taught to scent the buried truffle with his sensitive snout, and to point to its hiding place, as immobile as a cast-iron setter on a profiteer's lawn, until its proud owner exhumes the prize. An experienced pointing pig with a creditable record brings an enormous price in Montpont.

At the head of the procession that kindly Sunday marched Monsieur Bonticu and Monsieur Pantan, with the decisive but leisurely tread of men of affairs. They spoke to each other with an elaborate, ceremonial politeness, for on this day, at least, they were rivals. On other days they were bosom friends. To-day was the last of the fall hunting season, and they were tied, with a score of some two hundred truffles each, for the championship of Montpont, an honor beside which winning the Derby is nothing and the *Grand Prix de Rome* a mere bauble in the eyes of all Périgord. To-day was to tell whether the laurels would rest on the round pink brow of Monsieur Bonticu or on the oval olive brow of Monsieur Pantan.

Monsieur Bonticu was the leading undertaker of Montpont, and in his stately appearance he satisfied the traditions of his calling. He was a large man of forty or so, and in his special hunting suit of jade-hued cloth he looked from a distance to be an enormous green pepper. His face was vast and many chinned, and his eyes had been set at the bottom of wells sunk deep in his pink face. It was said that even on a bright noon he could see the stars, as ordinary folk can by peering up from the bottom of a mine shaft. They were small and cunning, his eyes, and a little diffident. In Montpont he was popular. Even had his heart not been as large as it undoubtedly was, his prowess as a hunter of truffles and his complete devotion to that art—he insisted it was an art—would have endeared him to all right-thinking Montpontians.

He was a bachelor, and said more than once, as he sipped his old Anjou in the Café de l'Univers: "I marry? Bonticu marry? That is a cause of laughter, my friends. I have my little house, a good cook and my Anastasie. What more could mortal ask? Certainly not an Eve in his paradise. I marry? I be dad to a collection of squealing, wiggling cabbages? I laugh at the idea!"

Anastasie was his pig, a prodigy at detecting truffles, and his most priceless treasure. He once said at a truffle hunters' dinner, "I have but two passions, my comrades: The pursuit of the truffle and the flight from the female."

Monsieur Pantan had applauded this sentiment heartily. He, too, was a bachelor. He combined lucratively the offices of town veterinarian and apothecary, and had written an authoritative book—The Science of Truffle Hunting. To him it was a science, the first of sciences. He was a fierce-looking little man, with bellicose eyes and bristling mustachios and quick, nervous hands that always seemed to be rolling endless thousands of pills. He was given to fits of temper, but that is rather expected of a man in the south of France. His devotion to his pig, Clotilde, atoned, in the eyes of Montpont, for a slightly irascible nature.

At the Head of the Procession That Kindly Sunday Marched Monsieur Bonticu and Monsieur Pantan, With the Decisive But Leisurely Tread of Men of Affairs

The party by now had reached the hunting preserve, and with eager, serious faces they lengthened the leashes on their pigs and urged them to their task. By the laws of the chase the choicest area had been left for Monsieur Bonticu and Monsieur Pantan, and excited galleries followed each of the two leading contestants. Bets were freely made.

In a scant nine minutes by the watch Anastasie was seen to freeze and point. Monsieur Bonticu plunged to his plump knees, whipped out his trowel, dug like a badger, and in another minute brought to light a handsome truffle the size of a small potato, blackish-gray as the best truffles are, and studded with warts. With a gesture of triumph he exhibited it to the umpire and popped it into his bag. He rewarded Anastasie with a bit of cheese and urged her to new conquests. But a few seconds later Monsieur Pantan gave a short hop, skip and jump, and all eyes were fastened on Clotilde, who had grown motionless save for the tip of her snout, which quivered gently. Monsieur Pantan dug feverishly and soon brandished aloft a well-developed truffle. So the battle waged.

At one time, by a series of successes, Monsieur Bonticu was three up on his rival, but Clotilde, by a bit of brilliant work beneath a chestnut tree, brought to light a nest of four truffles and sent the Pantan colors to the van.

The sun was setting; time was nearly up. The other hunters had long since stopped and were clustered about the two chief contestants, who, pale but collected, bent all their skill to the hunt. Practically every square inch of ground had been covered. But one propitious spot remained, the shadow of a giant oak; and, moved by a common impulse, the stout Bonticu and the slender Pantan simultaneously directed their pigs toward it. But a little minute of time now remained. The gallery held its breath. Then a great shout made the leaves shake and rustle. Like two perfectly synchronized machines, Anastasie and Clotilde had frozen and were pointing. They were pointing to the same spot.

Monsieur Pantan, more active than his rival, had darted to his knees, his trowel poised for action. But a large hand was laid on his shoulder politely, and the silky voice of Monsieur Bonticu said, "If monsieur will pardon me, may I have the honor of informing him that this is my find?"

Monsieur Pantan, trowel in mid-air, bowed as best a kneeling man can.

"I trust," he said coolly, "that monsieur will not consider it an impertinence if I continue to dig up what my Clotilde has beyond peradventure discovered, and I hope monsieur will not take it amiss if I suggest that he step out of the light, as his shadow is not exactly that of a sapling."

Monsieur Bonticu was trembling but controlled. "With profoundest respect," he said from deep in his chest, "I beg to be allowed to inform monsieur that he is, if I may say so, in error. I must ask monsieur, as a sportsman, to step back and permit me to take what is justly mine."

Monsieur Pantan's face was terrible to see, but his voice was icily formal.

"I regret," he said, "that I cannot admit monsieur's contention. In the name of sport and his own honor, I call upon monsieur to retire from his position."

"That," said Monsieur Bonticu, "I will never do!"

They both turned faces of appeal to the umpire. That official was bewildered.

"It is not in the rules, messieurs," he got out confusedly. "In my forty years as an umpire such a thing has not happened. It is a matter to be settled between you personally."

As he said the words Monsieur Pantan commenced to dig furiously. Monsieur Bonticu dropped to his knees and also dug like some great, green, panic-stricken beaver. Mounds of dirt flew up. At the same second they spied the truffle, a monster of its tribe. At the same second the plump fingers of Monsieur Bonticu and the thin fingers of Monsieur Pantan closed on it. Cries of dismay rose from the gallery.

"It is the largest of truffles!" called voices. "Don't break it! Broken ones don't count!"

But it was too late. Monsieur Bonticu tugged violently; as violently tugged Monsieur Pantan. The truffle, indeed a giant of its species, burst asunder. The two men stood, each with his half, each glaring.

"I trust," said Monsieur Bonticu in his hollowest death-room voice, "that monsieur is satisfied. I have my opinion of monsieur as a sportsman, a gentleman and a Frenchman."

"For my part," returned Monsieur Pantan, with rising passion, "it is impossible for me to consider monsieur as any of the three."

"What's that you say?" cried Monsieur Bonticu.

"Monsieur, in addition to the defects in his sense of honor, is not also deficient in his sense of hearing," returned the smoldering Pantan.

With a Scream of Rage Monsieur Pantan Advanced on the Bulky Bonticu

"Monsieur is insulting."

"That is his hope."

Monsieur Bonticu was aflame with a great, seething wrath, but he had sufficient control of his sense of insult to jerk at the leash of Anastasie and say in a tone all Montpont could hear: "Come, Anastasie. I once did Monsieur Pantan the honor of considering him your equal. I must revise my estimate. He is not your sort of pig at all."

Monsieur Pantan's eyes were blazing dangerously, but he retained a slipping grip on his emotions long enough to say: "Come, Clotilde. Do not demean yourself by breathing the same air as Monsieur and Madame Bonticu."

The eyes of Monsieur Bonticu, ordinarily so peaceful, now shot forth sparks. Turning a livid face to his antagonist, he cried aloud, "Monsieur Pantan, in my opinion you are a puffball!"

This was too much, for to call a truffle hunter a puffball is to call him a thing unspeakably vile. In the eyes of a true lover of truffles a puffball is a noisome, obscene thing; it is a false truffle. In truffledom it is a fighting word. With a scream of rage Monsieur Pantan advanced on the bulky Bonticu.

"By the thumbs of Saint Front," he cried, "you shall pay for that, Monsieur Aristide Gontran Louis Bonticu! Here and now, before all Montpont, before all Périgord, before all France, I challenge you to a duel to the death!"

Words rattled and jostled in his throat, so great was his anger. Monsieur Bonticu stood motionless; his full-moon face had gone white; the half of truffle slipped from his fingers. For he knew, as they all knew, that the dueling code of Périgord is inexorable. It is seldom nowadays that the Périgordians, even in their hottest moments, say the fighting word, for once a challenge has passed retirement is impossible, and a duel is a most serious matter. By rigid rule the challenger and challenged must meet at daybreak in mortal combat. At twenty paces they must each discharge two horse pistols; then they must close on each other with sabers. Should these fail to settle the issue, each man is provided with a poniard for the most intimate stages of the combat. Such duels are seldom bloodless.

Monsieur Bonticu's lips formed some syllables. They were, "You are aware of the consequences of your words, Monsieur Pantan?"

"Perfectly!"

"You do not wish to withdraw them?"

Monsieur Bonticu, despite himself, injected a hopeful note into his query.

"I withdraw? Never in this life! On the contrary, not only do I not withdraw, I reiterate!" bridled Monsieur Pantan.

In a *requiescat-in-pace* voice Monsieur Bonticu said: "So be it. You have sealed your own doom, monsieur. I shall prepare to attend you first in the capacity of an opponent, and shortly thereafter in my professional capacity."

Monsieur Pantan sneered openly. "Monsieur the undertaker had better consider in his remaining hours whether it is feasible to embalm himself or have a stranger do it."

With this thunderbolt of defiance the little man turned on his heel and stumped from the field.

Monsieur Bonticu followed at last. But he walked as one whose knees have turned to meringue glacé. He went slowly to his little shop and sat down among the coffins. For the first time in his life their presence made him uneasy. A big new one had just come from the factory. For a long time he gazed at it; then he surveyed his own full-blown physique with a measuring eye. He shuddered. The light fell on the silver plate on the lid, and his eyes seemed to see engraved there:

MONSIEUR ARISTIDE GONTRAN LOUIS BONTICU
DIED IN THE FORTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS LIFE ON THE FIELD OF HONOR
HE WAS WITHOUT PEER AS A HUNTER OF TRUFFLES
MAY HE REST IN PEACE

With almost a smile he reflected that this inscription would make Monsieur Pantan very angry; yes, he would insist on it. He looked down at his fat fists and sighed profoundly, and shook his big head. They had never pulled a trigger or gripped a sword hilt; the knife, the peaceful table knife, the fork and the leash of Anastasie—those had occupied them. Anastasie! A globular tear rose slowly from the wells in which his eyes were set, and, unchecked, wandered gently down the folds in his face. Who would care for Anastasie? With another sigh that seemed to start in the caverns of his soul, he reached out and took a dusty book from a case and bent over it. It contained the time-honored dueling code of ancient Périgord. Suddenly, as he read, his eyes brightened and he ceased to sigh. He snapped the book shut, took from a peg his best hat, dusted it with his elbow and stepped out into the starry Périgord night.

At high noon, three days later, as duly decreed by the dueling code, Monsieur Pantan, in full evening dress, appeared at the shop of Monsieur Bonticu, accompanied by two solemn-visaged seconds, to make final arrangements for the affair of honor. They found Monsieur Bonticu sitting comfortably among his coffins. He greeted them with a serene smile. Monsieur Pantan frowned portentously.

"We have come," announced the chief second, Monsieur Duffon, the town butcher, "as the representatives of this grossly insulted gentleman to demand satisfaction. The weapons and conditions are, of course, fixed by the code. It remains only to set the date. Would Friday at dawn in the truffle preserve be entirely convenient for monsieur?"

Monsieur Bonticu's shrug contained more regret than a hundred words could convey.

"Alas, it will be impossible, messieurs," he said with a deep bow.

"Impossible?"

"But yes! I assure messieurs that nothing would give me more exquisite pleasure than to grant this gentleman"—he stressed this word—"the satisfaction that his honor"—he also stressed this word—"appears to demand. However, it is impossible."

The seconds and Monsieur Pantan looked at Monsieur Bonticu and at each other.

"But this is monstrous," exclaimed the chief second. "Is it that monsieur refuses to fight?"

Monsieur Bonticu's slowly shaken head indicated most poignant regret.

"But no, messieurs," he said. "I do not refuse. Is it not a question of honor? Am I not a sportsman? But, alas, I am forbidden to fight."

"Forbidden?"

"Alas, yes!"

"But why?"

"Because," said Monsieur Bonticu, "I am a married man."

The eyes of the three men widened; they appeared stunned by surprise. Monsieur Pantan spoke first.

"You married?" he demanded.

"But certainly!"

"When?"

"Only yesterday."

"To whom? I demand proof!"

"To Madame Aubison, of Barbaste."

"The widow of Sergeant Aubison?"

"The same."

"I do not believe it," declared Monsieur Pantan.

Monsieur Bonticu smiled, raised his voice and called: "Angelique! Angelique, my dove! Will you come here a little moment?"

"What! And leave the lentil soup to burn?" came an undoubtedly feminine voice from the depths of the house.

"Yes, my treasure."

"What a pest you are, Aristide!" said the voice, and its owner, an ample woman of perhaps thirty, appeared in the doorway. Monsieur Bonticu waved a fat hand toward her.

"My wife, messieurs," he said.

She bowed stiffly. The three men bowed. They said nothing. They gaped at her. She spoke to her husband:

"Is it that you take me for a Punch-and-Judy show, Aristide?"

"Ah, never, my rosebud!" cried Monsieur Bonticu with a placating smile. "You see, my own, these gentlemen wished ——"

"There!" she interrupted. "The lentil soup! It burns!" She hurried back to the kitchen.

The three men—Monsieur Pantan and his seconds—consulted together.

"Beyond question," said Monsieur Duffon, "Monsieur Bonticu cannot accept the challenge. He is married; you are not. The code says plainly: 'Opponents must be on terms of absolute equality in family responsibility.' Thus a single man cannot fight a married one, and so on. See? Here it is in black and white."

Monsieur Pantan was boiling as he faced the calm Bonticu.

"To think," stormed the little man, "that truffles may be hunted—yes, even eaten by such a man! I see through you, monsieur. But think not that a Pantan can be flouted. I have my opinion of you, monsieur the undertaker."

Monsieur Bonticu shrugged.

"Your opinions do not interest me," he said, "and only my devotion to the cause of free speech makes me concede that you are entitled to an opinion at all. Good morning, messieurs, good morning."

He bowed them down a lane of caskets and out into the afternoon sunshine. The face of Monsieur Pantan was black.

Time went by in Périgord. Other truffle-hunting seasons came and went, but Messieurs Bonticu and Pantan entered no more competitions. They hunted of course—the one with Anastasie, the other with Clotilde; but they hunted in solitary state and studiously avoided each other. Then one day Monsieur Pantan's hairy countenance, stern and determined, appeared like a genie at the door of Monsieur Bonticu's shop. The rivals exchanged profound bows.

"I have the honor," said Monsieur Pantan in his most formal manner, "to announce to monsieur that the impediment to our meeting on the field of honor has been at last removed, and that I am now in a position to send my seconds to him to arrange that meeting. May they call to-morrow at high noon?"

"I do not understand," said Monsieur Bonticu, arching his eyebrows. "I am still married."

(Continued on Page 89)

"Pull Her Tail." Bonticu Pulled. The Light Began to Come Back to the Eyes of Anastasie, the Rose Hue to Her Pale Snout

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 4, 1922

Poor Richard Says

POOR RICHARD, with his homely philosophy of life and his simple economic theories, must seem hopelessly old-fashioned, almost doddering, to our generation of intelligentsia. Yet his philosophy has one quality that theirs lacks—it works. As Poor Richard says:

A learned blockhead is a greater blockhead than an ignorant one.

All the great panaceas of the past century, all the touted cure-alls have been tried out in practice during the past ten years. Without exception they have proved miserable failures—destructive instead of constructive forces. Communism has utterly ruined Russia. Socialism, which is diluted communism, has prostrated North Dakota. Government ownership, which is diluted socialism, has half bankrupted our railroads. As Poor Richard says:

Many medicines, few cures.

All schemes to crimp brains and initiative, all class and special-privilege legislation by any bloc for any group will in the end react against its would-be beneficiaries. These panaceas that would cure the wrongs of one group—wrongs more often due to limitations imposed from within than from without—by infringing on the rights of another group, back-fire in operation. They look good, like countless little models of inventions that run a mile a minute on a cup of water and a gill of gasoline, but that go to smash when built on a larger scale and put to work on the rails or the road. As Poor Richard says:

Thou hadst better eat salt with the philosophers of Greece, than sugar with the courtiers of Italy.

There are plenty of people who, against all the evidence, still believe in communism, socialism, government ownership of railroads, Non-Partisan Leagues and the like, but then there are many people who still believe in fairies, ghosts and Russian rubles as an investment for trust funds. We shall continue to have countless books on socialism, just as we shall always have blue-sky stock; not because either is worth the paper it is printed on, but because, as Poor Richard says:

Samson with his strong body, had a weak head, or he would not have laid it in a harlot's lap.

Economic truth is dull reading, because it repeats simple rules that we all know and because it does not promise anything for the taking. Its criticism is first of all for the individual and his personal shortcomings, and that is not such soothing reading as an arraignment of a vague composite society that holds down the worthy failure out of pure cussedness. No man is an unworthy failure to himself. Economic truth teaches a hard though perfectly clear program of steady work, self-help and self-denial. It points to the middle of a long, hot road as the shortest safe way between two points, and discourages the use of shady short cuts. Anyone who will run through the list of classic communistic short-cut books, on which the take-it-from-the-other-fellow system of economics is based, will find that they were written by men who were not actually engaged in business, or familiar at first hand with the real problems of finance, management and production. That is why their theories go to pot when put to the test. That is why Das Kapital and books of that ilk will eventually find shelf room alongside Airy Fairy Lilian, by The Duchess, and similar works of light fiction. As Poor Richard says:

Great talkers, little doers.

It would be hard to overestimate the damage that has been done to the world by writers like Karl Marx, who have put out dull romances in the guise of serious economic discourses; or by the orators to whom any theory looks sound if it gets a big-enough hand; or by those politicians who issue unlimited promises at the expense of the taxpayers, provided they can be discounted in votes from the tax-free. The people, and in that term we include merchants and manufacturers as well as farmers, have plenty of troubles, plenty of grievances, but they will not be cured by any panacea in the politician's pharmacopœia. As Poor Richard says:

Here comes the orator, with his flood of words and his drop of reason.

The greatest problem before the world to-day is a business problem and it will be solved only by business men. It is a practical problem and it will be solved only by practical men of affairs. Disarmament, unemployment in Chicago, the cost of an overcoat and the price of corn in Iowa are interdependent and interrelated matters. The intelligentsia, the politicians and the diplomatists have brought the world to the brink of ruin. Everything has been tried by them except common sense. If from the first hour of the armistice at Spa the world's affairs had been in the hands of the world's business men, we should now be well ahead of our troubles. As Poor Richard says:

Of learned fools I have seen ten times ten; of unlearned wise men I have seen a hundred.

A lawyer is interested in the way in which a case is handled—in the fine points involved, the legal quibbles, the arguments, the decision, and then the appeal, world without end. The diplomat is interested in the game, the jockeying for place, the balancing of power against power, and in that final heaven of diplomacy, the *status quo*. The politician is interested in whatever is good for the most votes at the next election. The statesman is interested in keeping his job. As Poor Richard says:

Poor Plaindealing! dead without issue.

The business man is interested in keeping out of bankruptcy, in larger production, in cutting out waste, in building up a surplus, all of which are necessary to the happiness of the world, and all of which are possible only with peace. Three or four business men from each of the great nations, men of the caliber, experience and plain horse sense of Harding, Dawes and Hoover, should be asked to apply to the affairs of the world the same simple, direct business methods that they have been using all their lives with the Marion Star, a Chicago bank and various other enterprises. For the problems before the world to-day are in no basic essential different from the problems that every man confronts in his daily business. As Poor Richard says:

To-day is yesterday's pupil.

Every individual, petty shopkeeper, great trust or nation that does not balance its budget, but that shows a yearly deficit, will go into bankruptcy when its borrowing capacity is exhausted. There is one group of nations that is not balancing budgets, largely on account of armament expenditures. A second group, of which the United States and Great Britain are the leaders, are balancing their budgets through excessive and almost confiscatory taxation, necessitated by old and new war expenses. A business man, confronted with such a showing on his ledgers, would visualize the situation in some such way as this: "I have an interest in a large business, the United States, with its main offices at Washington; and also in a smaller one, a steel mill located in the Pittsburgh district. I am making a good profit out of my steel mill, but I am being assessed half of that profit on my shares in the United States, in order to meet deficits on its past operations and to keep it running at a continuing loss. The big business needs looking into. It needs a drastic housecleaning." It does indeed. And all other concerns in the same line of business—government—need an immediate and drastic scaling down of their activities and expenditures. There is tremendous and wasteful competition between them in unproductive lines, and it is hurrying all the weaker nations towards bankruptcy. Some of the war drunkards, rightly fearful of more drastic things to come, have been trying to lay down a supply of war hootch in the cellar. Spartan living, to follow the course of diet and massage prescribed at Washington, is imperative. Unless that is done there will be bankruptcy in Europe, and a limping instead of a full recovery in America. And as if the present mess were not enough, Congress has a large fat bonus bill simmering on the back of the stove for us. As Poor Richard says:

The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.

We shall not be legislated or dosed back to health at home. No agricultural or industrial bloc will save us. We are coming back, but an inch at a time, in spite of governmental handicaps, by the hard work, thrift and common sense of the individual, the homely combination of castor oil and sweat prescribed by Poor Richard for economic ills. The one big thing that governments can do for the regeneration of the world is to lighten the enormous and unnecessary load that the producers are carrying on their backs. The Washington Conference has helped some; but after granting it a good measure of accomplishment, beneath all the oratory it still recognized war "in principle." Unremitting pressure on the politicians by the business men of the world to cut government expense and to reduce armaments far below anything yet considered will help more. The business brains of the world, by getting together inside and outside of government conferences, can help still more. Then the individual who, by increasing his daily stint, by spending prudently, by living sanely and saving as much as possible, has already builded a new foundation under the nation will do the rest. Governmental crutches will not be needed. Once the load of debt and taxation which confiscates to no productive purpose so much of our labor and produce is lightened, there will be greater and more widely diffused prosperity than America or the world has ever known. As Poor Richard says:

Interest which blinds some people, enlightens others.

This new prosperity cannot grow in the shadow of war. The ground must first be cleared of preparations for war and of the causes of war. If individual investors would let it be known that they regard the securities of nations who are borrowing and spending large sums on armies and navies as a poor investment, as they are, and not safe enough for their savings, as they are not, there would be periods of prayerful reflection in some European chancelleries. It is individual action like this, individual pressure, individual work, individual thrift that will save and rebuild the world, not quack laws and theories. As Poor Richard says:

God helps them that help themselves.

WHY WE NEED FREE PORTS

By Thomas Walker Page

NO COUNTRY in the world produces for itself all the goods that are necessary for the comfort and well-being of its inhabitants. Sometimes the necessities that must be procured abroad are foodstuffs and raw materials; sometimes they are highly finished products on which much labor, skill and artistic talent have been expended to fit them more completely for human use. For what it imports every country tries to pay as far as possible by selling abroad its own surplus products; and when it cannot settle the balance of trade in this way it must do so by rendering various kinds of service which are sometimes called the invisible elements of international trade. The value of the commodities imported by all the different nations and their subdivisions is roughly about twenty billion dollars a year.

Crisscrossing Trade Routes

MANY participants in this mighty commerce are so situated that they do not manage for themselves the business of seeking out and transporting from the place of origin the things they need or of carrying abroad and finding markets for what they have to sell. Their trade may be great in volume, but it is conducted for them by the ships and merchants of other countries. For this reason, among others, much of the world's commerce follows devious routes. Instead of going direct from the producing country to the country where they are finally used, many commodities pass through the hands of intermediaries who may control in no small measure the time, place and conditions for bringing them to market. Thus England sells us great quantities of Australian wool, the Netherlands sends us rice, pepper and tobacco, and a large part of our supply of rubber comes to us by way of Europe. On the other hand, much of what we furnish to South America goes first to Europe and then recrosses the Atlantic.

It is obvious that the great trading nations which do the work of assembling and distributing the products of other countries render a service that is practically indispensable, and they are abundantly rewarded for it. Not only do they receive the wages and interest on their labor and investments and the pecuniary profits of commercial enterprise but they acquire a strategic position from which they can in large measure direct the industry and control the markets of the countries which they serve. It is no mere coincidence that through all the centuries of which we have knowledge the nations that have led in civilization and material prosperity were those that did not limit their traffic to selling their own products and buying goods only for domestic use.

The country that sorts and carries and distributes the products of many lands has first choice of the materials it needs and cannot produce, and is able to place the surplus output of its own fields and mills where the demand is greatest. In dealing with the peoples of various parts of the world it comes to understand their wants, and even to guide them. Thereby it is able to extend the market for its own products, and the growth of its export trade is fostered by its activity in the commerce of other countries.

Nor is its traffic limited to tangible commodities. Along with merchandise, it exports also ideas, arts, faiths, social and political philosophies. History shows that in the main the spread of learning—the spread even of religions—has followed the routes of trade. The nation, therefore, where these routes center strongly influences the thought and institutions as well as the business activities of the rest of the world.

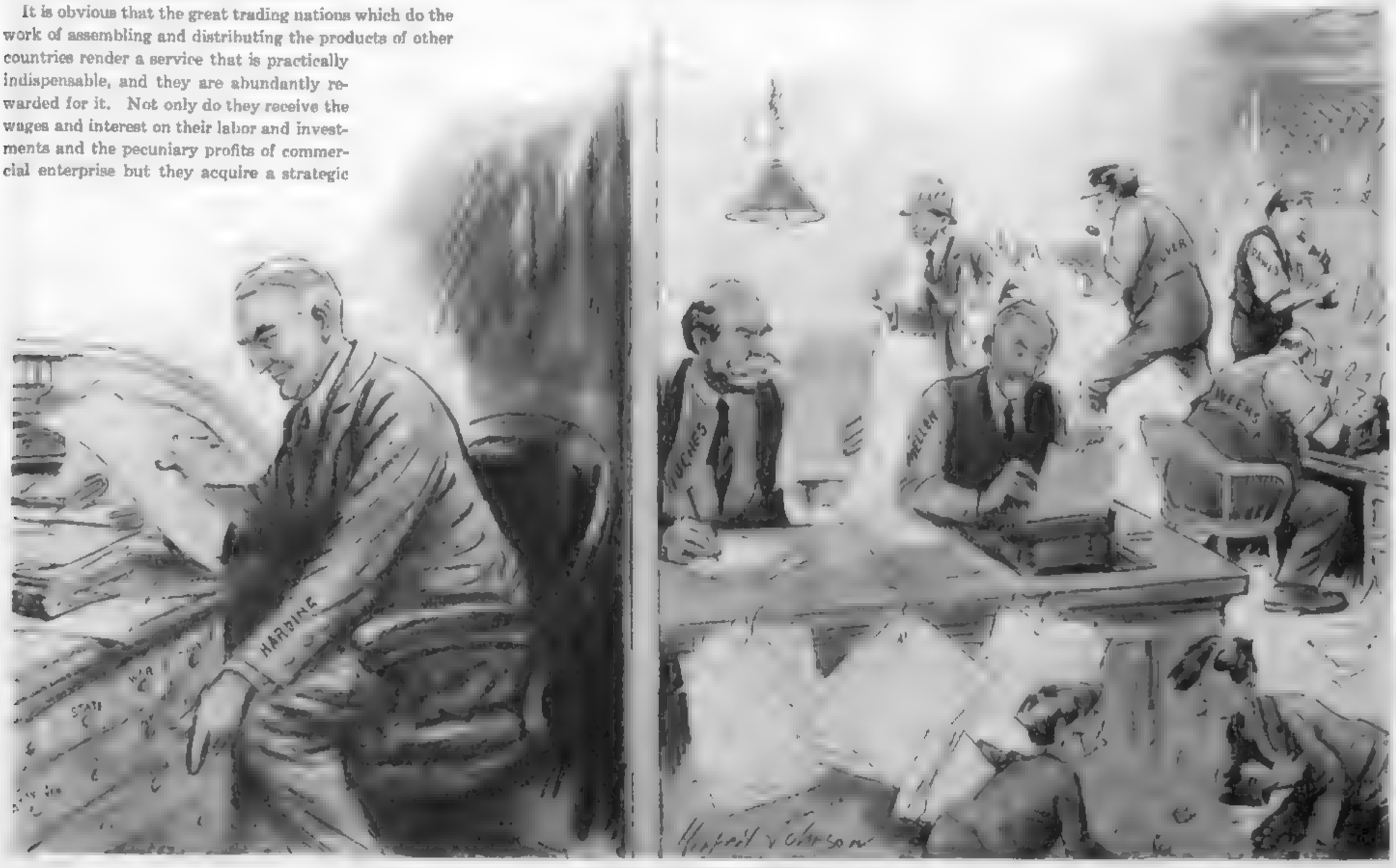
Previous to the recent war our share in this important commerce had long been almost negligible. For this there were, indeed, many reasons; but perhaps the most important among them was the strictness of our customs laws. In our efforts to protect our manufacturers against foreign competition we have made it extremely difficult for our merchants to deal in foreign merchandise even when it was not for use in our own markets. It is not that our Government has ever wished or intended to discourage this traffic. On the contrary, such provisions in the law as that for bonded warehouses and for a drawback under certain restrictions of duties paid on imports show the wish of the Government by some device to foster our participation in international trade without weakening the protection afforded to domestic producers.

Experience has shown, however, that the present devices are altogether inadequate. The amount of the duties that must be paid is too heavy a tax on a business in which we must compete with the great trading nations of the world, and the frequent changing of this amount is an almost equal handicap. In the last thirty years we have had six different tariff laws, and another is now pending. Every change in the law requires a readjustment of business to meet the new conditions, and success in a field so highly competitive cannot be expected under a tax that is not only high but also uncertain and fluctuating.

Permissive Legislation

WITH a view to finding a way out of our present difficulties the United States Tariff Commission made an exhaustive study of an institution that has been in successful operation in several foreign countries and is commonly known as a free port. The results of this study were reported to Congress two years ago, and the commission recommended the passage of permissive legislation for the establishment of such ports in the United States. Accordingly bills to that end were introduced in both Houses of Congress; but other important matters then pressed for attention, and the bills slept in committee. Last August, however, a bill along similar lines was reported in the

(Continued on Page 45)



THE EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE WINTER BELL

V

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

OF SALEM DELAFORCE'S life in prison the divisions had nothing to do with time. There were few landmarks in his calendar, and these few he saw only when long past them, as changes come and gone without meaning. Quiet inward changes; of outward, he kept no reckoning.

The first week he remembered, because it flashed by in a mist, yet dragged half a lifetime, and because it left him wonderstruck, numb with surprise. He had expected vague horrors, of which he could form no picture beforehand—a plunge into the shades, the waters under the earth; but there came nothing of the kind, for after the claws of that public anguish had done tearing him he was dropped into a profound, still monotony which might almost have been peace. He found himself put to work in the broom factory of the prison.

The Lop-Sided Relic Offered Him His Choice—Right or Left, North or South. "All in, a Man Can't Stop, Hey?" Said Salem Aloud

It was a room not well lighted, but rather dim than gloomy, and filled with the pleasant smell of broom corn, the rustle of which perpetually made a faint, slow stir in the stillness. Revolving shafts purred, a belt lace whipped over a pulley and snapped in rhythmical repetition, but these sounds ran hidden below the surface of a general whispering and hush. At times the light, padded thump of a machine also failed to break this quiet surface. Again and again in the days that followed, Salem could almost have thought himself in a barn, smelling hay and hearing the stamp of a horse. This was an early fancy, however, which he soon outlived.

He worked here for three years.

In the beginning he clung fast by hope. They had done wrong to put him here; they would soon find their mistake; therefore they would soon come, tell him so, man to man, and let him go. Who "they" were, he could not have told; but sometimes in thought he beheld them as a composite figure, vaguely benevolent, regarding him from somewhat above, like the judge. Meanwhile he had only to conduct himself as a man.

His work was light. At first he carried from storeroom to factory bundle after bundle of broom corn—sweet-smelling, tidy burdens, the end of each stalk tinged with a greenish dye that kept it fresh. A double armful weighed as nothing; forty-odd steps covered the distance to go and return; and having placed one load upon the long high table—glossy from the touch of listless hands year in, year out—Salem had only to get another as deliberately as he chose. The dreary men sorting at the table did not encourage haste.

"Like bringin' fodder for the calf," he thought.

After some weeks he modified this view:

"Like bringin' bad fodder for a sick calf."

He had discovered three facts: The work grew heavier than lead, the smell of the corn stupefying like a drug; this apparent peace in here was a stale, rancid thing; and they, those people outdoors who were to right the wrong, had forgotten and would leave him here carrying straws forever.

During the night that brought this counsel he thought he descended into hell. He was mistaken. It did not happen then, but afterward.

Next day a change of work brought relief, or what seemed relief at the time, if only as a fresh grip eases a broken blister. Salem took corn from the sorters and carried it to be bound. His journeys, no longer back and forth, took him over a more varied course, now near by, now farther away, up and down lanes of new faces not seen closely before.

Words were spoken to him, thrown at him by different voices: "Inside hurl here. Outside hurl. Covers. More inside."

Just how long these journeys continued, how many months, he never knew. He spent much time wondering at the faces, blaming himself because not one of them demanded him to know and like it better. They looked untrustworthy or dull or commonplace, or sometimes cruel, but besides a uniform pallor there was a trait possessed by all, a lack in the eyes, that daunted him. Something was gone or had never been behind those windows of the spirit.

"They belong here, and I don't."

Salem rejected this thought as proud and unkind; but it often returned in other forms. These men were different, he knew. In the open air he never would have chosen one for companion; and here, though starving for talk, he saw none whose look crossed his own with the spark of honest fellowship, like catching at like. News and gossip ran underground as forest fire runs deep in leaf mold, but none of it meant anything to Salem. He did not speak the language. A man told him so one day with scorn: "You don't know a con from a p.k." There were, it is true, lectures and entertainments; but Salem wished neither to be lectured nor to be entertained. He desired only one thing.

A long time afterward he was put to work a stitching machine in a dusky corner close by an end of the sorters' table. Above his right hand two long hanks of twine, one orange, one purple, hung down and made the only spot of bright color in the world. Here, thousands of times, he performed the same motion. Clamping an unfinished broom, round and witchlike, head uppermost, between the steel jaws of his vise, he reached for an end of purple twine, threw a neat half hitch round the corn, threaded first one, then the other of two great broad needles, pulled a lever and watched the needles dart back and forth from their wire-screened concealment, alternately stabbing a row of stitches across the broom, till he checked them at the proper instant. He repeated this with orange twine; with purple again; with orange again; then removing the broom he laid it on a pile which rose beside his left hand and which presently a fellow prisoner came to take away. Salem could have done this work with his eyes closed.

Beyond his machine, and below, on a stool between the end of the long table and the wall, crouched always a little old man with bald head and purblind, squinting eyes. Nested in a litter of straw, where the shadow hung darkest, he worked by sense of touch, like a spider, with cramped but skillful fingers all day stripping stems out of corn, for the finer grades of broom. This man had been there many years; his crime—a little neighborly spite work—arson. In the dead of a winter's night and of a cold forty degrees below zero he had set fire to a house where women and children lay asleep. Now in the dusk his bald head shone glassy, pale yellowish white, as though it had taken the color of a broom handle. His sunken cheeks and loose evil mouth never ceased to writhe, pucker, chew on nothing, yet maintain a smile. Salem could not make out whether the smile, which lurked also in the downcast eyes, were crafty or vacant. As the old man worked he whispered, not louder than the rustle of the corn. Salem grew capable of hearing the words, at first obscurely, then with more and more distinctness, and found them always those of a filthy story or song. They had in them no touch of reality, no humor, nothing but such abomination as a parrot or a depraved child might learn by rote. Much of this, however, the creature plainly invented as he went along.

Old Deacon Kelly
With a cast-iron belly,
The inside lined with fat ——

So the old man sang in his whisper, a beginning of endless, unspeakable fantasies.

Outdoors among his own kind Salem had often heard a spade called in fun something more hilarious than a spade; he knew plenty of rough talk; but he had never imagined that underneath plain smut there were depths and layers of sludge; or that age, and what was left of white hairs, could stir it round and round for pleasure.

The whisper, just piercing the rustle, made his day's work loathsome.

At night those words ran through his head until he sometimes doubted if he had really heard them, if they were not rather of his own choice and making or inspired by an unknown beast within him.

Night was bad enough, even when lacking this residue of the day. Salem's window looked across an open space, perhaps a bit of courtyard, and over some roof, perhaps another wing of the prison, toward a patch of sky. It looked eastward, so that in clear weather he could lie there, and by adjusting his head on the pillow watch a star climb slowly toward the upper edge of the highest pane, become a short furred line of brightness, and die out; then, moving his head, could bring it down again, and again watch it draw upward until he had fallen asleep, or that star gone and another taken its function. Once a black thing, bat or night bird, startled him by swooping across and for a moment blotting this dreary pastime. It never came again, but it gave him afterward a nightmare in which he seemed to be outdoors, free, admiring the handiwork of the heavens, when suddenly from beyond the stars came a black pin point that rushed and grew and covered them all—a runaway world falling to crash and bring the end of this one. He woke in a doomsday helplessness.

(Continued on Page 25)

Cream of Bean easily prepared

Stir slowly into Campbell's Bean Soup an equal quantity of milk, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. Heat almost to boiling point (but do not boil). Serve immediately.

Cream of Pea easily prepared

Stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup an equal quantity of milk or cream, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. Heat almost to boiling point (but do not boil). Serve immediately.

Enjoy these delicious nourishing vegetable purées!

Bean Soup and Pea Soup—two of the world's most popular soups! How you will relish these smooth, rich tasty Campbell's purees with their pure vegetable essences, so delightfully seasoned and blended with all the famous Campbell's skill! You get the full substantial vegetable nourishment and a real treat to your appetite every time you eat one of these soups. Vegetable purees are among the world's staple foods—eaten daily by millions of people. You should have them on your table often.

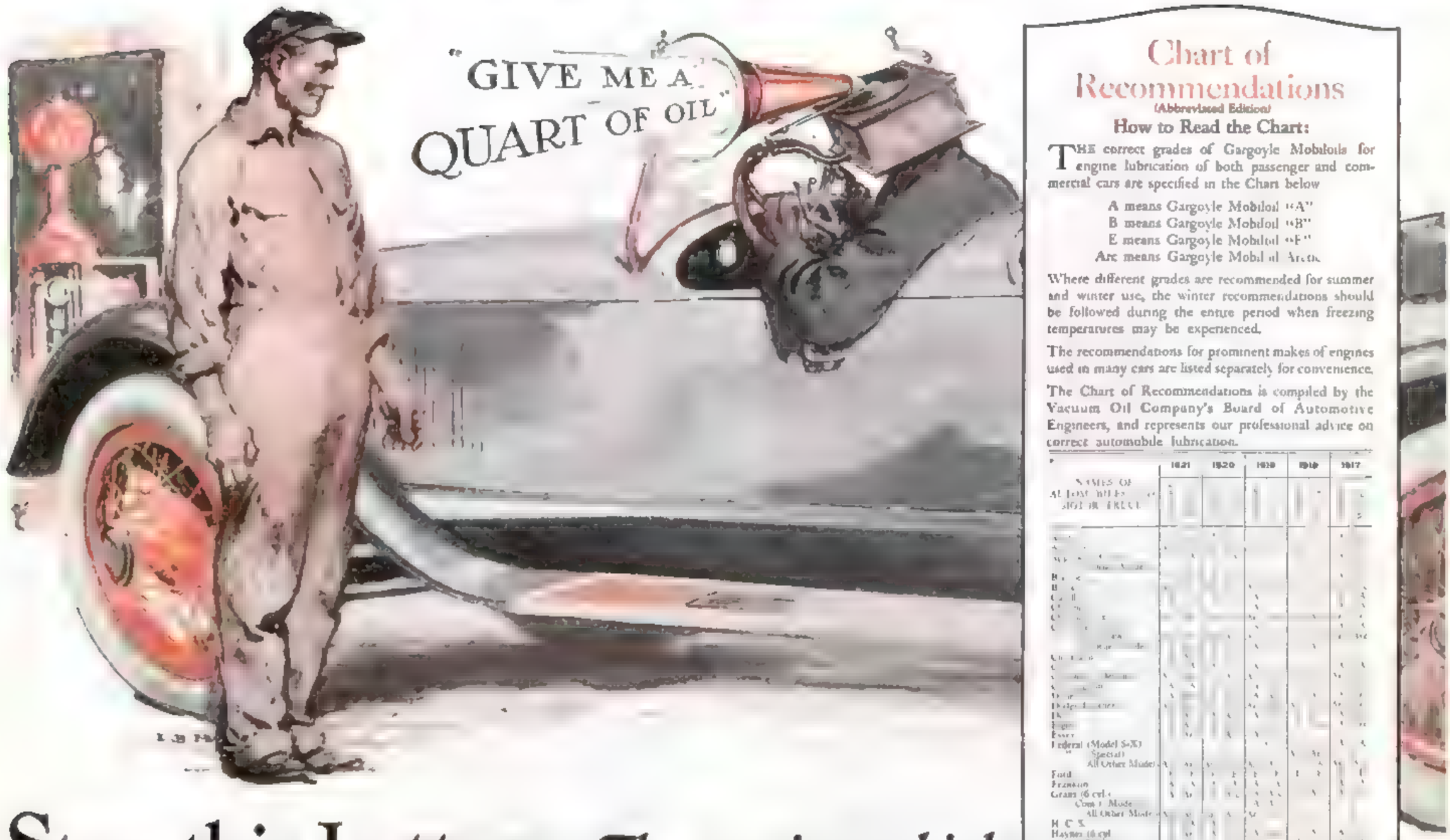
Campbell's Bean Soup
is made from choice hand-picked pea beans, cooked and strained and blended with a puree of carrots and celery, a flavoring of other vegetables, herbs and seasoning. It has the good old-fashioned bean soup taste!

Campbell's Pea Soup
is the puree of tiny, tender young peas, sweet and nourishing. Rich country milk, golden creamery butter, and the daintiest of seasoning enrich this soup and help to give it the tempting quality which is so sure to charm you.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



Stop this Lottery. *The cost is too high*

THE COSTLIEST DEMAND in automobile America today is the old haphazard "Give me a quart of oil."

It is safe to say that at least 50% of all automobile engine repairs are caused by "pick-up" lubrication.

When you say "Give me a quart of oil" you invite the dealer to pour into your crank-case any oil which may be handy —light, medium, heavy—some good, some fair, some positively dangerous.

You almost say to him, "I don't care how soon I have to drive my friends around in a rattle-trap."

Substantial saving

If you really *want* to cut repair bills, carbon and operating expense to the lowest, you *must* use oil whose body is correct for *your* engine and whose *quality* is the very best obtainable.

Between the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil and "Give me a quart of oil" the price per gallon is trifling. The saving in actual operating expense is very marked.

We suggest you ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil, being particular to specify the correct grade for your car.

Not a gasoline by-product

Nine out of ten lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manufacture of gasoline.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oils chosen for their *lubricating* qualities—not for their gasoline content. They are manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

This is one of the essential reasons for the superiority of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

Make the Chart your Guide

WARNING: Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Domestic Branches: New York *(Main Office)* Indianapolis Boston Minneapolis Chicago Buffalo Philadelphia Des Moines Detroit Dallas Pittsburgh Kansas City, Kan

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

How to Read the Chart:

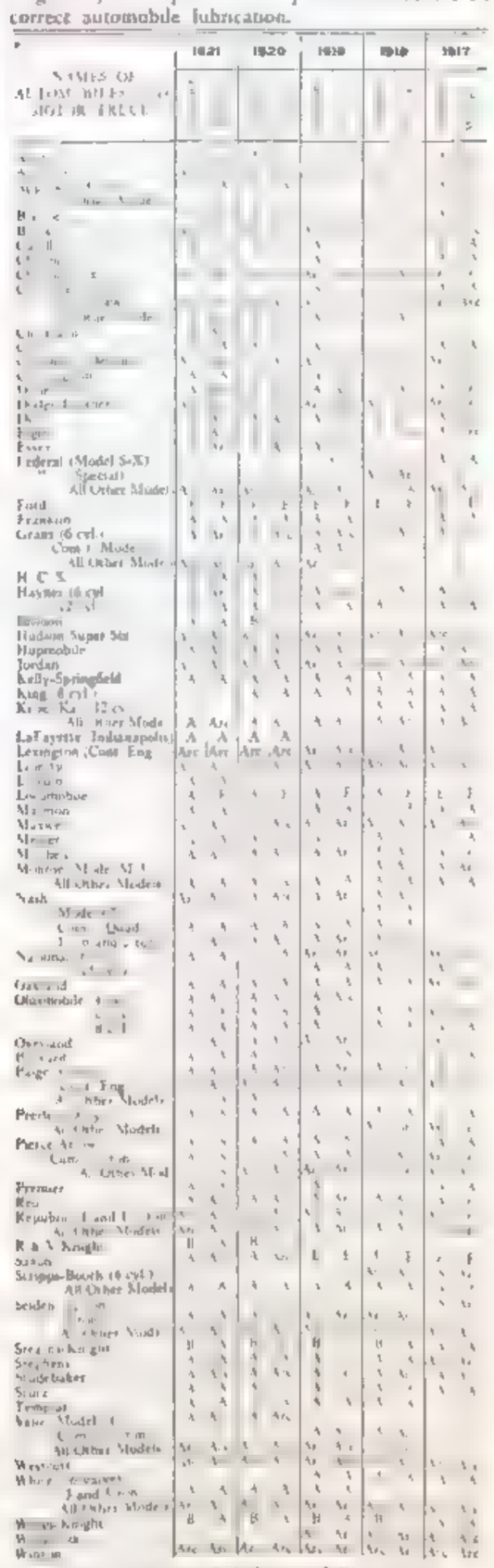
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

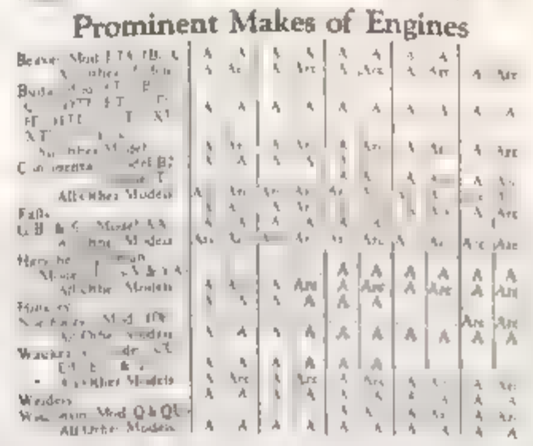
Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendations should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

The recommendations for prominent makes of engines used in many cars are listed separately for convenience.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



Prominent Makes of Engines



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 22)

But this was not Salem's usual dream or his worst. Another had invaded sleep, recurring as often as twice in a month. He always found himself walking among woods, in a fairylike season blended of all happiest times of year and hours of day, incongruous but lovely. Mist covered the lake, and far away loons were laughing; next moment in spring sunshine the water lay clear, pale blue, softly glowing, beyond a cove where the last melting slush made faint, splintery noises as it pressed together, dissolved and sank, while willows were budding in the warmest hollows alongshore. Or else he passed beneath October trees where broad yellow leaves twirled slowly down, and twigs of young moosewood, knee-high, had their long-eared tips in velvet like so many little buff-colored rabbits' heads. He moved with great ease and liberty, his footsteps buoyed in air, traversing a midsummer carpet of dwarf cornel without bruising one among all their red berries. He felt a luminous, unearthly joy. Then, miles away behind the trees, a bell began to tinkle. "Here it comes," he thought. The sound drew nearer. With it came foreboding, then recognition, then despair; and presently by one of those dream changes neither slow nor rapid, Salem was walking in winter through dry snow, an old man. He went on and on, feebly, without hope, driven by the wind or by the bell; the snow grew drier and thinner; he stumbled over rocks, half covered, that rolled underfoot; and these, at first black, he found to be turning yellow-white and rounded like bald pates. They were the bones of dead men. The world was a plain covered with them, and before him nothing but malignance, the desiccation of death.

This dream—when he fell asleep, the dread of having it; when he woke, its truth staring at him afresh in the darkness this became his worst punishment.

One morning after it, as he stood at work, having just clamped another broom in his vise and taken the first half hitch of purple twine, Salem glanced up quickly, as though summoned.

The whisperer in the straw sat idle, watching him. This had never happened before. Salem could not remember that he had even caught his neighbor's eye.

The loose lips were chewing, but paused to form a word: "Wait"

Salem obeyed.

The old house burner gave him a cunning smile, nodded like one who read a face, peered under the sorters' table up and down the room with stealth, and meanwhile fingered something out from the side of his right boot.

"Here," he mouthed, and tossed the thing cleverly.

Salem caught and saw it for one of his own needles, broken, useless, though still pointed and some three inches long. He stared from this to the giver, who once more smiled and nodded.

"Try that."

Salem could not understand.

The other leaned back in his nest, grinned, and suddenly with a fierceness that pulled the cords awry under his chin, drew his forefinger across his throat.

Salem recoiled. In those purblind eyes that had opened wide, full of fire, he saw the devil who came to answer his thought. They drooped and were hidden. The old man fell to work, stripping stalks from the corn, as always, only now he forgot to whisper and dozed as if content with himself.

Salem began a motion to fling the bodkin at him or away. Instead he paused, wavered, then, stooping, ran it carefully down between boot and ankle.

VI

WHEN Captain Constantine had elbowed his way from the court room on that morning so long ago, he stood at the head of the stairs alone and frowned. The street lay empty, in a drowse of spring sunshine and early noon. The captain jammed his brown derby hat over his temples as if the stillness had been a gale, and with sea legs apart, bent at the knees, remained motionless. His big eyes, that when alert could seem pale yellow and clear as a goat's, were darkened; retired under their bristling brows and among puckers of thought they studied the ground below. Captain Constantine was lost in a muse.

The same fist that had left a dent in his hat now sought and found his watch guard. It was a braided cord of golden-brown hair, with gold mounting. At this he tugged very gently. Some instinct or habit made his fingers light of touch, as if they had encountered those of a child. He pulled out a broad silver watch, held it before him, and returned it to his pocket without a glance. All the while he brooded on the tracks of last year's wheels, once iron-hard, now resolved into mud again, where the shadow of the courthouse lay along one edge of the road.

From the door behind, suddenly, there burst a man who hurled himself full force into the captain's back.

"Where goin'?" Old Constantine received the shock without a tremor and caught the man's wrist as he went spinning by. "Hold on."

It had been a notable collision, for this newcomer, though fallen one step downward, stood as tall as the captain, and even rounder.

"Le' me go!" he panted.

Though he pulled with all the advantage of gravity, of a good foot brace against the top stair and of two score years or more, his wrist remained in hard keeping.

"When I was your age," observed the captain calmly, "I might 'a' been nigh as pow'ful as what you be, young man, but I wa'n't half so clumsy. They tried to give us manners too. We was taught, those days, to go quiet and shut a door after us, and not for to tromple down old men, women and child'n. Not no more'n was necessary need."

This praise of former times, delivered without passion, took effect.

"Beg your pardon, mister," exclaimed the captive eagerly. "I was runnin' away. Never seen ye. Le' me go. I'm sorry."

He ceased hauling. Captain Constantine regarded him with mild interest. His face, vast and brick-red and freckled like a boy's, pleaded for escape.

"Between us, you and me," said the captain, "I guess we'd weigh into five hund'ed. Solid meat, the pair of us And met solid." He looked down at his fellow giant's hand and saw in it an old dog collar studded with brass. "What's that?" he inquired. "Rob the lawyers, did ye?"

"He chucked her to me. Salem. For another friend o' his."

For What Seemed Long Time, Everyone Expected to See the Great Body, Poised in Air, Go Whirling to the Ground and Smash

The captain's eyes grew light, clear and speculative.

"Oh! This boy in there?" He pointed backward, thumb over shoulder. "You a friend of his too?"

Trapper Kingcome, nodding, began to pull at arm's length, but in vain.

"You bet I am! Le' go. I ducked out f'm under a suppeeny. He wants me to git away with this. Quick, 'fore they come."

Constantine did not let go, but turned and began leading his man across the platform at the stairhead, thence round the corner of the building.

"You come with me," said he quietly. "I know the ropes of this town better'n what you do."

Among wagons and hitched horses and mud they picked their way through an inclosure that ended beneath a high fence overtopped with budding blackthorn. In a sunless corner lay snow, a fan-shaped remnant, coarse-grained, its edge thinning to gritty ice. Here the fence lacked a board. And here the captain released his hold of Trapper.

"If you can git through there," he said, "I can."

The gap in the fence was narrow for such a pair, and the snow gave bad foothold. Straddling painfully, with a rattle of buttons on wood they bulged through sidewise, the younger man first, the older next. They stood in a pleasant blackthorn lane and grinned at each other like runaway boys.

"What was it I called those twelve discons'lates yonder?" The captain removed his hat, punched out the old dent and a new one, stroked his mop of grizzled red-gold hair and became lost again in reverie. "Paid high enough for it too. Can't remember. Jest what was that language o' mine? It's kind of a gift. Come and go."

Kingcome suddenly beamed more broadly than ever.

"You called 'em a bo't-lo'd of dodunks and chowderheads."

"So I did!" cried the captain. "So they be!"

With a circular, muscle-bound movement he lifted his hat, grasping the brim with both hands firmly, and jerked it down close to his ears.

"I did so," he chuckled. "And by gravy, I'd pay out more to prove it on 'em." He suddenly forgot his mirth and gave Trapper a piercing glance. "Look ahere. Do you think that boy done it?"

Kingcome lowered his eyes, played with the dog collar and waited before answering.

"I didn' know," he began, "but ——"

The captain snorted, or blew a blast of defiance from his great chuckle nose.

"Why," said he, "you're bad as them! Told me you was a friend o' his!"

"Let a man finish, will ye?" broke in Trapper hotly. "I didn' know then, but I stuck by him good's I could. It don't make no odds to me what a friend's done," he added with infinite scorn. One sweep of a freckled fist banished all mere deeds from the earth. "You think I'd turn my back on Sale Delaforce for bein' in trouble? What's more, he never did do it."

With that Trapper turned and made off down the lane. His indignation kept him company; but he had not taken many steps when he found Captain Constantine walking beside him, quite spry for an old man, and benevolent in aspect.

"How do ye know he never?"

Trapper halted. His light blue eyes hardened with suspicion.

"I do." He became sulky. "Needn' fret you. Ain't sayin' how."

The captain waved that trifle aside vaguely, and smiled.

"Plenty o' time. They won't overtake us here," said he. "I'll set ye on your way, son, if you tell me where you're headin' for. So's you'll have no worries whats'ever."

Any old shipmate of John Constantine's could have told that when he gave up, changed the subject and talked mildly of things in general, he was a man who deserved watching all day, if not many days to follow. At sea a Yankee in his crew had declared that the captain, when he couldn't hold a cat by the head, would hold her by the tail and get her skinned if it took from here to Chiny. But ashore people knew less of the captain, and Trapper did not know him at all. So while these two burly gossips wandered down the lane, filling it from side to side, and amicably talking, there was a drift which only one of them perceived.

"Yes, sir-ree. Between us, we'd weigh into five hund'ed. Fo'ks would take you and me to be fat. And right there's where we fool 'em. Why, now, you as ye go must be a good two hund'ed sixty."

"Sixty-three. You ain't a bad judge o' flesh."

The captain nodded wisely.

"I tell by the wrist," he replied. "Ketched aholt of yourn, ye see. Broad enough for gamblers to shake dice on and pooty nigh as thick. I do like to see a fellow critter solid. You can let on to look as fat as you like, but it's all dark meat, bon' and gristle."

Charles Kingcome fell into the net of this old flatterer, who used no more than truth, yet spread his mesh with honeyed art. By the time they left their blackthorn row and stood among wharves by the river, where hot noonday sun glared on the yellow piles of lumber, both men were talking away like old cronies.

"If it wa'n't no more'n to show the judge," muttered Captain Constantine darkly. "A man o' good stout conscience, you are. I honor ye for that, boy. We'll trig his wheels for him. And you got bowels o' compassion, plenty. If 'twas only to learn Judge Knowlton there's more human nature knockin' round this world than's bound up yit in his law calf and red labels. Yes, sir-ree; you got enough to fill a tub, Charley. Good money paid out a'ready, and more where that come from. When you and me put our hands to it, Charley, we don't leave go till somethin' fetches away. Down opposite this lockup house o' theirs, did you say?"

Ten minutes later a dreary little house banked with hemlock slabs and shingle shavings echoed throughout to a knock that was heard aboard ships across the river. A young girl dressed in black sateen opened the door and looked up timidly at a pair of huge strangers towering on the step. Her face, pale under a first coat of tan, and her large, dark blue eyes had in them the wildness and age-worn look of a changeling.

"Mornin' to ye, my dear," began the captain heartily. "Here's a friend o' yours, Mr. Kingcome, brought a little present for ye. Because you got more sense than most of 'em."

A terrier pup, all joints and paws, but milk white, pink nosed and sleek, bounded past her from within, to flop and jump toward the strangers' knees.

Captain Constantine fell silent. When he spoke again it was to himself in a growl.

"Hosaphat, they feed the dog better'n what they do her! Here, Charley, speak up. Take the wheel, do your arrand. I'm stumped for words this time. Pretty, too, spite of all. Damn their lazy hides, whoever —— Don't ye mind me. Listen to him, my dear. A young one kept this way makes me let go all holts."

Trapper had his own method. He appeared not to see any frightened little face below him, but stooped and patted the lanky and joyful young wriggler of a dog.

"Likes me, don't he, kind of? What's his name?" said Trapper. "Sagamore? What? Why, this collar belonged to his daddy. Well, well! 'Twould fit him too soon round the neck; he'd have to grow like Finney's turnip. I knowed your dog's daddy fust-rate. Name Sagamore too. What's yours?"

"Did You Ever Go See That Little Girl? . . . The One I Chucked You the Dog's Collar ——"

VII

EARLY one morning when his dream left him awake before sunrise to begin another day, Salem stood by the wall opposite his bed. He faced into the corner. No man would do this willingly, by nature. Salem, driven into it, had left natural things behind him long ago.

He held with both hands the flat needle and felt its edges. They were sharp. The bodkin would perform.

"What's-name." He whispered, though no one could overhear. "What's-name. Eternity. That's it. For ever and ever. No more beginnin'. Quit all."

Time stood still, while his life ran like a thread paying swiftly from a ball which unrolled to nothing. What else passed through his mind is not known. If he wrestled with a black angel in that abyss of the corner he was not once beaten to his knees.

"Git out! Plumb nonsense!" he argued, clutching at reason. "Eternity, hey? We're in the middle of her now, every man jack of us, we be, and she's open at both ends. How ye goin' to quit a thing like that?"

By the twilight day was creeping near when he spoke aloud.

"Can't be done. It won't hang together."

With an effort he snapped the needle in two, then turning, dropped the pieces and walked the length of his bed back and forth, barefoot, noiseless, a ghost, but yet alive. His forehead was wet.

"Losin' my stren'th," said Salem. "That's a mistake; bad. Better keep what's left ye right along."

When he stepped up to his machine that day and took hold of work again his neighbor the house burner gave him a squint and a pursed-up smile, half mockery, half question. Salem in return looked gravely from a distance, without emotion. The bald head bent to its task, the crabbed fingers moved as before, feeling among the corn and stripping delicately. There were no more looks or dealings.

At his next moment alone, somewhere within twenty-four hours, a thing happened which left Salem astounded. In his room had been lying—how long he did not remember—a small book. Salem had stared into it once or twice, but being no reader had dropped and forgotten it. The thing seemed to be only people talking about their own affairs, which did not concern him. But now, at this very time, having picked it up without a thought, he happened on the words:

> Chr. Well, and what conclusion came the old man and you to at last?
>
> Faith. Why, at first, I found myself somewhat inclinable to go with the man, for I thought he spake very fair; but looking in his forehead, as I talked with him, I saw there written, "Put off the old man with his deeds."

Thus far Salem read standing. Next moment he plumped down on the bed, to read carefully, once more, twice more.

"Gosh! It's what I done myself!"

He sat for a moment as though stunned. Here, alone, he had met a brother who spoke to him. Someone had gone through all this before.

Salem thumbed the leaf, and began to devour the next page:

> . . . So I turned to go away from him; but just as I turned myself to go thence, I felt him take hold of my flesh, and give me such a deadly twitch back, that I thought he had pulled part of me after himself. This made me cry, "Oh, wretched man!" (Rom. vii. 24). So I went on my way up the hill.

(Continued on Page 70)

When America turned its energies to watchmaking, one result was certain: A handsome, satisfactory timepiece at a moderate price. The big American success never overlooks moderate price—but quality is never sacrificed to make a moderate price possible.

America's favorite 3 for 25c cigar—White Owl—is in all essential respects like American watches. White Owl is a handsome, satisfactory cigar at a moderate price. There is no question about that. American men today smoke more White Owls than any other cigar. *Have a White Owl.*

3 *for* 25¢

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WHITE OWL

General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

THE KNOCK-OUT

(Continued from Page 9)

down like the inked line on a weather map. The chart—for it was that—was, in fact, a chart showing the ups and downs of Can; and this, it seems, was the ground plan, the basis, of Mr. Backus' system. Every stock, it was his idea, moves up and down in cycles, a series of waves; so that all one had to do was to catch one of the movements to make a killing. As Charley, though, pored upon the paper the light in his eye waned, dulled.

There was no mistake. He was denied even the poor comfort of finding the system a fake, a pipe dream. As it had been with Amalgamated Rail, the chart Mr. Backus handed him showed every move Can had made. And he had played a tip—a tip!

"Well, I got to get off here," droned Mr. Backus. He took the chart from Charley; and as the Subway guard shouted "Yah—Bridge! City Hall!" he plodded toward the door.

"I can't make it out; no, I can't!" he was still mumbling as he went.

Charley rode on to Wall Street. At Rooker, Burke & Co.'s he meant to find out if anything had been left from the wreck, and as he clung to the strap he swore softly to himself. What a boob he'd been! With a knock-out, a killing in reach of his hand, he had gone and scrambled all his chances. It was enough to make anyone sick.

Charley, too, would have been still further sickened if at the moment he could have glanced northward and had a glimpse of something that was happening in the immediate neighborhood of Mrs. Tilney's.

The front door opened and the lady buyer emerged. Hurrying, Miss Hultz was halfway to the corner when again the door opened and Mr. Gerken, the insurance gentleman, appeared. As he caught sight of the lady buyer Mr. Gerken hurried also. A block beyond he overtook her.

His manner deferent, not to say humble, Mr. Gerken tilted his hat. "Excuse me, Miss Hultz," he faltered, "but could I say suthin'? I'm awful sorry I got you in Dutch jus' now at th' table."

Miss Hultz's eyes widened. In them was the stare she always put on at Zinzner's—the baby stare—whenever some customer got fresh.

"That so? Guess I don't make you," she returned distantly.

"I mean about that feller Nugent," returned Mr. Gerken awkwardly. "I don't go to say anything rough; no, I didn't, Miss Hultz."

The lady buyer gave her shapely shoulders a shrug.

"Don't concern yourself. The feller's nothing to me, positively," she said, and at once Mr. Gerken seemed to pluck up his spirits amazingly.

"Say," he said abruptly, "you goin' anywheres to-night, Miss H.?"

She eyed him for a moment. Then, her air reflective, she inquired, "I dunno. What's on?"

Mr. Gerken gave a gurgle.

"Lissen!" he said. "What's th' matter with you and me eatin' at Blanley's, then goin' on to a show summers? Is it a go, Sadie?"

As they reached the corner beyond Mr. Gerken had the lady buyer by the elbow and was helping her tenderly over the crossing.

III

THE market opened at ten o'clock, but half an hour before that time the customers' room at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s was crowded. Because of the events the day before the air of the throng, if suppressed, was still somewhat feverish; but, his own manner unimpaired, Mr. Beeks, the firm's urbane, gentlemanly manager, moved about among them as genial and smiling as was his wont. More than a mere smash in the market was, in fact, needed to upset his pleasant affability; and to such as would listen to him Mr. Beeks was delivering a little discourse on the market's technical position. The whole list was, as Mr. Beeks said, especially attractive because of its strategic quality, its sound investment nature. Not that one should buy entirely though. The market was also attractive from the short side. As Mr. Beeks also hurriedly added, traders should avoid tying themselves up in long commitments. The market's pulse made that inadvisable.

"Bunk!" growled Charley to himself.

The manager's advice to buy on the breaks, sell on the bulges was old stuff to him. It was, as he long ago had gleaned, just Rooker, Burke & Co.'s eager, hungry way of prying frequent commissions out of the dabbler. His hat dragged down over his eyes, he elbowed his way through the crowd toward the cashier's cage in the corner.

As he crossed the floor a man here and there nodded to Charley. With that jovial high spirit, the air of the good fellow always evident in brokerage offices, several hailed him loudly. Then when he was halfway across the room a hand gave him a resounding clap on the shoulder. At the same time a voice boomed energetically in his ear.

"Vell, ol' skeezicks! Vat's der goot vord dis mornin'?"

A small, rotund gentleman with a round face and protuberant eyes gleaming behind large thick-lensed glasses stood beside him, and as Charley turned the person seized his hand in a warm, moist clasp. Morosely Charley returned the greeting.

"Hello, Bimmy," he mumbled.

Mr. Bimbaum, for such was the trader's name, was a specialist in five-share lots, Rooker, Burke & Co.'s being that sort of establishment. With Charley's hand still in his, he also massaged Charley's elbow urbanely.

"Say," he inquired, his tone insinuating, "how's der markget look to you? Purty goot dis mornin', vat?" He gave Charley's elbow another affectionate squeeze. "Amalgamated Rail she gets busy, maybe?"

"Search me," answered Charley dully.

Withdrawing his hand, he was about to pass on when Mr. Bimbaum gave a loud exclamation.

"Vat? You don't known something, hey?" His face, in fact, quite indignant, Mr. Bimbaum jerked an expressive thumb over his shoulder. "Der guy, that Bulty over there, he says you got dope—all der inside stuff."

A growl came from Charley. It was like a rumble of thunder faintly heard. Across the room, Mr. Bulty, a tall, angular person in a brown derby, striped trousers and a long frock coat somewhat glossy at the edges and the elbows, was gazing at them furtively; and Charley glared. It was Bulty who had given him the tip on Consolidated Can.

"Huh! You tell Bulty to play his own dope!" snapped Charley, and shaking off Mr. Bimbaum's detaining clutch he slouched onward to the cashier's cage. "What's my balance?" he growled. "I want to know what's coming to me."

The margin clerk thumbed over the loose-leaf pages of the margin book. He was whistling as he did so, but in Charley's heart was little music. He dared not look as the clerk scribbled a row of figures on the scratch pad before him. The clerk handed him the paper, and even then he dared not look. It was not till he had found himself a seat near by that Charley turned over the paper in his hand. Then a stifled gasp came wheezing from his lips.

The amount scratched on the paper was $28.60. That and his seventy dollars, the two weeks' pay old Tubbs had given him when he sacked Charley, was all he had in the world. Only this fragment remained of his savings, the sixteen hundred and ninety dollars that it had cost him nine years of effort to lay by. Wall Street had the rest.

For a moment Charley's mouth turned dry. A stir, a sudden movement, ran through the room, but he gave no heed. The market had opened for the day, and as a shrill voice proclaimed the event, "They're off!" Charley slouched lower in his seat. Over by the end of the long quotation board running across the room a ticker clacked and pounded stridently, and the voice raised itself again:

"Maggie, an eighth!"

Maggie was the Street's glib name for Amalgamated Rail. "Five hunnerd Maggie at a quarter!" whooped the voice.

"Buh!" mumbled Charley to himself.

Mr. Bimbaum, Bulty and several others he knew had seated themselves near by, but he did not heed them either. They were talking earnestly, not to say excitedly; but what they said fell deafly on his ears. He had lost his job; he also owed Mrs. Tilney for seven weeks' board and lodging. The amount was $122.50, and to pay it he had $98.60.

He couldn't pay her at all. The money he would need while he hunted another job; and though the old lady was a good old girl and he hated to stand her off, there was no help for it. He knew what hunting a job meant at a time like this. It might be weeks, months, before he found another. All over the town fellows were walking the streets.

"Maggie a half!" chanted the voice at the ticker. "Whoop! See her ride!"

Charley wet his lips. Suppose the old lady, Mrs. Tilney, wouldn't wait. What if she asked him for his room? He was still rolling it over in his mind when again the voice at the ticker made itself heard above the other noises in the room.

"Say," it proclaimed, its tone filled with wonder, "what d'you make of that?"

From a price of 148½ Amalgamated Rail had dropped half a point in three hundred-share sales. As the man at the ticker cried the figure there was another abrupt startling stir in the customers' room. Mr. Bimbaum was its originator. Rising suddenly, Mr. Bimbaum gave vent to a frantic ejaculation.

"Himmel, I shall bust!" he said. Darting from his seat, his eyes protruding, Mr. Bimbaum plunged into the throng like a halfback bucking the line. "Beeks, Beeks!" he vociferated, wallowing across the room with both elbows going energetically. The manager he buttonholed feverishly.

"Vat's heppening mit Amalgamated Rail?" he demanded. "You got some dope on Amalgamated, vat?"

Smiling knowingly, Mr. Beeks cleared his throat.

"The position of the rails——" Mr. Beeks began judicially; but with another cry, a gesture of baffled emotion with it, Mr. Bimbaum cut him short.

"Himmel, I vant it dope, not hod air!" exclaimed Mr. Bimbaum. "Do you know something, vat?"

"The position of the rails——" Mr. Beeks began again; but with still another furious exclamation, Mr. Bimbaum turned and thrust his way back to the others he had just left.

"Vat's heppening? Vat's she doin'? Ain't anyone got any insides on it?" shrilled the rotund, now gesticulating gentleman. "Tell me or I should bust! Der Amalgamated, does she go oop or does she go down?"

They were still cackling among themselves when again there was an interruption. Charley Nugent, his breath wheezing and his eyes alight, had suddenly thrust his face in among them.

"Say," he said, and his voice cracked as he said it—"say, I've got the dope on Maggie. I've got the inside stuff on it all the way from A to Izzard. I can tell you every turn it's goin' to make, and it's a killing, a knock-out! But before I tell you," added Charley, and his voice broke again, "you birds have got to stake me to fifty shares!"

A loud cry came from Mr. Bimbaum, the other three as well.

"Fifty shares!"

"Take it or leave it," said Charley grimly.

It was around half past ten when the boss of the Rose Street bookbindery called Mr. Backus into the inside room to have him explain why he had failed that morning to punch the time clock promptly at nine. The explanation the bookkeeper had to give was not what you might call convincing—he'd had a business engagement that morning, and the engagement had kept him longer than he thought.

"That so?" inquired the boss. The stub of the cigar he was chewing he rolled over between his lips. With a jerk of his hand he twitched down the derby hat he was wearing. This, with the way he'd thrust out his jaw, gave him a menacing, formidable look, and Mr. Backus began to shake. "What sort of a business engagement? Say," said the boss, "are you dabbling in stocks again?"

Mr. Backus shook some more.

"Oh, no! No, indeed, sir!" he said piously.

"Well, if ever I catch you!" his employer warned expressively.

Then, as if relenting at the sight of the threadbare, trembling figure, he sent Mr. Backus back to his daybook and his ledgers.

Still quaking, the old gentleman had just begun to post the first of the day's accounts when the door behind him opened with a slam. Mr. Backus jumped. Charley Nugent came hurrying toward him. He was breathing thickly, and he looked as if he had been running.

"Th' maps, quick! I want them," wheezed Charley. "Gimme th' map on Maggie Rail!"

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Mr. Backus, agonized. With a thumb he signaled a frantic warning toward the boss' inside office. Charley didn't heed it.

"What'd you do with it the map? Hurry, d'you hear?"

When Mr. Backus faltered that Charley had the chart Charley shook him by the elbow.

"No, I haven't! You took it from me last night," he protested, and feeling hurriedly in his pocket Mr. Backus produced the bundle of papers he carried with him.

While he pawed at the papers the bookkeeper kept one eye on the boss' office, his terror manifest; and as he strove with a trembling hand to adjust his glasses he knocked them from his nose. A tinkle of breaking glass told what had happened, but without waiting to pick up the fragments Mr. Backus again pawed over the packet nearsightedly.

"Here—no, that ain't it. Rail—where's Rail?" he mumbled. Finally he pulled out one of the papers. "That's Rail, I guess. Yes, I'm sure. It's a fresh copy I jus' made."

Charley snatched it from him. After a glance to make sure he had what he wanted he thrust the paper into his pocket and bolted to the door. A moment later the door slammed and Mr. Backus heard him rattling down the stairs.

"Oh me, oh my!" breathed Mr. Backus.

It took him a full half hour to regain his wits. Even then he kept on making mistakes in posting up the day's accounts. He was so agitated, in fact, that when he went to water the geranium he kept in a tin can on the window sill he knocked it off into the street. That was the last straw. Flowers he loved. He'd always longed to have a little place out in the country where he could grow them, and he nearly wept. He began to wish he'd never heard of Wall Street.

Down at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s Mr. Bimbaum and the others were waiting anxiously. Maggy was still cavorting, backing feverishly to and fro; and as the stock touched 148, unable to restrain himself, Mr. Bimbaum had gone short—sold five shares. Instantly Maggie reacted a quarter, then by slower stages climbed another half, whereat in desperation Mr. Bimbaum switched his trade. As instantly Maggie sagged again; and, whipsawed between the turns, Mr. Bimbaum's emotions grew hectic.

"Sure, for ten bucks I'm out already!" he proclaimed. "Oi-yoi!" Then, his air all at once alert, he peered sharply at the others. "Say," he said, "this here feller Nugent, maybe he gives us the razzle-dazzle! Vat if he don't come back this mornin'?"

The words, though, he hardly had uttered when the door flew open, and leaping to his feet Mr. Bimbaum gave a cry.

"*Gott sei Dank!*" he exploded, and bolting across the room he hurled himself on Charley Nugent. Charley was breathing fitfully.

"Quick!" he cried, and with Mr. Bimbaum pawing at him fiercely he thrust his way through the crowd and made for the cashier's cage.

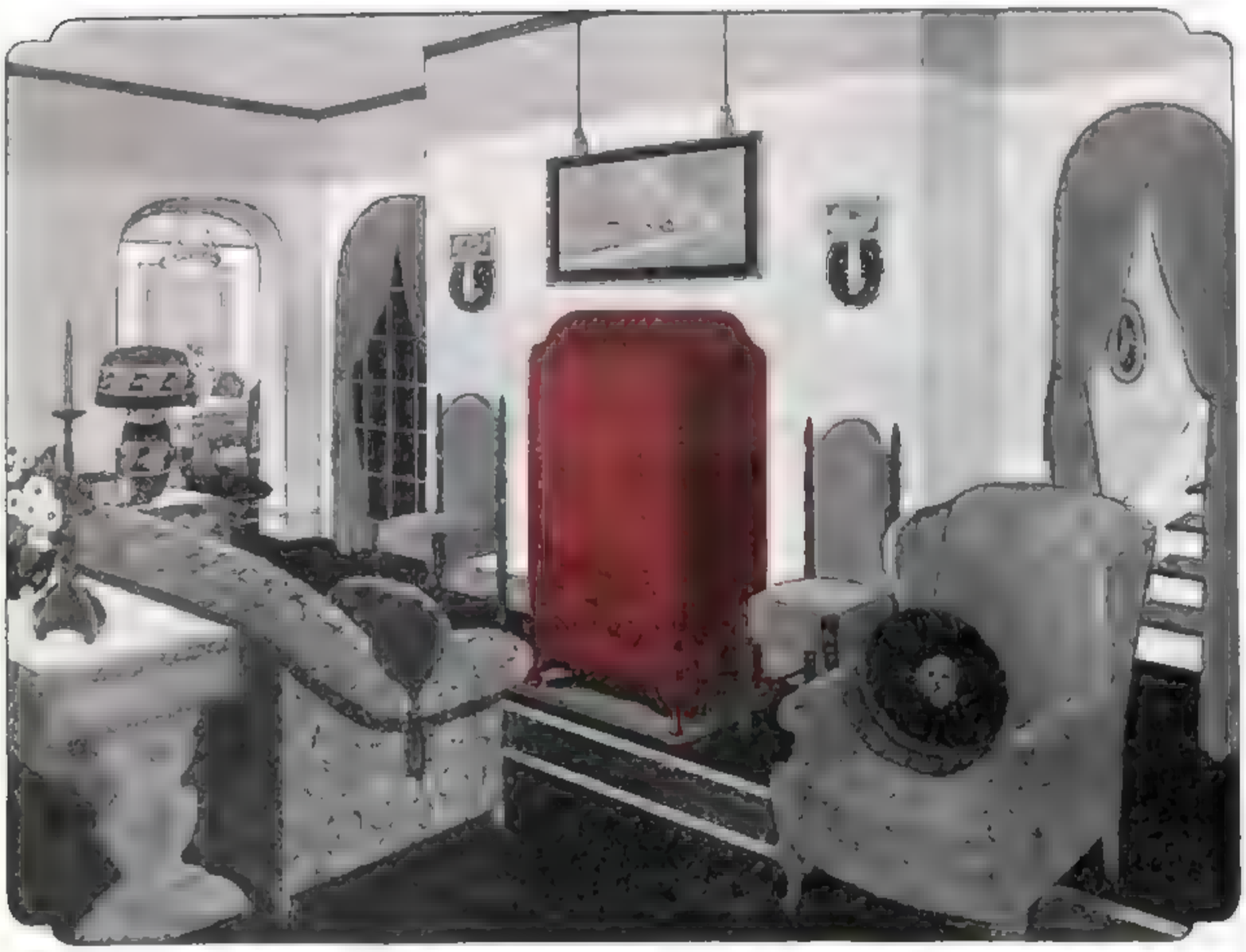
"Vat do ve do? Vat's der ticket?" Mr. Bimbaum shrilled. "Do ve buy or do ve sell?"

Behind Mr. Bimbaum, Mr. Bulty and the two others followed helter-skelter. They, with Mr. Bimbaum, made the four that had agreed to go in on the pool, playing the information Charley was to supply and at the same time staking him to fifty shares. But as Mr. Bulty trailed at Charley's heels it was to be seen he wore a covert, furtive air.

"Yeah," said Mr. Bulty dulcetly, and he exchanged a glance with the two others, "do we buy or sell, Charley?"

"Sell, of course!" said Charley, and he was hurrying on when he caught a glimpse

(Continued on Page 31)



Note, in this illustration, how little room space the Heatrola occupies. Also that no pipes are necessary with the exception of the smoke pipe, which may be concealed by running it directly into the wall. Note, too, the beautiful mahogany finish of the Heatrola, which harmonizes with the furnishings of a modern home.

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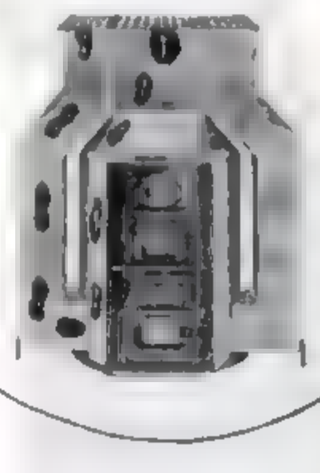

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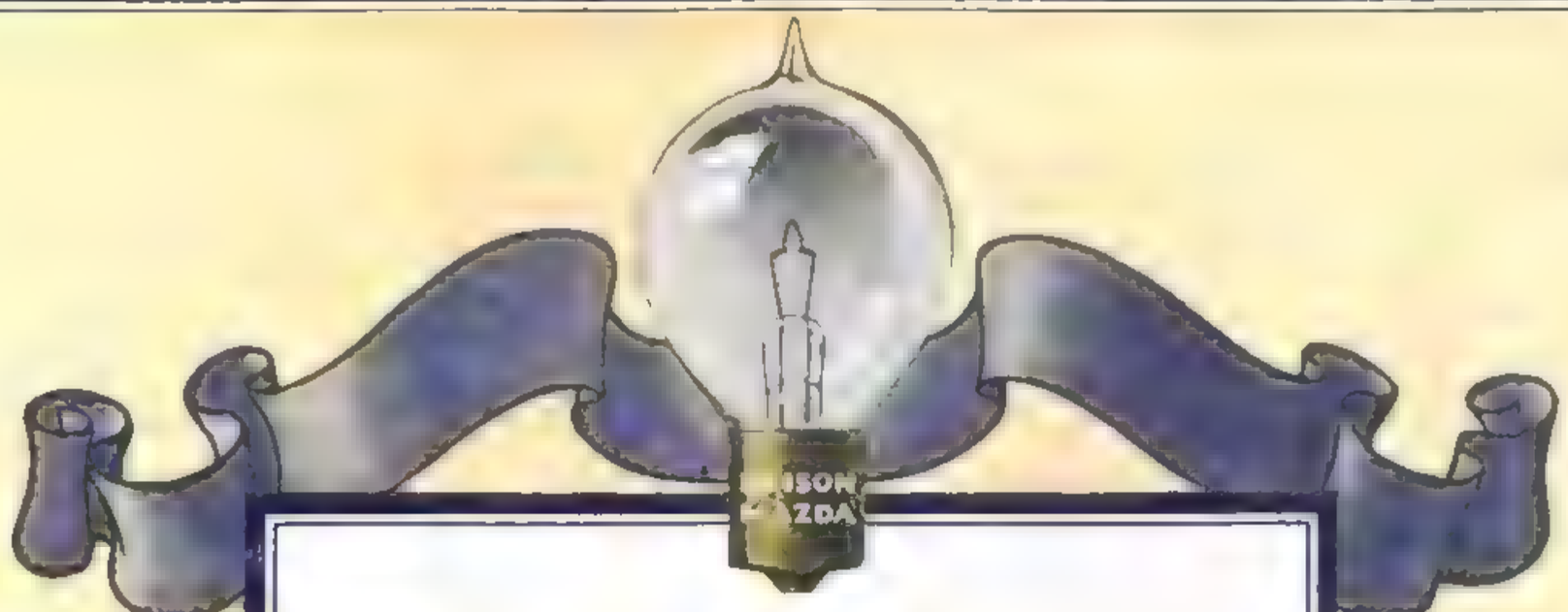

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(Continued from Page 28)

of Mr. Bulty's curious air. He stopped abruptly. For an instant he held his breath.

"Say, what's the joss, Bulty?" asked Charley harshly. "You're going to stake me to that fifty shares, aren't you?"

Mr. Bulty was already edging away. He and the others smiled evasively.

"Fifty shares—h'm. That's a good deal, ain't it?"

Charley gave an exclamation.

"But you promised!"

"Well," said Mr. Bulty, and he glanced at the two others, "Fargo here, him and Doty, we ben thinkin'. If it was five or ten shares mebbe—not fifty—that'd be more reasonable."

Still grinning, he turned away. A moment later, his pace accelerating, and followed by the two others, Mr. Bulty darted across the customers' room. Beeks was standing there, and to him in the same hurry Mr. Bulty gave an order.

Charley stood there, rooted. He knew. In his few weeks of dabbling at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s he had learned something of human nature. The good-fellow type of men he met there he had learned to read—Bulty's type at any rate. Having tricked him out of his information, the tip whether to buy or to sell, Bulty and his pals now had left him flat. Penniless, virtually—at any rate, without money enough to trade in more than a piker's five-share lot—he must stand by impotently and see his dope, old Backus' chart, go to waste in his hands.

Rage and savage bitterness swelled up in Charley's soul; and, his fists clenched, his mouth contorted, he was staring across the room at Bulty when a face was thrust suddenly close to his. It was Mr. Bimbaum's face. Again Mr. Bimbaum was clawing fiercely at his coat lapels.

"Con men! Skates! A stiff like Bulty, for what should you care?" Mr. Bimbaum was vociferating. Another volley of expletives burst from him. "Bimbaum he stends by you!" ejaculated the gentleman, his face, hands and elbows all working in unison. "For you Bimbaum himself he buys it those fiffety shares! It's svell f'r a feller dealin' him in five-share lots only, but never mind. You und me ve svim or bust. Come along!" cried Mr Bimbaum, and dragging Charley with him he propelled his way through the crowd toward Beeks.

Hurling Bulty aside with a thrust of his proficient elbow, Mr. Bimbaum addressed the manager:

"For mineself one hunnerd shares of Maggie, Beeks. For Mr. Nugent, my friend here, fiffety more." Then, his voice scaling upwards for all to hear him, Mr. Bimbaum added loudly, magnificently, "At der markget, Beeks—at der markget!"

"That's th' stuff, Bimmy!" commented Beeks admiringly.

In a guarded voice, his eye on Bulty, Charley gave the manager another instruction. Starting, Bulty bent nearer.

"What's that? What's he sayin'?" he demanded suspiciously.

A loud laugh came from Mr. Bimbaum.

"You big tinhorn!" Mr. Bimbaum bawled him out. "You should wish to know, don't you?"

That afternoon, just after the market's close, Mr. Beeks sauntered into the rear office tenanted by Mr. Rooker, the firm's head partner. Maggie from hour to hour had grown still more active; and with the rest of the list responding to the stock's activities, it had been a good day for Rooker, Burke & Co. The head partner, a cigar clenched in his jaw, was grinning as he totted up the kitty, the day's haul in commissions.

"Say," said Beeks, "that fellow Bulty's putting up a squeal. He got in Dutch on Maggie, and he hollered when I called him for margins."

"Did he cough?" inquired Mr. Rooker.

Mr. Bulty had not. If he didn't do so in the morning, however, Mr. Beeks promised that he'd close out the account. Then as he lighted a cigar for himself the room manager gave a chuckle.

"What d'you think, Buck? A couple of th' boobs out there—Bimmy and that chap Nugent—they've got a chart on Maggie. The two are playing th' stock on it!"

Mr. Rooker grinned.

"Barnum said it," he said.

In the same humor he added it was a wonder the suckers weren't playing the tape, thinking they were tape readers. All the boobs did it, and Mr. Beeks nodded thoughtfully.

"Yeah—only it's funny," he drawled. "With their chart the two have caught every turn Maggie made to-day. It had me fanning for a while."

The head partner grunted idly. In his time he'd seen too many dubs come and go in Wall Street to feel concerned. The two were just another pair.

"Let 'em rave," he said.

IV

DUSK had fallen, and in Twenty-third Street the neighborhood clocks were striking six when Miss Hultz, the lady buyer, got home to Mrs. Tilney's. Her brows knitted, Miss Hultz was also thoughtfully biting her lip. The day for her had not been what she would have termed soft. A number of things, all of them annoying, had happened to her since morning.

One of them was at a Georgette and crêpe de Chine house, a firm that had sent out a card advertising Paris models direct; and when she'd gone down there to look them over for Zinzner's they'd tried to ring in a lot of last season's shapes.

"Call 'em Paris, do you? Grand Rapids, you mean," she'd told the fakers.

But even the bawling out she'd given the two partners hadn't helped much. She had subconsciously the errant, vagrant feeling that something was wrong—something utterly wrong. She could not shake it off.

At another house that morning they tried next to stick her with an order of tricolettes at three cents under the market figure.

"Nice, nobby—imported direct!"

As if she didn't know! That was nothing new though. It was the way they tried it on—as if she were a joke, a has-been. After laying the place out cold, however, she had a momentary qualm. In the mirror on the way down in an elevator she gave herself a searching scrutiny. A has-been?

But nothing was wrong with her looks—her get-up either. True, her lower lip, thanks to her perturbation, was not as it should have been; but a moment with the lip stick repaired that. Nor was there anything the matter with her come-back—the way she'd bawled out the two snides, the dress contractors with their fake Paris models. She'd laid the pair out stiff. Late in the afternoon she wondered if that fellow down at the boarding house could be fussing her—the simp she'd put the skids under that morning.

It couldn't be he though; she was assured of that. In her long, practical career around the city she'd run up against too many false alarms to let herself be bothered by one. Of course for a while this one had seemed different; but that was just it, probably. The difference with him was that he was about as simple as they made them.

Queer. When she'd gone out with him it was like romping around with a school kid—kind of nice, in fact. He was always laughing and jolly, out just for a good time. Even in a cab he never got fresh or anything. But then, all a girl's got to look out for her is her own self; and Miss Hultz gave a sigh. She'd been fooled, that was all. A pity, though, he'd turned out a come-on too.

She was in a cloak-and-suit house at the moment, looking at a balance of seventeen dozen Bolivia silk-lined beaverettes with opossum collars, a bargain at $12.75; and as the thought came to her the sample fell from her hands.

"Say," said Sadie, and her voice cracked harshly, "beaverettes? Burlaps, you mean!"

Then she turned loose. The partners—there were three—came running. Sadie never had been better. All three, when she walked out, she left speechless—and in the beaverette trade that's much, if you know the beaverette trade. But as she turned the corner, her spirits revived, there in the side street Sadie got the jolt she knew was coming to her.

Part way down the block a sign hung out—"Flaherty et Cie, Modes." Under it was another sign—"Dissolution Sale. Hats and Waists at Cost."

Sadie gasped. The color was stricken from her face. For long months, every night Sadie had walked down the side street for a glimpse at Flaherty et Cie's.

It was her ambition. It was the ambition that all the girls along the Avenue had—that is, the ones getting on. It was to have a place like that for themselves. "Hultz, Styles." That or "Mlle. Sadie, Modes." But for the stock and goodwill of Flaherty et Cie—Mrs. Joe Googan in private life—twelve thousand dollars was asked—four thousand down, the rest on time. And Sadie Hultz had only seventeen hundred in the savings.

Tough? It was a crime. That was why, in passing, Charley Nugent had listened so eagerly to that old croak Backus. Seventeen hundred plus sixteen ninety—Charley's—makes thirty-three ninety—call it thirty-four hundred flat; but Maggie Googan, née Flaherty, would not listen. Positively no. Four thousand or nothing. The net result was that Charley had gone floundering down into Wall Street.

As Sadie Hultz, plodding on, turned on her way to Mrs. Tilney's her brow was indeed knitted, her gait laggard. It was not the fresh blow, though, that had done it—the loss of that swell chance there, Flaherty et Cie. It was not due, either, to the thought that she'd still have to go on scrimping and saving, laying up money in the savings. Nor was it of the boob who'd turned out to be just another false alarm that she was thinking. She had deep in her breast the irking, subconscious sense that something, she knew not what, had come into her life, then as swiftly had gone out of it. Trudging up the steps as she came to Mrs. Tilney's, she put her latchkey in the latch. A sigh fell from her.

It was then, as the door fell open, that Sadie knew—guessed what troubled her!

Six o'clock is the dinner hour at Mrs. Tilney's, and as the night was Tuesday there was diffused through the hall the familiar Tuesday night aroma of ham and spinach and the additional side dishes, Brussels sprouts and turnips. Miss Hultz started sharply. It was not, however, the vagrom hint of the evening's menu that made her.

Near the stairs was Mrs. Tilney. Beside her stood Charley Nugent. In Mrs. Tilney's hand was something that Charley had just handed to her, and he was saying, "That's old Backus', Mrs. T." Miss Hultz hardly heard what he said though; and much less did she see what he had given the landlady. Her heart, her whole spirit, surged with a sudden leaping of her pulse. Her eyes dimmed, welling over with a sudden moisture. Realization burst upon the lady buyer.

"Oh, Charley!" cried Miss Hultz.

For the first time then, as it seemed, Charley seemed conscious of her presence. Turning slowly, Charley bowed to her. The bow was distant, reserved.

"Good evening, Miss Hultz," he said austerely, his tone as distant and frigid as the bow.

For an instant she did not understand.

"I'm—I'm sorry," she faltered—"this morning—you remember—for what I said."

"Thank you," said Charley stiffly. He bowed again, adding, "Yes, I thought you'd be."

Then turning on his heel Charley went up the stairs.

"Why, what's the row?" cried Mrs. Tilney, aghast. "You and him ain't had a tiff, have you—a lover's spat?"

The lady buyer made no reply. She was still gaping up the stairs, her face stricken, colorless. A long while later, it seemed to her, Sadie heard herself say something. It was to Mr. Gerken, curiously, she found she was speaking. He had just come down the stairs.

"Blanley's, you say?" She had forgotten the date, and a loud, rasping laugh came from her—a laugh she did not recognize. "Sure, I'm ready! Get a cab, Gerken!" she cried.

As the lady buyer went down the steps her arm was entwined in Mr. Gerken's and she was laughing shrilly. It made Mrs. Tilney gape to hear her.

On the top floor Charley stopped and knocked at Mr. Backus' door. As there was no response he knocked again. Then, still getting no reply, for a third time he rapped. It was queer, in fact, that he got no answer, for he could have sworn he'd heard Mr Backus moving about inside. Thinking the old gentleman might not have heard, Charley tried the door. It was locked; and though he rattled the knob, then listened for a moment, he could hear nothing.

"H'm!" he murmured.

Turning away from the door, he stumped down the stairs again. He had hardly gone, however, and the house behind him fallen silent, when a key rattled guardedly in the lock of Mr. Backus' door. Then the door itself was as guardedly opened; and, his eye to the crack, Mr. Backus himself stood revealed. His face was drawn, his figure was quivering. On his head was his hat. After listening for a moment Mr. Backus stole into the hall. At the stairhead he listened again. Then jamming his hat down over his brows the bookkeeper crept rapidly down the stairs. The next moment, having reached the street door, Mr. Backus opened it, and regardless of his dinner awaiting him in the dining room below he bolted precipitately into the street.

Queer and more of it. It was all the more queer, too, in the light of what had happened that day down at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. Though he had not tarried to hear Charley's jubilant congratulations, Mr. Backus' dope, the chart he'd handed Charley, had proved a knock-out, a killing.

V

THE June flurry in Maggie Common long will be remembered in the market. It will be remembered especially at Rooker, Burke & Co.'s. Mr. Beeks, in his confidential confab with the head partner, Mr. Rooker, had not told the half of it.

After a hectic, feverish opening, from 148¾ the stock had sagged sharply a point and an eighth. Here support seemed forthcoming, and Maggie had reacted. It began to go up again; and it was at this stage that Charley, now armed with Mr. Backus' chart, rushed back to the brokerage office. Instantly—or, that is, after the slight delay due to Mr. Bulty's perfidy—he and Mr. Bimbaum had got aboard. From 148½ Maggie dropped to 146¾. There again it encountered support; and, his eyes like grapes, Mr. Bimbaum again grew vociferous.

"Vat ve do? Vat comes now? I shall bust!" declaimed Mr. Bimbaum.

Charley consulted the chart.

"Switch!" he directed Beeks.

As this, in other words, meant that the trade was to be reversed, Charley now going long of Maggie, Mr. Bimbaum exploded afresh.

"Long, you say? Long? You are crazy mit yourself!" he expostulated. "Der bottom drops oudt of it, der stock!"

Charley thrust the chart at him.

"See for yourself!" he directed.

The chart, too, justified itself. Maggie, by fits and starts, rose again a point and a half, when again Charley switched. By this time all sorts of rumors were flying round the customers' room. It was reported that a pool, a combine, was operating in Maggie Common. One-half the customers had it that the pool was unloading. The other half had it just as certainly that the pool was accumulating; that it was rigging the market back and forth in order to clean up the stock held in weakly margined accounts. On top of this a new rumor ran the rounds. It was that two of the customers had inside dope, real inside information on Maggie. It was said the two traders were catching every turn Maggie made.

Then the facts came out. It was known that Charley and Mr. Bimbaum had a chart, and that the chart was a knock-out. Mr. Bulty, when he was told of it, was seen to start wildly.

Charts, maps, all that sort of thing, are old stuff in Wall Street. Any day down there you can get at the price of a cigar or thereabouts a chart guaranteed to show the swings in any stock. All the tipsters sell them. You can buy them by the sheaf. One trouble, though, is that it takes time to play them. You can't get in and out on them during a day's transactions; you have to stand by them for days, weeks. Another trouble is that if anyone ever wins by playing them Wall Street hasn't discovered it. This chart, though, was different. It could be played by the day. More than that, it was a winner!

It was just at noon, the moment when Maggie took its final hectic lunge, then burst violently, that Mr. Bulty edged hesitantly across the customers' room. Charley with difficulty was holding Mr. Bimbaum in his chair, for his eyes, popping and verging apparently on apoplexy, the small, rotund gentleman no longer seemed able to contain himself.

"Oi-oi!" he kept ejaculating at each fresh antic of Maggie. "It's murder, oi-oi—a killink!"

Wetting his lips feverishly, Mr. Bulty touched Charley on the arm.

"That fifty shares I —" began Mr. Bulty.

"What say?" inquired Charley.

"Say," said Mr. Bulty, mostly, hurriedly, "say, we was always good pals, wasn't we? Give us a hunch on Maggie, won't you?" he appealed.

It was to Charley the appeal was made, but Mr. Bimbaum answered it.

"Yah, you big shoehorn!" shouted Mr. Bimbaum. "You should wish to know it now, wouldn't you?" Giving Mr. Bulty a shove, he added to that now moist and shaking trader, "Go beat yourself, Bulty!"

It was at this stage that Charley, instructed by the chart, switched for the final time.

Mr. Bulty at the same time switched also, his pals with him. It happened, though, that Bulty switched to the wrong side again. From then on Maggie dropped as if the props had been kicked out from under it, and an hour later Beeks called Bulty for margins.

At the close Maggie was still sluicing downwards. With their plays pyramided each point the stock fell, Charley and Mr. Bimbaum had indeed made a knock-out, the killing that every dabbler dreams of. From Charley's air, though, one never would have guessed it. Morosely he boarded an uptown Subway train, Mr. Bimbaum with him. As morosely he listened to the small, rotund gentleman's exultant exclamations. With the same depressed, dejected air Charley parted from Mr. Bimbaum at Twenty-third Street.

"See you in der mornin'!" cried Mr. Bimbaum gayly, and Charley nodded dully.

He had subconsciously the errant, vagrant feeling that in spite of the killing in Maggie, the money in his pocket, something was wrong—something utterly wrong. He could not shake it off. What it was, though, Charley knew the instant he opened the door at Mrs. Tilney's. The landlady was just coming down the stairs.

"Miss Hultz? Why, she ain't to home yet," murmured Mrs. Tilney. Then she added, "Ain't you heard, Mr. N? Miss H, she's eatin' out to-night with Mr. Gerken."

That was what was wrong. That was why when Miss Hultz herself appeared presently, the olive branch of peace held forth to him, Charley had turned his back on her. Let her go out, if she liked, and eat with that tightwad Gerken. She could eat her head off for all he cared. It was all wrong, though—everything.

Dinner that night was a solemn event at Mrs. Tilney's; it was to Charley Nugent anyway. The vacant chair beside him stood there like a reproach; and somehow the ham, the spinach and other votive offerings of Mrs. Tilney's Tuesday menu failed to tempt Charley's eye, much less his palate.

"Feelin' slimp?" inquired Mrs. Tilney sympathetically. In the same sympathetic tones she asked, "Couldn't I have an egg fried for you, or anything?"

He shook his head. A few minutes later the diners were startled by a sudden, savagely uttered "Damn!" It came from Charley. Thrusting back his chair, he rose, and slouching out of the dining room he slammed the door behind him. Then he stamped his way up the stairs. As he reached the floor above Charley halted abruptly.

Then again he gave another exclamation. The front door at the instant had been flung open and in the doorway stood a startling figure.

"Sadie!" he ejaculated.

It was, in fact, the lady buyer, and another cry came from him. Her hat was askew, there was a rent in her veil, and from under the hat brim a vagrant lock of Miss Hultz's fine tresses hung down over her eye.

"Oh, Charley!" she cried.

Charley went swiftly to her.

"What's happened?" he demanded.

But for a moment Miss Hultz seemed to find it difficult to reply. On her cheeks the color came and went fitfully, her breast heaved, while her fine eyes grew murky with latent heat. Then she spoke.

"Gerken!" said Miss Hultz. Then with a quiver she clung to him, her voice breaking. "In th' cab—yes! He went and tried to get gay," said Miss Hultz.

Charley put an arm protectingly about her. His jaw set fiercely; he patted Miss Hultz on the shoulder.

"There, there!" he whispered soothingly.

Up the block Mr. Backus was just turning the corner. After he had left the house hurriedly he walked around the block. Then he walked around it again. It was on the opposite side of the street each time, though, that he passed Mrs. Tilney's; and each time he stared across at the house door Mr. Backus hesitated. Now in the same hesitant way he crossed the street, went around the block again and came slowly toward Mrs. Tilney's.

"Oh me, oh my!" he was mumbling to himself—"oh me, oh my!"

He was evidently in great distress. This time, though, as Mr. Backus reached the boarding house he halted. A moment later he crept up the steps, and putting his latchkey guardedly in the latch he unlocked the door and as guardedly he pushed it open. What's more, it was all done so quietly, so noiselessly, that the two persons there in the hall neither heard nor saw Mr. Backus. With a muffled gasp he stood rooted.

Miss Hultz, the lady buyer, had her head on Charley Nugent's shoulder. Charley, it appeared also, had his arms—both arms—about Miss Hultz. His eyes were alight, and as he patted the lady buyer on the shoulder he was saying, "It's a knock-out, Sadie! I cleaned up every cent I lost, and three hundred bucks besides!"

There was at that instant a crash accompanied by a cry. The door flew open, and to their astonishment Charley and Miss Hultz saw Mr. Backus standing there.

"You didn't lose—lose—get wiped out?" cried Mr. Backus.

He tottered toward Charley, his mouth working, his eyes starting; and Charley gaped.

"What d'you mean, lose?" demanded Charley. He stared at Mr. Backus, startled. "Of course I didn't lose! It was like I was just telling Sadie here," he said. Then a laugh came from him, its note jubilant, excited. "That chart you gave me—it was a knock-out, a killing! You and me, Mr. Backus, we're going to clean up Wall Street!"

Mr. Backus looked as if he were about to faint.

"Was it Maggie—Amalgamated Rail—that chart you played?" he faltered.

"Sure," said Charley, "it was Amalgamated Rail."

A loud cry came from Mr. Backus.

"It was the wrong chart! It wasn't Rail at all—Maggie Rail," choked the bookkeeper. "I made a mistake when I copied it. It was a chart on Union Chemical I gave you. That's what you played instead!"

Charley's mouth had fallen open. Speechless, he gaped at Mr. Backus. After a while, as if in a dream, he heard the lady buyer speaking.

"Say, you," she said, and again her voice was harsh, "you give me that money you've got on you!" In the same harsh tone Miss Hultz then added, "A simp like you isn't safe to be trusted with his money, and hereafter I'll take care of the family roll. Hand it over, d'you hear?"

Charley heard. Dazed, he handed it over to Miss Hultz.

EUROPE IN TRANSITION—FRANCE AND THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 17)

might be called private money—that is, the resources of the citizens. A country may be broke and at the same time have immense potential wealth.

This is precisely what is happening in France. Government finance is riding on a rocky road, but the great mass of the people still have their nest eggs. Thrift, as everyone knows, is instinct with the French. Those who have had experience with French penuriousness maintain that the French make of thrift a vice. Save for investment in government bonds, the average French man or woman delights to keep his or her fortune in actual cash. During the war they risked death to go back to ruined firesides to dig up their precious hoards. The result is that France has more real gold and silver stowed away in stockings and old pots than any other country. Government financial crises may come and go, but this huge reservoir of savings—the bulwark of the nation—goes on forever.

The statistics of the National Savings Bank of France show that the collective wealth of the country has increased amazingly in spite of the ravages of the war. In 1913, the last normal year before the great struggle, the excess of savings deposits over withdrawals was 300,000,000 francs. During the first years of the war withdrawals naturally exceeded deposits, but in 1917 the excess of deposits began again, and in 1919 reached 450,000,000 francs. During the first six months of 1921 deposits surpassed withdrawals by 200,000,000 francs. This money in the National Savings Bank is merely a drop in the big bucket of French savings, but it shows the tendency to thrift.

Any reference to French economy must include a national characteristic that has persistently handicapped government finance. I mean the unqualified aversion on the part of the great mass of the population to paying taxes. A Frenchman will make any sacrifice of life and otherwise, but he balks at being mulcted by the powers that be. To this he adds the utmost secretiveness about his financial affairs. The very rumor of a tax bill will cause him to dig his savings in all the deeper. Like the Englishman's home, his pocketbook is inviolate.

You have only to look at the income-tax returns to understand limitations of tax-paying in France. Out of a population of approximately 35,000,000 exactly 530,000 people paid taxes on their incomes last year. There are only 183 persons in France with an income of more than $75,000 at the present rate of exchange. Less than 15 per cent of the entire population earn $500 or more a year.

The outstanding revelation is that about 80 per cent of the taxable French incomes earn more than 30 per cent of the total national income. The moderate-sized fortunes are spread over the whole land. In France the plutocrats have a combined income of only 875,000,000 francs a year—at least, their income-tax returns show this—while the great mass of the people receive nearly 5,000,000,000 francs.

These figures confirm the contention often held by economists that French national wealth is more evenly distributed than that of any other country, in that there are fewer multimillionaires and at the same time fewer paupers.

Hoarding Hard Money

Although the French are shy on taxes they are long on other government impositions. They sometimes carry their customs restrictions to a ridiculous degree and not infrequently to their own detriment. An amusing incident occurred when the first lot of standard sectional wood cottages made in Germany were delivered in the Departments of the Nord and the Somme under the agreement for reparation in kind. These cottages were billed by Germany at 10,000 francs each. The French Government, however, demanded the payment of an additional 13,000 francs import tax on every structure before it could pass the frontier. The tax was based on protection of French builders and as a means of providing revenue. As a consequence, the Frenchman whose house was destroyed during the war was called upon to pay more in customs than was represented by the value of what he was getting. It revealed the necessity for a closer cooperation between the authorities and the agencies for reconstruction.

Speaking of francs leads me to the inevitable exchange problem, which has affected France just as it has all other European countries. One reason for the continued depression in French business is that the French, in the opinion of competent observers, have maintained their prices at too high a standard. The moment the franc began to go down they started to shove up prices all out of proportion with currency depreciation. Although the franc is almost one-third its prewar value many hundreds of Americans curtailed their buying last summer because they believed the prices exorbitant.

More than one Frenchman is beginning to believe that in the end it would be a constructive measure to depress the franc in very much the same way that the Germans have depressed the mark. The low mark has led to a carnival of expanded business. Manufacturers who are required to purchase their raw material at home have gained immensely through it. The whole productive machine has received an impetus.

You can always depend upon the French to meet a situation. Their intelligence on occasion is little short of inspired. Realizing that one step toward financial rehabilitation lay in a favorable balance of trade they began a drastic curtailment of imports. During the first four months of 1920 their imports were 12,800,000,000 francs, and the exports 6,288,000,000 francs. For the corresponding period of 1921 the imports were 7,119,000,000 francs, and the exports 7,400,000,000 francs. It is a remarkable example of retrenchment.

Under ordinary circumstances this favorable balance of trade, which continues, would have immediately strengthened the franc; but it did not follow, because of the enormous foreign debt and the influence of speculation. Another and apparently trivial reason intervenes. It is worth dwelling upon because it discloses another French characteristic: Just as soon as the excess of paper money began to appear the French started hiding the silver coin. To-day it is almost impossible to get any metal money anywhere, yet millions and millions of fifty-centime, franc and two-franc pieces are secreted in a variety of safe places. It develops from the fact that the French seem to have little faith in currency as such. They like the feel of gold and silver. The inevitable consequence is that the government must keep on printing more notes, which retards the rise of the franc.

The French invariably have definite reasons for their offensives both in war and in peace. There is nothing particularly idealistic in their attitude toward Russia. When they financed the Wrangel, Kolchak and Denikin expeditions they were simply sending good money after bad. It explains one phase of their alleged imperialism. In reality the Russian ventures were anything but imperialistic.

The old Russian debt to France is considerably more than 20,000,000,000 francs, a sum that France could well employ these troubled days. The Soviet Government repudiated it from the start. The French-endowed Russian expeditions, therefore, represented attempts to recover the equity behind this immense obligation. Lenine recently offered to assume the Russian imperial debt in exchange for recognition of the Soviet Government.

Another motive for what outwardly seems to be imperialism develops from the French determination to be as independent as possible of England. Briand's great speech at the arms conference at Washington ignored England as a factor in the European situation. Only a common peril such as a Russo-German alliance—a union for which the leading Teutonic industrialists, headed by Stinnes, are working—will ever draw them close together again. Meanwhile, France, despairing of any signed and sealed American guaranties, is strengthening herself in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and elsewhere.

Postwar Inflation

Analyze the French industrial situation and you find that the country is suffering from an acute attack of indigestion brought on by the usual spree of postwar inflation. In this respect she duplicates a condition that has prevailed in the United States. Immediately after the armistice the French were fooled by the illusion of prosperity, which has caused such widespread economic disaster. Those world shelves, emptied between 1914 and 1918, have been only temporarily filled. The world continues to do with less. To meet what they believe to be a permanent boom the French expanded their productive capacity at a tremendous rate and at a higher cost than ever before.

Part of this increase of overhead was due to the American wartime invasion. Our soldiers and civilians set a new scale for French wages. French typists, for example, reveled in a new-found wealth. With peace they demanded the same pay, on the theory that "If the Americans can pay this much, so can the French."

But this was only part of the cause of the trouble. To escape paying taxes, practically all the industrial magnates who made big money during the war put their surplus back into plant and a variety of schemes, some of which were impracticable. If they needed money they had only to go to their bankers, show plans for expansion and get

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Other Owners Coming to Hupmobile

Sales Records and Used-Car Columns Reveal Amazing Buying Trend Toward This Car

ANALYSIS of the Hupmobile business for months back, reveals a significant and startling fact.

This is that no less than half of all the Hupmobile sales in America are being made to owners of other cars. That shows how far the fame of this car has gone beyond its own immediate circle—which is always growing and keeps on coming back for the Hupmobile.

We knew that the proportion of such buyers was bound to be large, of course. We knew it was constantly increasing with the growth of the Hupmobile business.

But even we were surprised to discover the huge volume it has attained.

Few Hupmobiles in Used-Car Columns

This significant fact is clearly shown in two positive ways.

One is by the reports sent in to us from month to month by distributors and dealers.

The other is the conspicuous absence of the Hupmobile from the used-car advertising columns of the daily newspapers.

Our distributors and dealers keep close check on the cars they sell.

They know whether a buyer is getting his first car, whether he has owned some other car, or whether he is coming back for another Hupmobile.

The dealers' reports check against the newspapers, and vice versa.

This advance of the Hupmobile, this conversion of other owners, can have only one meaning—and that of tremendous importance to the motoring public.

It means that the Hupmobile reputation for reliability and for downright good value is spreading farther and deeper.

More Widely Known for Reliability

It means that the satisfaction which the Hupmobile owner enjoys is impressing itself upon the great body of motor car owners.

It means that when the Hupmobile owner has occasion to repurchase, he usually buys another Hupmobile.

It means, in short, that the Hupmobile has been singled out for particular preference because of those special qualities which are always associated with it.

Long-Standing Proof of Greater Value

These qualities might be summed up in the one word reliability.

By that we mean the everlasting regularity of performance and service, the consistent economy and efficiency, which mark the difference between what the Hupmobile owner gets and some other owners do not get, and which have always stamped the Hupmobile an extraordinary motor car value.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Style—Beauty—Luxurious Comfort

Hupmobile Facts Recognized Everywhere

COSTS of operation hold to an exceptionally low level.

Maintenance and repair costs almost unbelievably low.

Car is particularly free from the need of constant and petty adjustments.

On high gear, throttles smoothly to a walking pace; and picks up again, on high gear, instantly and smoothly.

Develops great pulling power on high gear; climbs the average low-gear hill, and pulls through sand and mud, on high gear.

A remarkably fine performer when it's new; and the same fine performer when it's old.

Recognized cash value or trading value as a used car proportionately higher than the average, in relation to price.

Hupmobile

Jim Henry's Column

Tryers, Doubters and Stickers

I wonder what would happen if someone were to do the impossible and invent a better shaving preparation than Mennen's. It might occur sometime, you know. Science accomplishes wonderful results.

Would all users of Mennen's change? Not at all. Many would use it to the end of their lives.

That is a curious trait of human nature, exemplified by the way a lot of men continue to use the old fashioned shaving soap which was the best they could get before Mennen's was invented.

There seem to be three kinds of men—Tryers, Doubters and Stickers. An analysis convinces me that the percentage is: Tryers, 17%; Doubters, 60%; Stickers, 23%.

Tryers get the best by the expedient of trying everything and selecting top value. Rather a costly method, but some men cannot tolerate the idea of compromising on quality.

Doubters also want the best but they have to be shown. They come through in time.

Stickers are hopeless. To them, what is is right and what was is better. They travel through life backward, grieving for that which has passed. Progress offends them.

When Mennen's was put on the market, the Tryers climbed aboard in the first six months. The Doubters have been a more difficult problem but the recent tremendous increase in our sales shows that most of them are convinced at last.

I used to think I could get even the Stickers but time has brought clearer understanding of their strange psychology. Regretfully, I abandon them to the shaving methods of a period when beards were popular.

and afterwards-Mennen Talcum for Men-it doesn't show

What I am driving at is that one trial of Mennen Shaving Cream will convince any Doubter that he has missed years of supremely good shaves.

Jim Henry

(Mennen Salesman)

My demonstrator tube costs 10 cents by mail.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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the credit. This accounted for the spurt in construction during 1919. When the postwar bubble of prosperity burst, French industry, in the Yankee vernacular, got a wallop, and it is still staggering from the impact of the blow.

I could illustrate with endless instances. I know of a young Frenchman who sold tools before and during the war for an American house. His product was self-selling while the great struggle was on because it was merely a matter of getting the goods to France. He said to himself, "If I can sell tools for others why not for myself?" Whereupon he borrowed an immense sum and started in to make textile machinery. The moment he began to sell his output he went bang up against a deflated market, for all European textiles are in the doldrums.

The result was a crash, in which the enterprising young man found himself owing 20,000,000 francs, with assets of less than one-fourth that amount.

In ordinary circumstances he would have been bankrupt. Fortunately, he was able to avail himself of what the French call *règlement transactionnel* and save his business. The *règlement transactionnel* is the life-saver of French commercial enterprise. To understand it you must first know that bankruptcy in France, whether voluntary or otherwise, is regarded as a disgrace. The performance is vastly different from the American procedure, which is on occasion a first-aid to an easy business conscience. Although the French carry thrift to an extreme—it sometimes amounts to avarice—they guard their financial honor zealously and exhaust every possible resource before failure. During the war many reputable business men faced insolvency through circumstances over which they had no control. To prevent them from incurring the stigma of bankruptcy the law known as *règlement transactionnel* was promulgated.

A Mercantile Life-Saver

Under it an embarrassed individual or firm applies to the court for a custodian, who performs the same functions that a receiver does in this country. The essential difference is that the individual or firm maintains the integrity of the enterprise. The owner must obtain permission from the court to engage in any undertaking involving expenditure. Meanwhile the concern is kept intact and going. Just as soon as it extricates itself from entanglement the custodian is discharged and the normal tenor is resumed. The consequence is that throughout the period of stringency the firm maintains its credit and character, and suffers no handicap once the restraining influence of the court is removed. Through the operation of the *règlement transactionnel*, which has wisely been kept in force during the postwar period of readjustment, thousands of French firms have been able to stave off bankruptcy. Without it there would have been many failures.

The French industrial situation naturally depends largely upon the restoration of the factories ravaged during the war. The ten devastated departments—they correspond to our states—contributed 30 per cent of the total French industry. They produced 40 per cent of the sugar, 50 per cent of the coal, 63 per cent of the steel, 81 per cent of the textiles and 90 per cent of the iron ore. At the time of the armistice 20,603 works had suffered damage. Of this number nearly 5000 were completely destroyed; 6000 were plundered, while the remainder were so impaired as to require considerable repairs. On the basis of their value in 1914 the damage represented 7,000,000,000 francs, of which nearly 1,000,000,000 francs constituted the price of sabotage in the coal mines.

France turned to the restoration of these factories in the same spirit with which she assumed the task of salvaging the millions of acres of shell-torn soil. To speed up reconstruction in the liberated regions the government created a board of industrial reconstruction. It has been aided by the Central Association for the Revival of Industrial Activity in the Invaded Area, by a central purchasing board and scores of so-called regional committees. There have been government subsidies to reconstitute both the coal and sugar industries. At the outset there was a sharp conflict of opinion and demand. Every tiny commune, which is a parish, wanted to be restored at once. Tact had to be blended with manual labor and appropriation. The results tell the story of an amazing recovery.

At the end of 1918 the devastation among the factories was complete, for they stood stark and silent. Within six months 10 per cent of the prewar staffs were at work. On August 1, 1921, practically 50 per cent of the artisans employed in all the factories in the ten devastated departments were back on the job, despite the world economic crisis and all the other handicaps under which France has labored.

With physical rehabilitation the French have faced the kindred problem of replenishing personnel. The host engaged in national activities of all kinds has been reduced by more than 2,500,000 dead or permanently disabled in the war. An additional gap is due to the inability to train apprentices between 1914 and 1919. The French man power is not only depleted by these causes but also by that ancient obstacle, which is her low birth rate. In some of the departments there has been an excess of deaths over births since the war. Paris has grown by only 20,000 during the past ten years. In consideration of all these factors it is not surprising to learn that there is comparatively little unemployment in France, the total number of idle being not more than 200,000 at the utmost.

With absence of wide unemployment must be linked another constructive item. French labor has to a large extent purged itself of radicalism. Like the German workers they have found that revolutionary phrases buy no bread and wine.

The virus of politics which enters into French life has made no exception of the labor element. Where the English worker discusses paternalism and social programs his French colleague is inclined to hectic controversy over socialism and syndicalism. After the war radicalism became rampant and a series of strikes was inaugurated. When the railroad workers went out in May, 1920, the communist group was in control. The government rose to the emergency and the uprising was so badly scotched that the workers were glad to go back to their jobs. This and similar failures have put the French labor unions in their places. At the time I write this article the labor organizations in France have been reduced to one-fifth their former strength. The principal reason is political discord.

The one distinct gain in population is due to the redemption of Alsace-Lorraine, which has added 1,500,000 people. Here you touch one of the pressing problems of France. On my first visit to Paris years ago the heroic figures representing Strasburg and Metz in the Place de la Concorde, which were always draped in mourning, impressed me as much as the tomb of Napoleon.

For nearly half a century France mourned for Alsace and Lorraine. Now that the lost provinces are restored and have been part of France for three years, let us examine the economic consequences, for they reflect the general industrial situation.

Conditions in Alsace-Lorraine

A concrete story will illustrate why Alsace-Lorraine is in economic confusion. When I stopped over there on my way to Coblenz I engaged an automobile at the railway station. I wanted to see the statue of the former Kaiser, arrayed as an apostle, which still ornaments the cathedral. Before starting I asked the chauffeur in French how much he would charge for the trip. He replied in German. Furthermore, he could speak no French. The interesting fact was that this man came from French stock and is to-day a French citizen. He is beginning to learn what is in reality his mother tongue.

It took Germany fifteen or twenty years to convert Alsace-Lorraine from French to German. It will take at least half that time to reverse the operation. The provinces were largely Germanized. In addition to the 1,250,000 inhabitants of French origin there were 500,000 pure Germans. With peace they went back home. French is now the official language and the French idea is dominant, but language and ideals must be ingrained again. So much for the purely nationalistic aspect.

The trouble with Alsace and Lorraine to-day is that they were intimately bound up with the German economic structure. With swift and complete rupture from the parent economic body came the inevitable dissociation. The Lorraine iron mines, which are among the most valuable in Europe and which produce normally 21,000,000 tons of ore a year, are now turning out only one-third this amount, and some of it is going to Germany. The sixty-eight blast furnaces are also yielding only one-third of their output. The causes are the general slump in the iron trade and inability to compete with the German mills across the Rhine. France is dependent upon Germany for coke. The huge German furnaces in the Ruhr get German coke for one-half the price the French pay. German coke is much superior to the French article, and the Teutonic industrial overlords, like Stinnes and Thyssen, prefer to sell to their compatriots rather than to the enemy that humbled them in the war.

This condition is only temporary. France has for all time to come the immense equity represented by the Lorraine mine fields, and when the inevitable revival in business comes her metal position will be stronger than ever before. She will have an excess of iron for export and it will bulwark her trade in Belgium, Switzerland, Spain and South America.

After iron, the biggest asset redeemed to France by the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine is the immense Alsatian potash deposit. Before the war these mines were controlled by the famous German Potash Trust, which operated after the most approved traditions of monopoly. It restricted output on one hand and kept up the price for the alien on the other. The German farmer always got potash at a lower rate than the American. The German grip on potash is now broken. Up to 1916 it permitted the Alsatian fields to produce only 300,000 tons a year. The French are now turning out three times as much, while the German yield is reduced. German exports of potash to foreign countries show a marked decrease, while French exports, especially to the United States, have increased.

The French Coal Supply

The Germans, however, are determined to get rid of their product at any price. The former owners of the Alsatian mines are now sending potash from Germany into France at a price lower than the French cost of production. This compactly illustrates why Alsace-Lorraine is backward. The wages there are exactly three times higher than directly beyond the Rhine in Germany. While the French factories in general are turning out only a third of their output the Germans are working overtime.

The deeper you probe into the French industrial situation, the more strongly intrenched it becomes. Take the all-important matter of coal. If you know the economic history of Europe for the past decade and especially since the war, you are aware that coal spells the balance of power. Together with iron, German industrial supremacy was reared on it. The one defect in the Teutonic productive structure is a diminished coal reserve. For years France has struggled against a scant coal supply. Conditions became acute during the war, when every available ton had to be employed to stoke the armament machine. This is why there was so little hot water for baths in Paris and elsewhere from 1915 until 1919.

The French coal position is now stronger than it has been for a long time. To begin with, Germany is required to deliver 2,000,000 tons a month to her. She also gets the entire output of the Saar Basin, which may become French soil in 1935 if the plebiscite to be held then is favorable to France. Prior to 1914 more than half of the coal produced in France—the normal yield was 40,000,000 tons—came from the devastated area. Most of these mines were flooded by the Germans. It is a tribute to the industry of the French that this vandalism is being rapidly repaired. One-half of the mines are already in something like working order. The total coal output in France for 1920 was nearly 5,000,000 tons over the preceding year. She is still required to import approximately 20,000,000 tons, but with complete renewal of the native fields, plus the German indemnity coal, she will have small fuel anxiety. As a matter of fact, and because of the curtailment of her industry, France last summer was able to export coal for the first time in ten years. The irony was that she reexported to Germany coal that the Germans had sent her in reparation, a performance which must have given the Gaul infinite satisfaction.

France, however, is taking no chances. Like all the rest of Central Europe she is

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How Firestone Has Reduced the Cost of Tire Service

Size	Jan. 1921 Prices	Jan. 1922 Prices	Reduction
30 x 3½ Cord	$35.75	$17.50	51%
32 x 4 "	56.55	32.40	43%
33 x 4½ "	67.00	42.85	36%
33 x 5 "	81.50	52.15	36%
30 x 3 Fabric	18.75	9.85	47%
30 x 3½ "	22.50	11.65	48%

HOW the cost of building quality tires has been brought down to the lowest level in history was explained by H. S. Firestone, President of the Company, to the stockholders at the annual meeting on December 15, 1921:

1. *All inventories and commitments at or below the market.*
2. *Increased manufacturing efficiency and volume production reduced factory overhead 58%.*
3. *Selling costs reduced 38%.*

Mr. Firestone stated, "This accomplishment is made possible by our unusually advantageous buying facilities, and the enthusiasm, loyalty and determination of our 100% stockholding organization.

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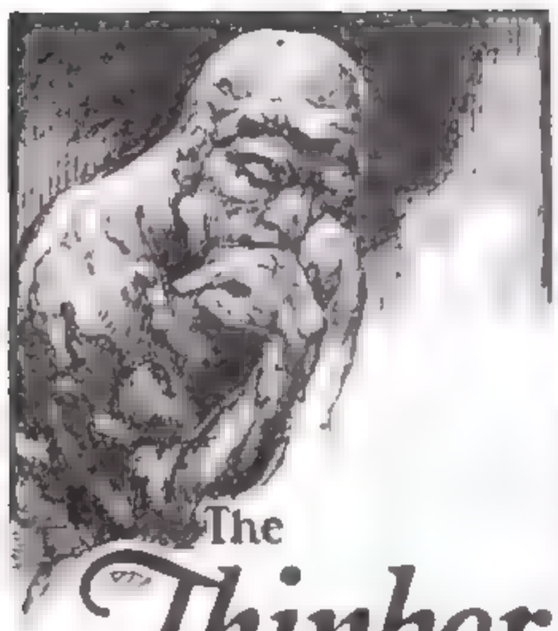

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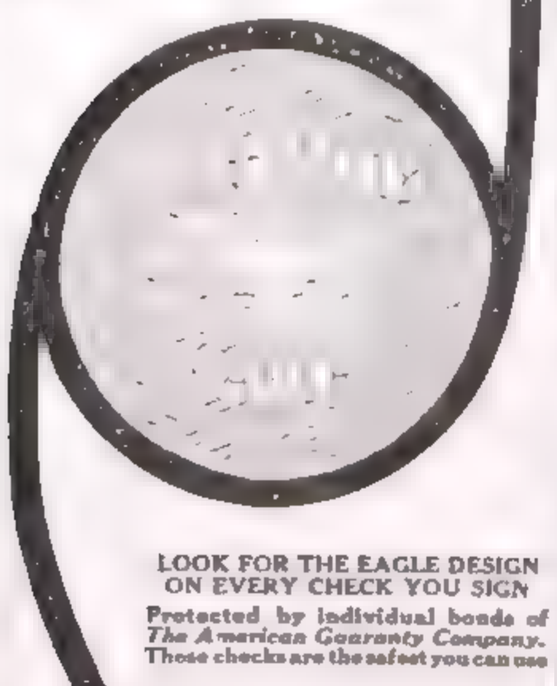

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The Bankers Supply Company

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(Continued from Page 34)

turning to water power as a means of stimulating production. A fresh impetus for this significant movement was given by American army engineers during the war, when the French coal situation was critical. Cargo room from England and the United States was sorely needed for the munitions of war. Coal is bulky and requires much space. We had to have power to drive the machinery of the American Expeditionary Force bakeries, salvage depots, air-service stations and shops generally. Under the auspices of what was known as the Technical Board, which was composed of distinguished engineers in khaki, we completed more than a hundred unfinished French power stations, and installed as many more. This work conveyed a two-fold benefit, for it gave electric heat and light to many communities which had not enjoyed these advantages before.

With peace and American retirement from France we practically turned all these projects over to the French, who have not only carried them on but struck out in new directions. The Pyrenees, for example, are full of power possibilities. One of the most unusual French undertakings is the recent attempt, under the auspices of American engineers, to harness the power of the tides on the coast of Finistère, near Brest. This enterprise in all its aspects, if carried out, will involve the expenditure of several billions of francs. Another projected undertaking has in view the conversion of the French zinc industry from coal to electric power. Practically all the zinc factories are in the Pas-de-Calais and use coal. Five tons of coal are needed to produce one ton of zinc. It is estimated that if the electrolytic process is used the French prewar output of nearly 70,000 tons of ore would be doubled.

I could run the range of all French industry and nearly everywhere point out some precaution that has been taken to counteract loss due to the universal depression. Sugar, which is an important product of France, will suffice. As the Cubans and Czechs, who are the principal sugar producers, know to their sorrow, it provided one of the prize postwar packages of bittersweet. In Cuba and Czecho-Slovakia the refiners overstayed their market, believing that the war scarcity would be followed by a tremendous demand. The reverse happened, for sugar prices collapsed. The French made no such mistake. They sold their output at the top price and retained only enough to meet the normal demands. There are no big stocks in the warehouses and the so-called invisible stocks among sirup and chocolate manufacturers have been reduced to a low figure. With the rebuilding of the factories in the north the industry gets a new flying start on prosperity.

Commercial Aviation

One French activity must be emphasized because of its value to war as well as peace, I mean aviation. In no other European country has flying made such fast and practical strides. There are five international lines radiating from France, including a trans-Mediterranean route. Aviation in France has reached the point where it is safer than railway travel. Scarcely a day passes without an accident on some French railroad, while during the last eighteen months French aëroplanes, not including military flights, have made nearly 10,000 voyages, carrying 21,000 passengers and 9000 tons of baggage, mails and freight, and have had only three accidents involving fatalities.

Two of these accidents were due to carelessness in landing. Unlike America and England, the French aviation expert has his government squarely behind him, and it means that France will lead the world, even surpassing the Germans, in the development of air traffic.

The French railways are bracing up. When the war ended they were in an almost desperate state of physical deterioration. The three great lines in the north—the Nord, the Est and the Etat—had borne the brunt of war service. Every available able-bodied employe on these and the other three routes, the Midi, the Orleans and the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean, had been called to service and many had died in action. It explains the number of accidents.

In consequence a plan has been formulated for complete reorganization which it is expected will bring about cooperation, standardization of rates and financial solidarity. The main features of the proposed new régime are the creation of a common central organization to coördinate methods of operation, and the formation of a board of management which will study all railroad problems and act as a liaison between the central administrative organization and the individual lines. The central body, to be designated as the Supreme Council of Railways, will include representatives chosen by the Minister of Public Works, delegates selected by the employes, and officers of the various companies. The board of management will consist of representatives of the railway administrations who are members of the supreme council. Among the first reforms will be a complete refinancing in the shape of long-term bonds to cover expenditures for renewals. They will be issued by each railway upon the advice of the supreme council and after approval by the Minister of Public Works and the Minister of Finance.

The nerve center of French rehabilitation is not in bank, bourse or business. It is in a simple office in the Rue St. Honoré in Paris, the same street through which the aristocrat-laden tumbrels rumbled in the bloody days of the Revolution, and where Louis Loucheur, Minister of the Liberated Regions, sits. He is the livest wire in the government. Where Briand does the spectacular oratorical job, Loucheur pulls the wires behind the scenes and says nothing, but he makes things happen.

A Chat With M. Loucheur

Most Americans know him, so far as his public life is concerned, as Minister of Munitions in the last two years of the war and as one of the sponsors of the Military Board of Allied Supply devised by Brig. Gen. Charles G. Dawes to coördinate all the Allied supply systems. Long before the outbreak of the great conflict Loucheur was a power in European railway construction. An engineer by profession, he planned and built a large part of the present Turkish railway system and laid down hundreds of kilometers of the Nord in France. He has also conducted an extensive contracting business. At the present moment he is regarded by many as the richest man in France. Among varied properties he owns one of the leading French daily newspapers.

Curiously enough, I talked with Loucheur almost immediately after I had interviewed his German confrère in reconstruction, Dr. Walter Rathenau, in Berlin. No two men could be more widely different in temperament. Loucheur is aggressive, while Rathenau is a dreamer and student; yet they not only agreed on the essential points of reparation in kind but have a wholesome respect for each other. In speaking of Rathenau to me Loucheur said: "He is a profound thinker and interested me greatly. He is also an idealist and you cannot build houses with ideals."

I asked Loucheur to sum up French reconstruction, and this is what he said:

"After the war France set to work more quickly and better than any other belligerent nation. The artisan returned to the factory, the farmer to his fields. As a result we have only 200,000 unemployed in France to-day and are much better off in this respect than England, who has more than 2,000,000 unemployed.

"The present condition of restoration in France is that our reconstruction is, roughly speaking, 25 per cent complete; 50 per cent of our factories are repaired and in working order, and 20 per cent of the houses have been repaired or rebuilt. Our agriculture is in some instances 90 per cent restored. I believe that France will have to work hard for another six or seven years to finish her task of reconstruction, but at the end of two years things will be much better. Take 1921. Our harvest was approximately 80 per cent of prewar harvests, and I am confident that at the end of two years our industrial production will aggregate 80 per cent of our prewar output.

"Of course reconstruction is dominated by the financial question. You may have noticed that in Germany and other countries people talk about the French as bad actors and say that if we were more reasonable things would more quickly return to normal. This is entirely wrong. We are far more reasonable than people think. I know how very hard it is for Germany to pay such large sums of money every year, but it is very difficult to make the man in the street see that. You cannot get the average man to understand exchange problems of international finance. The value of the gold mark and the paper franc and their relation to international payments are technical matters which the public as a whole does not grasp. Naturally our people feel badly when they hear that beyond the Rhine German industry is working full blast and is producing goods cheaper than we can do in France. They do not realize that this is brought about largely by the depreciation of German currency.

"The proposition of Germany to supply labor to reconstruct our devastated areas is one which I cannot accept because, although it is true that the German Government would pay the German labor with paper marks, the German laborer would have to eat in France and pay for his food with French francs. That would be the major part of the expense. If Germany can find the francs to pay for German labor in France she had much better give me the French francs than the German labor, because I have here available quite enough labor to reconstruct the devastated area. Besides, if I undertook reconstruction with German labor I should create unemployment in France.

"Unrest will continue and economic conditions will remain disturbed until we can get Central Europe and Russia back on their feet again. The reason is that with 300,000,000 consumers unable to purchase anything, production is necessarily impaired. In my opinion permanent peace is entirely dependent upon work, and we shall have restoration of normal conditions only when the world gets back to normal labor again."

For the final and in many respects the most vital phase of France in transition I have reserved the spectacle that focuses poignant interest. It is the return of the native to his ravaged homestead in the north. Endless and abstract sobstuff has been poured out about the devastated area. The important fact to be revealed is just what has been accomplished in the way of practical restoration.

The American Committee

With agriculture you get at the backbone of France, for 50 per cent of the population are engaged in it. Continuity of land ownership is a fetish in the rural family. The eldest son inherits property, and only by unanimous agreement can the tenure be broken up. The farmer seldom keeps books and is therefore almost immune from taxation.

Before the war mere mention of the French peasant conjured up Millet's masterpiece, The Angelus, a picture of religious peace brooding over a garnished and productive landscape. To-day The Man With the Hoe toils amid the aftermath of desolation. The patient industry that enabled him to wrest wealth from the soil with primitive implements has again wrought plenty in the fields wracked by war.

Factory rehabilitation has been duplicated on the farms. On August 1, 1914, the population in the ten war-torn departments was 4,690,183. At the time of the armistice it had been reduced to 2,189,456, which shows the extent of the refugee migration. On November first last it was 4,163,253. The peace dove had scarcely flapped its wings for the first time before the French peasant was back in the ruins of his old home, living in a dugout and cooking soup in a German helmet. Tenacious and stubborn, he is a marvel of a worker. It explains why an 80 per cent crop was harvested in the old battle area in 1921. I doubt if any other agricultural people in the world could have duplicated this performance. Instead of first building proper dwellings they have been content to live in shacks, and concentrate on production.

As with aviation, the government has endowed agriculture. In 1920 it advanced 350,000,000 francs to the farmer proprietors. With characteristic caution the subsidies were paid in installments. The cultivator had to demonstrate that he had employed his quota in clearing the land of barbed wire and other war impedimenta before he got his seed and other aid.

Not only did American soldiers help valiantly to rid Northern France of the invader but constructive American philanthropy has contributed to the redemption of the soil and the people. Peculiarly significant has been the work of the American Committee for Devastated France— Comité Américain Régions Dévastées—which is

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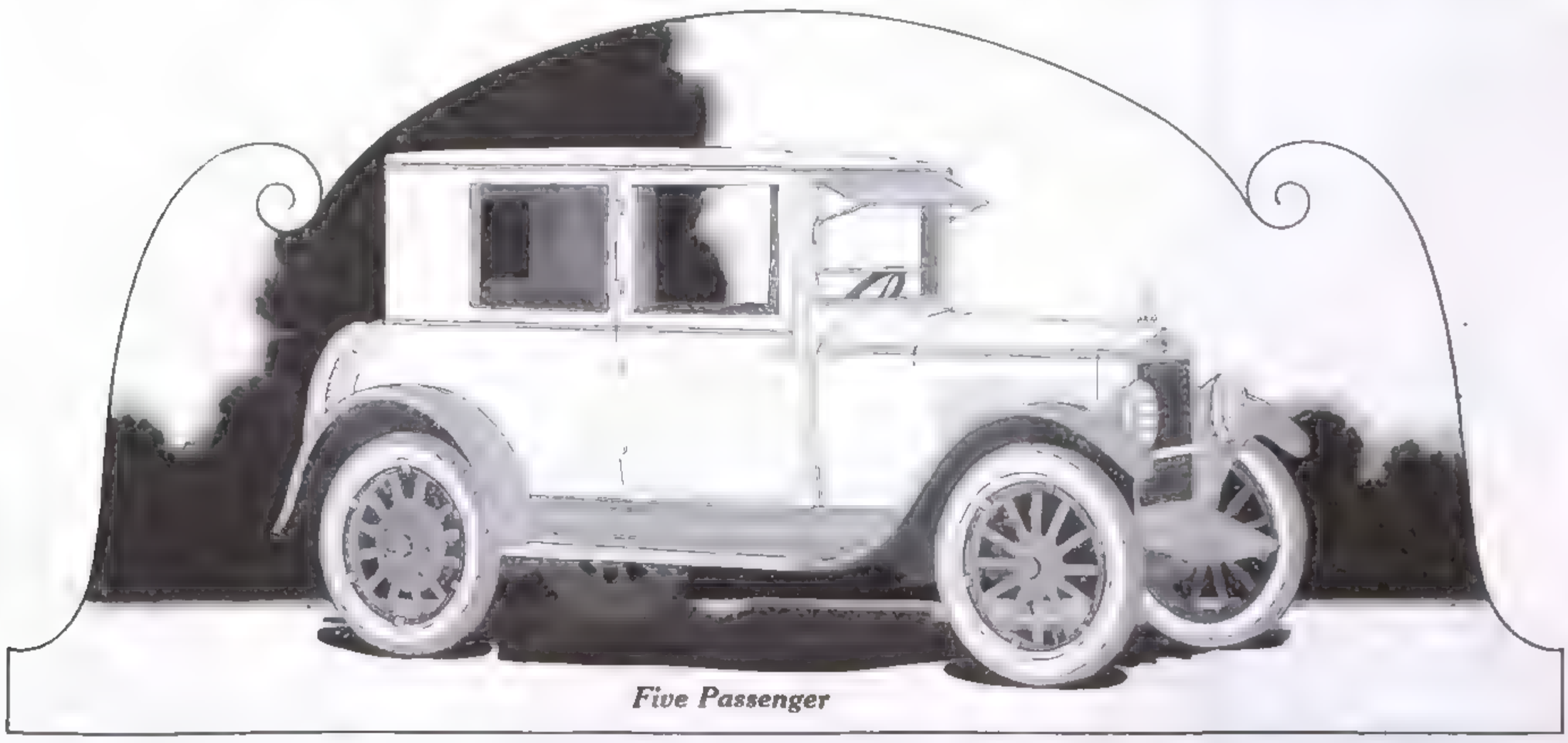

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better known in the field of its labors as the C.A.R.D. It launched its efforts in 1917 when Marshal Petain took a group of ten American women, headed by Miss Anne Morgan, chairman of the committee, and Mrs. A. M. Dike, now the commissioner in France, to the little village of Blerancourt, and invited them to help the peasants get back on their feet. It was just after the Hindenburg retreat and the zone of the fighting armies was still near. Hardly had the work got started before a fresh German invasion wiped it out.

After the armistice the committee re-established itself with Blerancourt as the G.H.Q. of its domain. What is now known as the American Sector is made up of the four cantons of Soissons, Coucy-le-Château, Anizy and Vic-sur-Aisne, in the Department of the Aisne. Here you can see everywhere the workers of the C.A.R.D.—it is an all-woman venture—wearing their horizon-blue uniforms—the French army color, a special dispensation from Marshal Petain—driving ambulances and trucks or working as nurses and administrators. The general scheme has been to adapt the American social-settlement idea to meet French traditions.

Helping the Farmers

The American theory that social service calls for personal contact between the helped and the helper was absolutely unknown to the French peasant until the C.A.R.D. got into action. When the French ruralist has a grievance he invariably turns to the state for redress or assistance. The practicality of voluntary help never occurs to him.

When a well-bred American girl entered the French farmhouse, washed the baby or acted as intermediary between the farmer and the prefect in a minor grievance it was a revelation.

The C.A.R.D. has had to overcome the bitter prejudice and allay the fears of the peasant, who is a simple but inflexible soul. It has not been easy. Take one example: A hospital was erected in the midst of the area taken over by the committee. Even in large cities a French workman is terrified at the idea of a hospital, while in the country districts this dread is intensified. To tell an old Frenchwoman that she is to be taken to a hospital is like notifying her that she has been condemned to death and abandoned by her people. In spite of this attitude the hospital has become so popular that its capacity was increased three times to meet the demand, and is far from adequate now. Mothers often postpone christenings so that their children may be taken to church in a C.A.R.D. ambulance.

With social reconstruction has gone agricultural uplift. Before the war the Department of the Aisne was one of the garden spots of France. For four years it was a battleground. Across it lay the huge gash of the Hindenburg Line. So frightful was the devastation that only 18 per cent of the population in some sections have been able to return. In the heart of it is the Zone Rouge—Red Zone—crossed by the Chemin des Dames, where bloody conflict raged incessantly and where so much poison gas was used that the rabbits which nibble the scant herbage to-day die almost immediately. Into this leprous-looking land the C.A.R.D. has injected not only hope but definite aid.

The American women realized that reconstruction of the farms lay in cooperation. The French peasant, however, is an extreme individualist and only dire necessity could have broken down this barrier. Under the auspices of the C.A.R.D. the whole area was regarded as one big farm and agricultural syndicates were formed, which pooled plowing, planting and harvesting. In acquiescing to this plan the French farmer made a tremendous concession, because he delights in a small and intensively cultivated tract. To speed up the work these indefatigable American women imported batteries of tractors, which were operated free of cost to the farmer.

Now we come to an evidence of the French peasant's stubbornness. The tractors were used to break up the wire-ridden land in 1919 and 1920. This enabled the farmers to get back to something like normal. When the spring of 1921 came along and preparations were made for a new tractor offensive some of the peasants rebelled, saying that they preferred to cultivate the individual farms on their own, and with horses.

When one of the American workers asked a wizened old man near Blerancourt why he wanted to use an animal-drawn plow his answer was, "I must have a horse because a horse can not only work in the field week days but take the family to mass on Sunday. A tractor cannot take us to church."

The larger coöperative idea, however, is firmly rooted in the Aisne. In 1914 there were a dozen passive agricultural syndicates, while to-day more than 335 are in active operation. The social side of rural life has been broadened and lightened. Traveling and local libraries are opening the eye and mind of the mentally starved childhood of the provinces to the delights of fairy tales. In the library at Vic I saw a venerable woman, her hands gnarled with toil, poring over a French version of Mother Goose. At Anizy, where the C.A.R.D. has a big social center, the Sunday-night entertainments for the old folks have put the one café temporarily out of business on the Sabbath evening. For France this is nothing short of a miracle.

This café—a makeshift one-story board structure—is about the only one that has been put up in a village absolutely wiped out by bombardment. It bears a sign reading, "Hotel de l'Europe—Facilities for banquets and weddings." The rearing of this place of entertainment as the first step in civic regeneration emphasizes a curious trait in the French. The café in France is the poor man's club. It is never abused as was the American saloon. With the exception of the bakery it always comes first in construction. The same thing applies to colonial development. The Englishman's initial procedure overseas is to establish a bank, the Spaniard builds a church, the German starts a store, and the Frenchman opens a café.

The Plucky Delans

In order to stimulate reconstruction the C.A.R.D. held a fair in the autumn of 1921 and awarded prizes for progress and perseverance. The highest honors at Anizy were won by Albert Delan, aged sixty, and his wife, who is in her seventieth year. They had owned a small farm at Allement, from which they were driven during the war. In August, 1919, and although not another human being had returned to their village, which had been razed to the ground, or to any of the adjacent hamlets, this aged couple came back. With difficulty they located the site of their farmhouse. Near by was a trench with a series of dugouts. For eight months they lived in one of these dark, dank holes, all the while clearing up their fields. It was a day's journey to the nearest source of food, and a full hour's walk to the most accessible unpolluted well, for the Germans had poisoned nearly all cisterns. Theirs was the first farm in the parish to raise a crop.

When they were awarded the prize Delan, on being complimented for his stamina, made this reply: "Yes, it was hard, but we had to come back. This farm is all we have. It is our land. We were born peasants. We have always lived from what we made from the soil, and, please God, we intend to die that way."

In the courage and character of this obscure peasant—he is the symbol of his kind—you have an exemplification of the qualities that will not only make possible the complete restoration of France but guarantee her future.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation. The next and last will be devoted to England.

TIDING OVER

(Continued from Page 6)

"'But those days are over in our little prairie metropolis. To-day our farmers are buying just about three things—cattle for feeding, tires and gasoline, and the last two commodities are used for business purposes. In short, they are used as basic agricultural necessities. We have a conclusive demonstration of the fact that it is not the use but the abuse of automobiles which is an extravagance. We have seen them used both ways by the farmers of this region. Anyone who argues that the automobile is a luxury to the typical farmer of the Middle West doesn't know farm conditions and the value of the elimination of distance and loss of time effected by the automobile in farm work and farm life. Automobile salesmanship in the agricultural states in the next few years is going to recognize this fact. The farmer who doesn't have a car of some sort is an industrial back number and is working under a competitive handicap. He moves into the extravagant class when he gets too expensive a car or when he adds to the legitimate sensible use of any car a meringue of joy-riding and jazz.'

"That seems to me a common-sense analysis of the automobile situation so far as the farmer is concerned."

A banker in a big Eastern city sketched the situation in these terms:

"Small individual borrowers are not quite so wild in their borrowing efforts as they were when we first hit the downgrade, but they are still seeking loans for purposes which are unjustifiable and even absurd. For example, a year ago last spring a woman owning her small home attempted to borrow a thousand dollars from the bank. Failing there she went to a building-and-loan association. Here she was told that in order to borrow a thousand she would have to put four hundred into the stock of the association. In other words, only six hundred dollars of the loan would be immediately available to her. She remarked that while she needed the full thousand she would have to get along with the six hundred if that was the best that could be done. When pressed for the reason why she was so anxious to borrow this money she answered: 'I'm going to spend the season at the seashore.'

"Those who are seeking for small personal loans now give some very flimsy excuses, but I think there is something in the air to-day which would prevent even this woman from attempting to borrow a thousand dollars that she might spend a season at the seashore. The pressure of public opinion, the awakened moral sense of her own community and of the nation would force upon her the consciousness that such a loan was too absurd to be considered. When we were in the full swing of the jazz era of spending and borrowing this request did not seem at all unreasonable to her. She wanted to go to the seashore. All her acquaintances were having what they wanted, regardless. Why shouldn't she have her big wish? But now the pep has oozed out of the spending craze and our national faith in the god of luck is cold and cautious. You are correct in the supposition that a large part of individual borrowing to-day is for the purpose of saving the face of borrowers, as the Chinese put it—of avoiding the humiliation of reducing the family scale of living."

There is one type of bank in America which specializes in the small personal loan. There are few large cities in this country which are without a financial institution of this kind. Most of its loans are not made upon physical collateral but upon personal character. In this connection, however, it should be said that each borrower must have two indorsers. I sought the credit man of an institution of this kind in a large city. Our conversation opened with the remark on my part that I'd really like to get the firing range on the causes behind the present pressure of small borrowing to-day; that, though I had a conviction that much of it was induced by extravagance in the past and reluctance to come down to a lower plane of living, I also recognized the fact that the shift from free living to close living could not be made in a minute and certainly could not be a painless process.

"Yes," he replied; "those of us who have not been guilty of extravagance to some extent in the war years and since are few and far between—so scarce as to be freaks—and by 'us' I refer to wage and salary earners and business and professional men and women of moderate income. There is not one in ten thousand of these who is in position to throw stones at the spenders. But there are two sides to this matter of readjustment. As one who is obliged to give responsible consideration to

(Continued on Page 40)

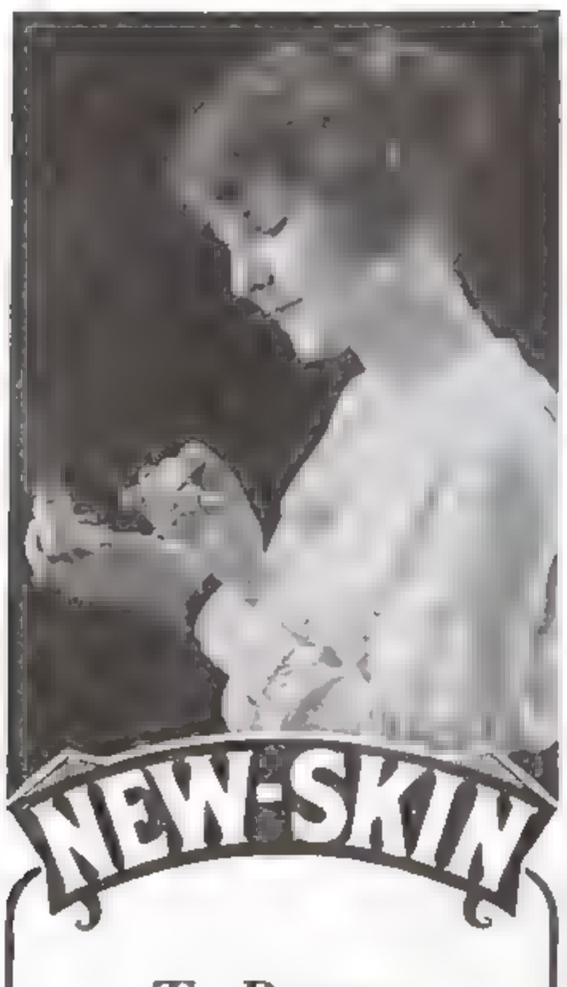
A Better Car—at a Lower Price

The Paige 6-44 was introduced to the public at $1965. It now costs $1465—a saving in money of $500.

But the greatly decreased list price is not the only advantage. The New Series 6-44 is today a *better* car than it ever was before. It is the finished product of ripe experience—the last word of the Paige Engineering Staff.

These are plain, blunt facts that establish the Paige 6-44 as the soundest investment value in the light six field.

Cold figures prove that you can buy this car with absolute confidence so far as your pocket book is concerned. One demonstration will prove that it is the car that you *want*—irrespective of cost.



To Protect Cuts

One cannot improve on nature's way of healing little hurts. But one can aid the process by protecting the place from further injury and by keeping out germs of infection.

NEW-SKIN

New-Skin does both. It is an antiseptic dressing which protects the wound with a transparent germ-proof film. This covering—waterproof, flexible and sanitary—permits the new tissues to form without entrance of germs.

Minor accidents are always occurring. Give them prompt attention.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin."

NEWSKIN COMPANY

New York Toronto London

(Continued from Page 38)

this problem and make an individual application of it many times a day, I have to confess that I regard the person who has not, in the past few years, lived on a scale which strict prudence would not warrant as either more or less than human. And the banker, of all men, is obliged to deal with human beings 'as is' and not as they should be in an ideal state.

"While it is true that one of the first and most decisive questions which we put up to a prospective borrower is, Have you ever saved any money? the fact that an applicant cannot answer that inquiry in the affirmative or that he goes to the extent of confessing that he has lived beyond his means does not put him into the poor-loan class with us.

"Here at this desk there is not a minute of the day when I'm not called upon to remember that the great mass of workers are living almost from hand to mouth and that even the more frugal of them have not enough property or savings to serve as a buffer against the pack of misfortunes which lurk in the background of every life—sickness, unemployment, accident, loss by fire, loss of savings through poor investment, and many other things. There are more persons who are maintaining a delicate balance between playing even and being broke than are not doing so—far more! The great mass of workers are existing on what I call a good-luck margin—a sort of No Man's Land between the trenches of Prosperity and Calamity.

"So long as their luck holds out they are able to smile and consider life worth living; but a temporary attack of sickness or even of what might be termed a minor misfortune, and they have to signal for the loan ambulance. Millions of persons inhabit this narrow strip where their tenancy depends entirely upon continued and unbroken good luck or lack of misfortune.

"This brings us up against the most numerous reasons behind the loans made by this and other banks which lend to the individual borrower in small amounts. Meeting an unsuspected emergency is almost the universal reason given by those who would borrow of us. The unexpected has happened, their run of good luck has been broken, and they must have some means of tiding over until they have met this attack of misfortune.

"Look at this batch of applications for loans. Here's a man who has worked thirteen years in the post office and is not getting two thousand dollars a year. Until recently he received less than now. He is obliged to pay thirty-five dollars a month rent and furnish his own heat. His application is for a loan of one hundred dollars for the purchase of coal and clothing. This is a natural, seasonal emergency."

The Item of High Rent

"The next application is from a man thirty-five years old who has worked in one wholesale-clothing house for five years. His reason for borrowing is a common one. The doctors have told his wife that she must have an operation. The number of borrowers for operations is amazing. The shadow of the operating table is upon an astounding number of homes and sends thousands upon thousands of applicants for loans to discount windows.

"Here is a railway accountant earning two hundred dollars a month and paying fifty dollars rent. He says that his main reason for wishing to borrow is to equip his children for school, but that he is behind on certain store bills which climbed up on him before he realized it. His reason is a good one; the relation between his salary and his rent is also reasonable. This is a matter which we watch very closely in these days. We have to. For one thing, we do not propose to underwrite the greed of landlords. Of course we couldn't afford to do so as a business matter.

"I am convinced that the housing shortage generally has been exaggerated. Some cities may be an exception, but I believe these are few. High rents are a fertile cause of personal borrowing. Many of our patrons are paying ninety dollars a month rent and earning one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred dollars a month. This is paying altogether too large a proportion of income for shelter and heat. It must be remembered, too, that rent is one of the fixed and inflexible items of family expense; generally speaking, it can be operated on but once a year. The renter has just one shot at this item in the whole twelve months. At the time when most families had a chance to lay the ax to this item there was a general housing scare and renters became panicky with the fear that they would not be able to obtain any housing accommodations of a decent or adequate kind. Therefore they stood for the rent raise and hoped for the best. But as a rule the worst instead of the best has happened. Most renters are now in a mood to make deeper cuts in their expenditures than they were when they signed their leases. They have adjusted themselves to living on a lower scale—but they can't give practical expression to this changed attitude so far as the largest item of their family expenditures is concerned. That is fixed for a year—in many cases for longer.

"What is the upshot of this? Thousands upon thousands of tenants in this city and others are attempting to meet this emergency by renting rooms. This practice has been found to be highly destructive of family privacy, and consequently of family peace. It has gone far towards making divorce as common among persons of small or moderate income as with the idle rich, who are supposed to be the real divorce fans.

"But I have mentioned this matter of rental to indicate that adjustment to changed conditions of income is not always possible. It is easy to say that the average family is at fault for not trimming expenditures to meet decreased income or increased cost of the absolute necessities of life, but it should be remembered that several of the larger items of expense—like rent, the cost of shelter and heat—are fixed and cannot be altered at will."

Debt and Progress

"The inevitable outcome of this condition is that several millions of citizens who are doing their level best to meet the emergency must have a little money with which to tide over, as they express it, to carry them to the time when these large expense items can be reduced or when the application of severe frugality to those lines of expenditures which are open to change will have put them in a position to play even. Often this is a long process.

"In view of all these considerations I'm a little slow to condemn a man as a wastrel simply because he happens to be up against it and forced to borrow. And I am equally hesitant about blaming men and women for wanting to live better than they have lived. This impulse is the thing behind all progress and those who are without it are not doing much to move civilization forward. The line between better living and unrestrained pleasure seeking is not always distinct. In fact, I think it seldom is. My sympathies are with those who want to live a fuller life to-day and to-morrow than they lived yesterday—and who find themselves crowding their resources a bit in order to do so. They'll get somewhere if they don't try to push too fast.

"Living without regard to consequences and insisting upon dancing when we have nothing with which to pay the fiddler are simply a natural impulse gone wild. This helps immensely to swell the crop of would-be borrowers. And this element has, I admit, been distressingly large in the years of the World War and since. But it isn't fair to class all who are hard pushed and are pleading for small loans, with these devotees of the god Jazz. Far from it. Lots of them are simply good livewires who have overreached themselves a little in their efforts to live a bit more fully, and especially to give their wives and children increased comforts and coveted luxuries. As I see it, they should not be heavily penalized for this natural and thoroughly human impulse. Instead they should be helped to keep that progressive spirit but to exercise it with better judgment. That's what we're trying to do here to some extent—not from motives of philanthropy but because it seems to be a field in banking which is both profitable and economically constructive. It is wonderfully interesting. An analysis of a large number of small personal loans is remarkably illuminating. We have a survey of this sort made from time to time just to give us a more graphic view of our job. And it certainly achieves that result. Here is an analysis of three hundred twenty-four current loans amounting to ninety-five thousand eight hundred dollars. Look them over and draw your own conclusions. You will find some interesting revelations. There is, in fact, a human story behind every one of those loans—a distinct contribution to the struggle of readjustment which we are all in as a result of the World War and the economic situation which preceded and followed it."

The largest group in this body of small borrowers is covered by the general classification "Miscellaneous bills, mostly household expenses." There are eighty-one entries, in a total of three hundred twenty-four, under this heading. But it should be borne in mind that this grouping is general. Not so with the third largest class, "Doctor's bills." Of this band of borrowers sixty-three came to the loan window to get funds to settle with their physicians. This grouping is specific. "To clear up old back debts" is the reason given in the documents signed by sixty-eight borrowers.

Before following this analysis further it is interesting to know something of the circumstances of the persons involved in this debtors' tale. Of the three hundred twenty-four borrowers two hundred seventy-five are renters, and forty-nine own the homes in which they live. The average monthly income of these borrowers is one hundred ninety-six dollars.

Returning to this illuminating showing of reasons for borrowing, it is significant that nineteen made loans in order to pay their taxes, while eighteen borrowed to make first payments on homes. Thirteen signed notes for money with which to pay for repairs on their homes, and fifteen borrowed money with which to meet interest already due. Sixteen secured funds with which to put in a supply of coal. Only nine of three hundred twenty-four loans were to get money with which to buy clothes. Seven borrowed to pay interest on mortgages and five to pay funeral expenses, while ten went to the discount window to borrow money for lodge dues, and six borrowed money for vacation expenses. Only three negotiated loans for the purchase of automobiles. Two borrowed to secure divorces, and two, also, to buy musical instruments. Only one borrowed for educational purposes.

A glance at this company of borrowers from an occupational viewpoint is illuminating. A stenographer borrowed seven hundred fifty dollars to pay rent and take up old notes; a switchman with a pay check of one hundred eighty-nine dollars touched the bank for five hundred dollars to settle with his landlord and make the first payment on a home of his own. The rent ghost seems to haunt even undertakers, for here is one giving his monthly income as six hundred seventy dollars who has borrowed five hundred dollars with which to pay his landlord.

A professional bill collector is listed as borrowing one hundred dollars with which to pay a doctor's bill. A clerk entered as earning fifty dollars a month borrowed two hundred dollars with which to pay his taxes and insurance.

What They Needed Money For

Only a glance at this record of obligations is necessary to indicate that a comfortable salary does not always spell immunity from financial worry. Here is a restaurant secretary receiving six hundred seventy dollars a month and borrowing thirty-five hundred dollars to take care of debts; a salesman getting a salary of four hundred dollars a month who borrows five hundred dollars with which to establish himself in the good graces of the landlord; an engineer earning four hundred twenty dollars, who secures a loan of three hundred dollars to pay debts and rent; a matron receiving six hundred forty-five dollars a month has to borrow two hundred dollars for building repairs; a treasurer getting four hundred dollars has to borrow two hundred dollars in order to make his peace with his landlord; and a dentist with a four hundred dollar monthly income borrowed five hundred dollars to pay rent and debts.

The special notations in the column of this loan sheet headed "Remarks" are far more human and touching than the general run of tombstone epitaphs. Here are a few samples:

To catch up with expenses caused by wife's illness.

To carry out ideas on an improved milling machine.

To start housekeeping.

To get brother's body out of vault and bury him.

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BETTER THAN RICHES

There was once a rug-maker of Persia noted for the beauty of his work, and his name was Ali Ben Sahrab.

Many buyers came and waited for him, knowing that his rugs were good; while the merchants in the market-place despised the poor weaver who had little to sell, though that little was of the finest quality.

Once late at night, as he bent lovingly over his loom, these merchants came secretly to him, saying, "Why do you waste so much time over each small rug when you might make many and sell to us at a great profit?"

And Ben Sahrab answered with the wisdom of Solomon: "A good name is better than riches, and service is above silver or gold. I am content."

The manufacturer who is too much concerned with profit cannot build an enduring business. Certainly he never makes the best product in his field. Invariably there is another manufacturer in the same field whose pride of product is greater than his pride of profit and his name comes to be the mark of all that is finest and most enduring.

The Squibb Laboratories were founded by Dr. Edward R. Squibb, a distinguished physician and a learned chemist, whose desire was to set a new and higher standard of quality in the manufacture of pharmaceutical and chemical products.

As a physician, the founder of the House of Squibb knew that products of this class must be pure to be useful and safe. As a chemist, he knew that such purity was within the power of science.

From the beginning, the House of Squibb resolved to make its products so good that their worth could not fail to be recognized. The business, therefore, could not fail to grow. As it grew the facilities of growth were used to make still better products and the business grew more.

For more than half a century, the name Squibb has been recognized as full guaranty of skill, knowledge and honor in the manufacture of chemical and pharmaceutical products made exclusively for the medical profession, and used only by the physician and the surgeon.

The name Squibb on HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS is equally valued as positive assurance of true purity and reliability.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda — exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.

Squibb's Epsom Salt — free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.

Squibb's Sodium Phosphate — a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.

Squibb's Cod Liver Oil — selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamine.

Squibb's Olive Oil — selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Sugar of Milk — specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.

Squibb's Boric Acid — pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.

Squibb's Castor Oil — specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.

Squibb's Stearate of Zinc — a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream — made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.

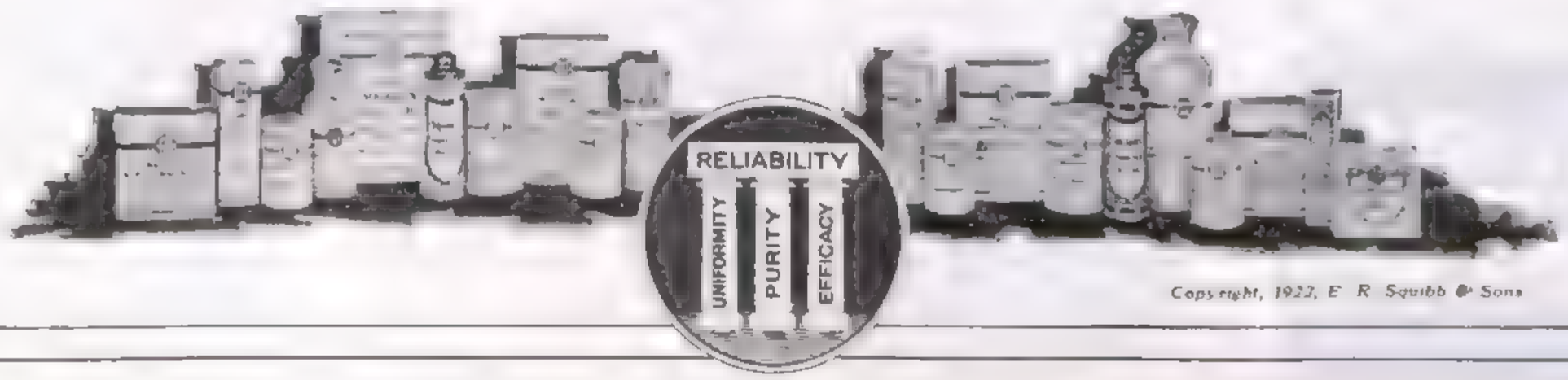
Squibb's Talcum Powder — a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Boudoir, Carnation, Violet and Unscented.

Squibb's Cold Cream — an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Squibb's Pure Spices — specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.
"The Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

SQUIBB



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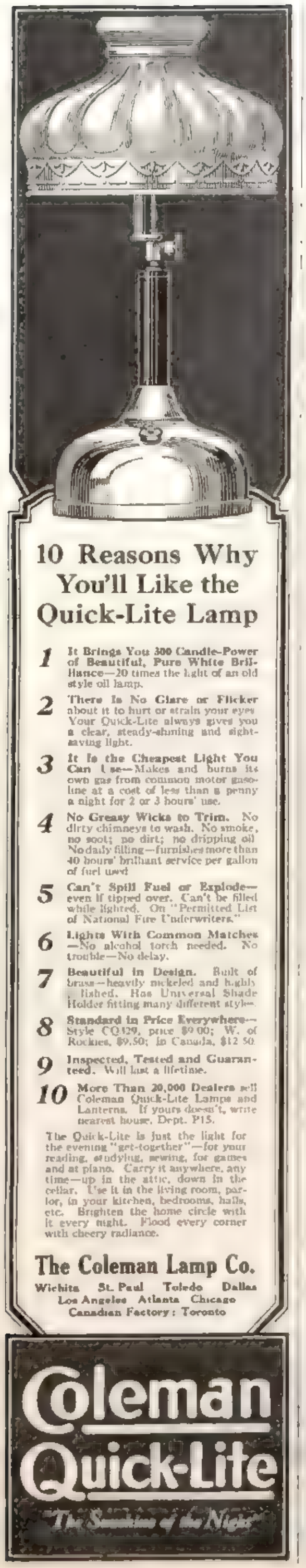

10 Reasons Why You'll Like the Quick-Lite Lamp
1 It Brings You 300 Candle-Power of Beautiful, Pure White Brilliance—20 times the light of an old style oil lamp.
2 There Is No Glare or Flicker about it to hurt or strain your eyes. Your Quick-Lite always gives you a clear, steady-shining and sight-saving light.
3 It Is the Cheapest Light You Can Use—Makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline at a cost of less than a penny a night for 2 or 3 hours' use.
4 No Greasy Wicks to Trim. No dirty chimneys to wash. No smoke, no soot; no dirt; no dripping oil. No daily filling—furnishes more than 40 hours' brilliant service per gallon of fuel used.
5 Can't Spill Fuel or Explode—even if tipped over. Can't be filled while lighted. On "Permitted List of National Fire Underwriters."
6 Lights With Common Matches—No alcohol torch needed. No trouble—No delay.
7 Beautiful in Design. Built of brass—heavily nickeled and highly polished. Has Universal Shade Holder fitting many different styles.
8 Standard in Price Everywhere—Style CQ429, price $9.00; W. of Rockies, $9.50; in Canada, $12.50.
9 Inspected, Tested and Guaranteed. Will last a lifetime.
10 More Than 20,000 Dealers sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns. If yours doesn't, write nearest house, Dept. P15.
The Quick-Lite is just the light for the evening "get-together"—for your reading, studying, sewing, for games and at piano. Carry it anywhere, any time—up in the attic, down in the cellar. Use it in the living room, parlor, in your kitchen, bedrooms, halls, etc. Brighten the home circle with it every night. Flood every corner with cheery radiance.
The Coleman Lamp Co.
Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas
Los Angeles Atlanta Chicago
Canadian Factory: Toronto
Coleman
Quick-Lite
The Sunshine of the Night

(Continued from Page 40)

To buy clothing for brother just in from Europe.

To pay son's funeral expenses.

To save brother's home.

To move brother-in-law to where he has a job waiting.

To send children to boarding school.

To pay mother's storage.

To send wife who is in run-down condition away for a few months' rest.

To furnish mother with needed funds.

To send wife to Oregon to see aged parents.

To help relatives in old country.

Now for a glance at a few applications: Here is a brief record of a young-woman stenographer earning twenty-five dollars a week in a permanent position and having neither debts nor dependents. She asks for two hundred dollars to help relatives in Rumania who are in dire need. This application is indorsed "Approved."

Another is from a young man drawing an excellent salary and having first-class character qualifications who wishes to borrow six hundred dollars for an engagement ring. The attitude of the bank is indicated by a vigorous "No!" An application from a young woman for a loan of two hundred dollars for the purchase of wearing apparel was apparently undecided.

When comment was made on this the chief credit man remarked:

"That application is typical of thousands which come to us in the course of a year. Here is a young woman of twenty-seven earning about one hundred twenty-five dollars a month as a saleslady. At first blush it might appear that to make this loan would be merely to encourage her in extravagance. But let's look at the considerations on the other side: First, she lives with her parents, who are in fairly comfortable circumstances. There are some reasons for thinking that perhaps she is not obliged to work, but does so because she is naturally independent. So far as the risk element in this loan is concerned it is very small. Second, consider the question of reasonableness. The nature of this young woman's work demands that she shall dress well and make a pleasing appearance. Again, there is a purely feminine consideration to support the reasonableness of this request. My attention was called to it by one of the young women employed in this bank—we have many of them in highly responsible positions and find their viewpoint on loan applications highly valuable. She remarked that an unmarried girl of about twenty-seven would just naturally pay more attention to her clothes and appearance than she had when younger or than she would when older; that the closing of the twenties is a most critical period in the life of any young woman who faces the possibility of being an unmarried woman of thirty or more."

Taking a Long Chance

"Altogether it seems to me that this applicant has a fairly good case. She belongs to a very numerous class of young women who are decidedly of the better sort and whose presence in the business world is wholesome and stimulating to other girls who have never known the educational and social advantages of these semi-independent girls who might live on their parents if they would. Girls of this type are quite generally pacemakers in matters of taste and intellectual interests in the offices and stores where they are employed. I have had this viewpoint drilled into me by the young-women executives in our employ. This is rather important, as we make thousands of loans to working girls and women."

Digging into the archives of the small-loan business has brought to light the great constructive possibilities of this peculiar kind of banking. Here is a typical example. About four years ago a barber came to a certain Morris-plan bank shortly after it had been opened. He confessed that he had small hopes of getting help but that he was in so desperate a situation that he could not afford to overlook any promise of possible relief.

Family misfortune had thrown him off his financial balance and he had gone to the loan sharks for relief—with the result that he was deep in their clutches. But a thorough investigation showed that he was sober, industrious and saving, and was not given to gambling; his hard luck was the real thing and the result of his own folly.

Here was a fine opportunity to test one of the theories behind the foundation of the bank—the assumption that loans of this character would exert a positive constructive influence both as to business and character building. In order to get this man free from the grasp of the loan sharks it was necessary to stake him rather heavily—to the extent of one-third of his annual income. This was taking rather a long chance, but the bank manager decided the possibilities made the risk worth while.

This borrower did not miss a payment. When his debt was cleared up he confessed that the help he had been given had put his courage up to the point where he was ready to attempt the realization of his big ambition—to buy a barber shop and become his own boss. He knew of a shop which suited him and could be bought at a reasonable price. The bank looked into the matter, decided that his judgment was good, and lent him the money. This debt was paid before it was due. Not long after the last payment for the purchase of the shop was made he again appeared at the bank and told the official from whom he had made his previous loans that he had found a house convenient to his shop which he wished to buy. This would require a down payment of considerable size. His request for a loan of this amount was readily granted. About two years later he became a borrower once more to lift the mortgage on the home. For good and sufficient reasons he wished to have a clear title to his home in his possession.

The Pushcart Man With Push

A little while later he once more appeared at the desk of his financial adviser and confessed: "Being out of debt may be all right for some men, but I'm loosening up too much. Having my nose tight to the grindstone seems to agree with me. What would you advise?"

He was told that the bank sold certificates of deposit which paid 5 per cent and had all the resources of the bank behind them. The man who had once been deep in the toils of the loan sharks went in for quite a block of these certificates, on which he has since paid out. This barber has learned two of the greatest economic lessons possible—how to borrow and how to save.

Another example is that of a wage worker who had become a depositor of the bank. When his pass book showed a balance of two hundred dollars he went to the cashier and said: "A friend of mine owns a delicatessen in a good neighborhood. It's making some money in spite of the fact that he has been too ill to run it right. Now he's got to quit and get out and he'll sell to me for twenty-five hundred dollars—but he must have seven hundred dollars down. How about borrowing five hundred dollars from you?" This loan was readily arranged and the little shop is now paying for itself according to its owner's expectations.

"Do you know," asked the banker who made this loan, "why that man's application was accepted? Almost wholly because he was able to prove that he was a voluntary saver. We've come to call them self-starters here. There were several things which made this loan look ill-advised. One was the fact that the man was not familiar with the details of the business which he wished to buy. But the fact that he had, on a rather small wage, saved two hundred dollars overcame all objections."

In 1918 a poorly dressed man selling candy from a pushcart came into a Morris-plan bank and applied for a loan of two hundred dollars with which to pay doctor bills for which he was being pressed. A pushcart candy peddler doesn't loom very large as a borrower, but there was something about this one which inspired confidence. Besides, he was able to get two indorsers.

The loan was finally made and he never missed a payment. When he was clear he applied for a loan of four hundred fifty dollars for the purchase of a horse and wagon. He had pushed so hard to clear up his debt of two hundred dollars that his business had increased to wagon size.

This step was evidently well taken, for he paid out on his loan without a hitch. Soon he was in again, seeking to borrow nine hundred dollars with which to buy a truck. He was now a middleman between the manufacturer and the small retailer, and his hustle to make the horse pay for himself had expanded his business to truck size. The truck is not yet fully paid for but he has not failed in a payment yet and the bank doesn't expect him to, either.

"The case in which I feel the keenest interest," declares a cashier, "is that of an ex-service man. He's a regular go-getter! He had a job as a teacher of a vocational class of ex-service men, specializing in automobile ignition work. He saw that these men were not getting the right kind of instruction, and he was able to prove this to anyone. He demonstrated this fact to the officials in charge of instruction contracts, with the result that he has borrowed a thousand from us and another elsewhere and is now in possession of a government contract which will not only pay him handsomely but will be of great benefit to the ex-service men who receive his instruction.

"We have many borrowers among the men who fought in the World War. One such came to us and said: 'I'm on a man's note and he has fallen down. I've got to borrow the money with which to pay. I fought and I'll pay.' And this is precisely what he did. Here is another case of an ex-service man. He had a family before he went overseas, where he was both gassed and wounded. Finally he got a position with a good but small company. One day he awoke to find that the house in which he was living had been sold and that he would shortly be out on the street with his family. And rents were unprecedentedly high. The situation looked mighty serious to him. In some way he heard that we made small loans on indorsement security and he came to see us. He wanted to buy a home in one of the suburbs so that he could be sure that his family would be sheltered. When he felt that he had secured the right location at a fair price it developed that he was almost without acquaintances in our city and that there was no one whom he felt free to ask to indorse his four hundred dollar note with us for a first payment on his place. He was greatly worried and somewhat discouraged. 'I've got to get it somehow,' he told me, 'but I don't know which way to turn.'

"Then I suggested that I would ask the man selling the property to indorse his note if he would make the same request of his employer. Much to his astonishment both assented with the utmost willingness. He is making his payments without a hitch. What is more, his employer has acquired a personal and unusual interest in him and it is safe to say that he would be about the last man to be dropped from the pay roll. This incident goes to show that a man of the right sort can secure financial backing to a modest extent under circumstances which seem to him almost hopeless. Also, it shows that the small individual loan is a life-saver to thousands of worthy and honest workers."

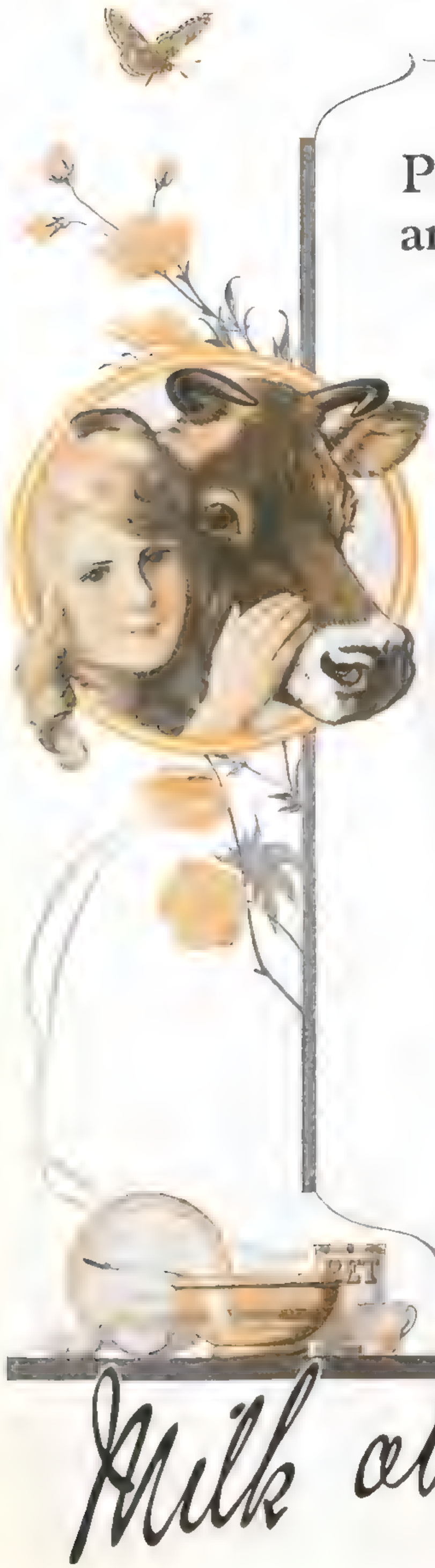
"Is there any remedy," I asked the big banker first quoted in this article, "for the present situation except the old-fashioned one of individual saving?"

A Millionaire's Example

"None whatever," he answered, "and the men who are doing this most consistently are the established rich—those who have long been accustomed to wealth. They do it instinctively because they are money-wise. That's why they are wealthy. A man with an annual income of about three million dollars just told me that he had instructed his family and those in his personal employ having any authority over expenditures not to spend a dollar unnecessarily. This is a standing order. He sees clearly that personal economy is the foundation of our financial recovery.

"Of course 'the destruction of the poor is their poverty'; those who walk the narrow financial plank from which the slightest stroke of bad luck will send them into debt and trouble must be helped to regain their footing when they lose it—as millions of them have. The kind of lending which does this is highly constructive. It is better than philanthropy. I once helped the employer of fifteen thousand workers to establish a loan system in his company ranks. Each borrower's note was indorsed by a fellow worker. It operated for years, and in loans totaling several million dollars there was not, as I recall it, a single loss.

"The individual must do for himself what official representatives of the people are trying to do for our Government through such agencies as the Reduction-of-Armament Conference and the Bureau of the Budget—cut expenditures down to the quick. Living within one's income must be made the rule if we are to have anything like a return to normal conditions. This sounds hackneyed—but it's the truth."



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Milk at its Best

HAIR—AND PERSONALITY

Why the Well-groomed Man—and the Woman with Beautiful Hair—Are Always Attractive to Others

By R. L. Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

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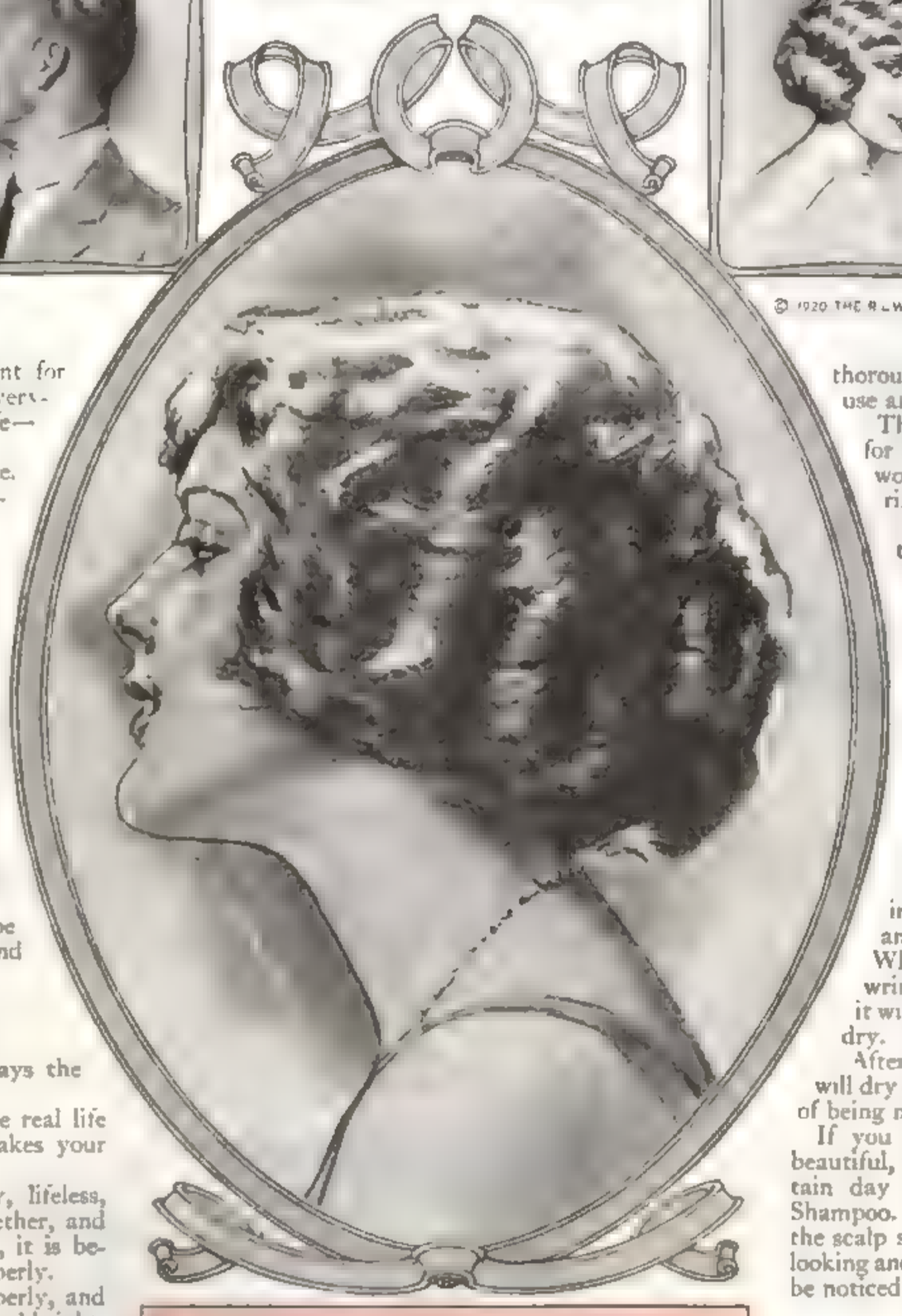


WELL-KEPT hair is equally important for both the man and the woman. Everywhere you go—in business or social life—your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you largely by its appearance.

For the man, that fresh, youthful, prosperous look, so valuable in business, is largely a matter of well-cared-for hair.

For the woman, beautiful, clean and well-kept hair, worn in the most becoming style, adds more than anything else to her attractiveness.

Now, beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care. It will pay every woman to study her hair carefully. Take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair or in the way you care for it makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

Many men find it equally profitable to be equally particular in the way they brush and care for their hair.

Importance of Shampooing

IN caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soap. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people everywhere now use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

You will be surprised to see how really attractive you can make your hair look.

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

The method of shampooing the hair is the same for both the man and the woman, except that a woman's hair being longer must be washed and rinsed more carefully.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Always Rinse Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

Care of the Hair Should Start Early

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential to health.

It may be hard at first to get them to shampoo their hair regularly, but it's mighty important.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. A boy's hair being short, shampooing takes but a few minutes. For both the boy and the girl, simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair, and you will be teaching your children a habit they will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Make your hair look its best —

By regular weekly shampooing with MULSIFIED the Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Convenient
Quick Acting
Economical
Exhilarating

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

WHY WE NEED FREE PORTS

(Continued from Page 21)

Senate from the Committee on Commerce, and on the same day the chairman of that committee announced his intention of proposing it as an amendment to the now pending bill for a general revision of the tariff.

The commercial interests of this country, especially those engaged in foreign trade, are almost unanimous in urging upon Congress the adoption of this measure as a means of relief from many unnecessary and burdensome restrictions. Among the organizations that have indorsed the proposal are the chambers of commerce of Boston, New York, Detroit, Charleston, Jacksonville, Galveston, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland; the municipality of New Orleans, the Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce, the city of San Francisco, the Port and Harbor Development Commission of New York and New Jersey, the National Foreign Trade Council, the New York Merchants' Association, the National Merchant Marine Association, the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, the Philadelphia Bourse, the Baltimore Board of Trade, the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans, and many others. The complete list is long and imposing, and the number of well-known business men who likewise favor the plan is little less impressive. It is noteworthy also that its advocates are distributed quite without regard to sectional interests or to party affiliations. Indeed, few measures dealing with commerce have come before Congress in recent years so free from political significance. Those who favor it regard a free port as merely a device for helping along a kind of trade that no American party or administration has ever intended to discourage.

As it exists abroad, a free port is one where merchandise from every country can be landed, handled and dealt in free from the payment of duties. It remains subject to all the laws, regulations and restrictions that apply in other ports of entry except those that are designed for the administration of the customs. It is a place where free trade is carried on, whatever may be the tariff laws of the country in which it lies. All sorts of goods, wares and merchandise, except such as are prohibited by law, may be unladen, stored, exhibited, graded, refined or manipulated in any other way, and may be bought, sold or exported in any shape or form without paying duty or passing through the customs house. To the trade with all foreign nations an open door is presented.

Free-Trade Oases

But let it not for a moment be supposed that the door of the port is equally open on the hither side. Goods may, indeed, pass into the free port from any source, and they may be freely sent abroad; but they cannot pass into the country to which the port belongs without paying the same duties that would be collected on them if they came directly from a foreign nation. In a country with a high tariff such a port is a sort of free-trade oasis, and customs officials treat it as foreign territory.

To prevent smuggling the free port is separated from the adjacent territory by strong inclosures which are strictly guarded. Revenue officers are stationed at the gates, and all merchandise that comes through is examined, appraised and treated in every respect as it would be at the customs house of any other port. The passage in and out of people and conveyances is carefully regulated, and every precaution is taken to prevent it from being used as a loophole in the tariff wall.

Owing to the special facilities for supervision and the care that is exercised, experience has shown that smuggling is more difficult and unusual at a free port than elsewhere. It is by no means coterminous in all cases with the city whose name it bears; indeed, except for certain guards and officials it frequently has no resident population at all. The free ports of Hamburg and Copenhagen, for example, are relatively small inclosed areas entirely distinct from the neighboring municipalities, whose people are subject to the same customs laws that prevail in other parts of Germany and Denmark. The space within the inclosures is built over, not with dwellings but with structures for storing, handling, guarding and transshipping merchandise.

It is clear that such a port could do little to stimulate the ordinary direct trade between two countries, a trade by which goods are imported for domestic consumption subject to all the duties of the national tariff. The business it would foster is the commerce in goods that are brought in from one country to be reexported to another. Mere transshipment is the most characteristic of all free-port activities.

But before they can be transshipped and reëxported to the best advantage goods that have been bought abroad usually have to be sorted and repacked and sometimes put through additional processes to adapt them more fully to the tastes and trade usages of the country for which they are intended. An ordinary bale of furs, for example, if brought to one of our ports, would contain a number of grades and varieties. Some of them are suitable for the market of the United States; others cannot be sold here, but find a good demand in other countries. Under our present law, however, if the bale is opened after arrival, and the contents are sorted, the importer must pay full duty on the whole of it. Only by placing the bale in bond and reshipping it in the form in which it was received can the payment of duty be avoided. As a result American fur dealers must now sort their furs in London, ship to the United States only what they can sell here, and send the rest to foreign countries in foreign ships and on foreign credits.

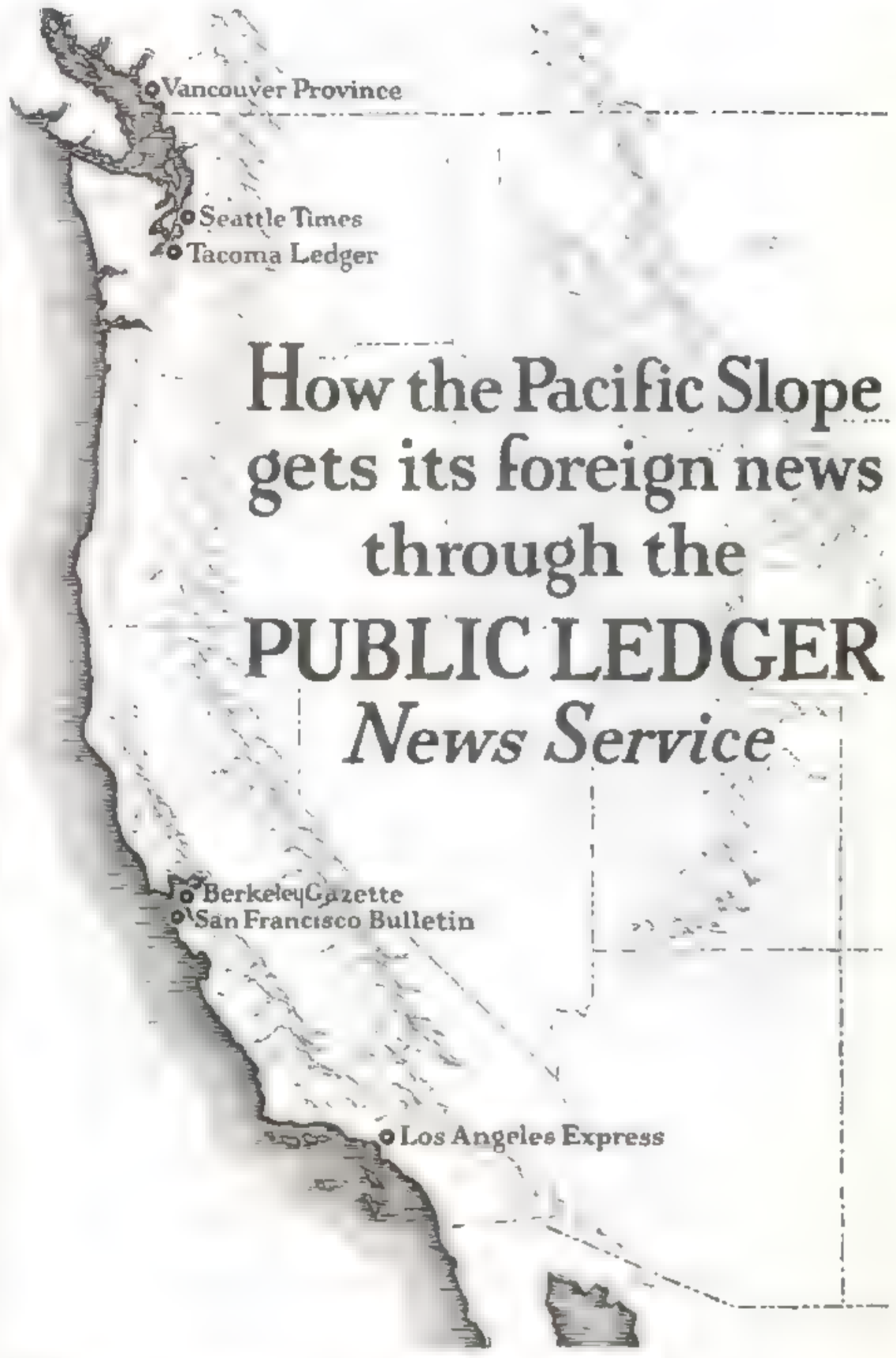
Commodity Clearing Houses

Another illustration of the severity of our laws in discouraging international commerce is furnished by the trade in laces. Swiss and French laces usually reach this country packed in cases of seven or eight hundred pounds, more than half of which is the weight of the wooden covering. There is a strong demand for these laces in South America, but not in the form in which we receive them. Not only is the case too large for the trade usage of that country, but also, since the South American duties are assessed on the weight of imports, the heavy covering would raise them beyond reasonable limits. At times our merchants have attempted some work as intermediaries in this trade by shipping laces from Europe to Canada or Jamaica to be sorted and repacked; but this did not prove satisfactory, as the work had to be done by inexperienced and unskilled employes.

Though some goods thus need to be sorted and certain varieties selected and packed to suit particular markets, there are some, on the other hand, that can be readily sold only when mixed or blended with others. Retail merchants commonly attempt to carry in their different departments a full line, which usually means a considerable variety of articles and carefully limited quantities of each one. They naturally turn, therefore, to dealers who can best supply the necessary variety in the desired quantities.

An Argentine merchant of notions and small wares, for example, finds that American products satisfy only a part of his trade and he needs to supplement them with the specialties of Germany, England and Bohemia. It suits his convenience and his pocketbook, therefore, to buy an assorted collection assembled according to specifications which he drew up. An order for such an assortment could not be filled by an American dealer unless he pays our full duties on the foreign goods it contains. Accordingly the Argentine merchant sends his order to London or Hamburg, where he can buy not only the European but also the American products at a price that is not increased by the tariff. This practice of course not only diverts international trade from this country but it likewise leads to a greater substitution of foreign for American products.

There is yet another class of goods for which a free port is peculiarly adapted. It is made up of those commodities—and they are numerous—which in their country of origin are not brought to the condition of refinement that fits them for consumption. Perhaps the most important among them is sugar. By far the greater part of the sugar that leaves Cuba, Java, Hawaii and other producing countries is raw, and it has to be refined after it reaches Europe or America. All of it that comes to this



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We flake the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. And we get but ten pounds from a bushel.

This brand supplies oat flakes at their best.

It is this flavor which oat lovers love, and the flavor which wins the children.

So for many a year people half the world over have sent here for Quaker Oats.

Make this supreme food delicious.

It is the body-builder and the vim-food.

It is almost the ideal food, supplying 16 needed elements.

You want your children to eat oats in plenty.

Then serve these extra-flavory flakes.

Quaker Oats

with the flavor that won millions

60 Dishes—30 Cents

These selected oats cost you no fancy price.

The family package—the larger size—costs but 30 cents, save in distant localities. And it serves 60 dishes.

You will get this extra grade at this modest price when you ask for Quaker Oats.

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country, except such as is brought from our own possessions, has to pay a duty when it is entered. It happens in the case of this commodity that large quantities of it, after being refined, are reexported.

Now it is obvious that the domestic growers need no protection against sugar that is brought here only to be refined and then sent abroad. Accordingly the law permits the importer to draw back nearly the whole amount of the duty he has paid when he is able to show that he has shipped the sugar abroad. The sugar business is so great and so fully organized that it can take full advantage of the drawback, and large sums are refunded to it by the Government every year.

But it is significant that, though the privilege is equally extended to all industries, this is the only one that makes regular and extensive use of it. The explanation is found in the intricate and severe regulations that must be observed if repayment is demanded.

"So complicated," says the report of the tariff commission, "is the procedure in making claim and proving the identity of the merchandise that many producers do not find it worthwhile to apply for the drawback at all. . . . Even after reshipment, before drawback can be recovered, evidence must be given of the actual landing of the goods in a foreign country."

An incidental objection to the system is that even when the dealer eventually gets back his money he will have been deprived of the use of it for the time elapsing between his payment of the duty and his reëxport of the goods. It would doubtless be possible to simplify the regulations in some measure and to facilitate the payment of the drawback; but the fear that it would be abused and would serve as a means of evading the protective tariff and of defrauding the Government of its revenues is well founded.

Rice is another commodity in which there is a large international trade and which has to be refined after leaving the country of origin. It is first marketed in the form of paddy, and has to be milled—that is, husked, polished, graded and sorted—before it is ready for the consumer. There is a considerable demand for certain grades in South America, a demand which is supplied in the main from the Far East. But the rice does not go direct from one shore of the Pacific to the other. It first goes all the way to the free port of Hamburg, where a great rice-milling industry has been built up, and there the grades are selected that sell best in the different countries, and those most suitable for the South American market are shipped back across the Atlantic. When foreign commodities in this country are thus prepared for sale it has to be done under bond and in accordance with regulations so detailed and restrictive as to render such work very difficult and seldom profitable.

A Promoter of Trade

It is not easy to draw a distinct line between finishing or refining goods and manufacturing them. Indeed, no attempt at such a distinction is made in many of the free ports abroad. Goods may be put through all the stages from the crudest raw materials to a condition suitable for immediate consumption. But experience has shown that manufacturing on a substantial scale is not a form of enterprise well adapted to such a location.

At the free port of Hamburg, where it has been extensively undertaken, manufacturing has been diminishing for a number of years. Limitations of space, restrictions on the coming and going of employes, the lack of special facilities for securing power and labor, and other disadvantages, some peculiar to a single industry and some common to many of them, all combine to make it unprofitable to carry on any manufacturing processes except such as are quite simple and also quite essential to the final preparation of goods for the market.

This detracts in no way from the merit of the free port as a commercial institution. Its advocates do not in fact commend or desire it as a means of stimulating manufacturing, but solely for the purpose of promoting international trade. The bill reported by the Senate Committee on Commerce, therefore, omits manufacturing from the activities permissible in a free port, and provides only that merchandise may be "stored, exhibited, broken up, repacked, assembled, distributed, sorted, refined, graded, cleaned, mixed with foreign or domestic merchandise or otherwise manipulated, and be exported." This long list of words really means that a free port is only a place where foreign products may be dealt in and may be given the finishing touches necessary to fit them for sale.

The history of the free ports that have long been established in various parts of the world shows that they have been efficacious in attracting trade and in promoting the general commercial and industrial welfare of the countries they serve. As they have never been tried in the United States, it is naturally impossible to bring absolute proof that they would benefit this country in the same measure. It is true that merely furnishing a place for untrammeled commerce does not mean that it will surely be used.

In colonial Virginia the House of Burgesses passed many laws to stimulate commerce. Among them was one to the effect that "He that doth set up a convenient market place shall be regarded as a public benefactor, whether men do come there to trade or not." There is evidence of the growth of a considerable number of public benefactors, but the evidence is still stronger that there was mighty little trade. The testimony, however, before the tariff commission and the opinion of commercial organizations and experienced business men all over the country, testimony and opinion supported by numerous specific illustrations, lead to the belief that our share in the world's commerce will inevitably grow if our citizens are allowed to take part in it without the handicap they now carry.

Shipping Economies

There has recently arisen an additional motive for modifying our customs regulations as they apply to international trade. During the war we were compelled to enter on a colossal program for building ships. Enormous sums were spent both by the Government and by individuals, with the result that we now have a merchant marine of great proportions. In consequence, with the return of more normal conditions, we are confronted with the question as to how we are going to keep our ships profitably employed. It is hardly to be expected that they will take a large part in the direct trade between foreign countries. Their natural function is to carry the commerce of the United States, and it is on our own commerce that we must always depend for their regular employment. Undoubtedly in volume this commerce is sufficient to keep them busy, but it has some peculiar features that render it unattractive as the sole reliance of shipowners.

Among such features is the discrepancy between our outbound and inbound traffic. Our exports have always been much greater than our imports. They differ widely in value and still more widely in bulk. Accordingly ships that take an outbound cargo must often return to us empty, and unless they are to lose by the trip they must charge enough for carrying merchandise one way to pay for the whole round trip. Therefore on much of our traffic either we must pay heavy costs for ocean transportation or else the ships can yield no profit.

This feature of our commerce, taken as a whole, is reversed in our trade with some particular countries. From Central and South America, for example, we get in the main bulky products such as tropical fruits, coffee, wool and raw materials. Most of what we can sell them, on the other hand, is made up of manufactures that occupy relatively little space. It follows that many vessels coming to us from our southern neighbors, after discharging their cargoes, must either return half empty or else must carry our own bulky products to Europe and load there with assorted cargoes bound for South America. Before the war most even of our South American mail had to cross the Atlantic twice, usually in British vessels.

A free port would enable ships to find suitably assorted cargoes in this country and go back fully laden. If our ships in competition with those of other countries are compelled to depend on such a triangular trade as now exists their chance of paying the costs of operation will be much reduced.

"Similar irregularities," says the tariff commission, "exist in our commerce with many other parts of the world. With some countries, indeed, whose produce we buy and where a demand exists for American

(Continued on Page 48)

When your dollars do their duty they will command for you a measure of downright worth in Phoenix hosiery that can scarcely be matched by any other man-made product. Phoenix prices are records in modern achievement. They are masterful evidence of what great skill and high specialization can accomplish in true economy. And for all of your family they mean greater hosiery mileage—and elegance.

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(Continued from Page 48)

goods, we have little or no direct communication. Our trade with them is almost entirely conducted through transshipment in foreign countries, an indirect method that both increases its cost and subjects to foreign control its volume and variety."

It is obvious that relief from such irregularities, the provision of regular employment for our ships, the maintenance of regular and adequate transportation facilities, and the establishment of moderate and stable freight rates can come only through traffic that moves both inward and outward on the same course.

A free port would undoubtedly promote this traffic by making it possible to assemble products of other countries that are destined not for domestic use but for reshipment abroad.

If our merchant marine is to be reasonably well occupied we must provide full cargoes for ships wishing to clear for countries to which our exports are as yet not large or regular, and we must arrange to receive full cargoes from those countries to which we sell in larger volume. To do this our present devices of bonded warehouses and drawbacks have proved inadequate, and the free port, according to the tariff commission, "appears to offer the only sufficient means of permitting it and at the same time of protecting the Government's revenue and of maintaining such limitations as the Government sees fit to fix on the import of foreign goods for domestic consumption."

It should be added that finding work for our ships is not more important than giving them reasonable facilities for doing the work when found. They do not get such facilities when our customs regulations impose on them a tedious delay in port. According to a former director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, "There are terminal costs to a steamship company totaling from four to six thousand dollars a day for each day a vessel is held in port because of delays."

Ocean transportation is a highly competitive business, and shipowners have to reckon closely the probability of delays involving the idleness of ship and crew. Unfortunately our customs procedure holds up vessels at our ports for a period that is always substantial and is sometimes protracted to many days. Officials of regular lines, it is true, acquire a familiarity with the regulations that enables them sometimes to reduce the delay to a few hours. But the typical commerce carrier that seeks business wherever its services are in demand finds the delay much more serious, and in the event of a misunderstanding and a consequent failure to follow the prescribed procedure its owners incur heavy penalties.

In order to safeguard the customs the formalities for making entry must be rigorously discharged, and the regulations for handling and unloading merchandise are strict and detailed. From their arrival till they are unladen and cleared vessels remain in customs custody. Such as are designated by the Treasury as common carriers may, if they wish, upon giving bond and paying double compensation to weighers and inspectors, receive or discharge cargo at night and on Sundays or holidays; all others are permitted to load and unload only during the usual business hours in open day.

The entry of goods is little less time consuming than that of vessels. Dutiable merchandise cannot leave the wharf until it is weighed, gauged or measured. Disputes are frequent with regard to valuation, obliterated marks, damaged goods or broken packages, and this impedes the flow of all goods away from the piers. Congestion results, which delays further discharge of cargo and adds to costs and charges. The matter is made worse by practices that under our present system cannot be prevented.

A committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce reports: "We found that many times consignees are unfair in making the custom house an excuse for keeping merchandise on the wharf longer than it should be kept, and congestion . . . is frequently a case of juggling in order to secure free storage on the piers."

Such practices of course in a free port would be impossible.

The commercial advantages afforded by a free port are obvious. But opposition to it in this country has been strong enough to prevent Congress from taking any action.

The opposition evidently grows out of a belief that there is a close connection between free ports and free trade, and to the staunch protectionist anything that smacks of free trade is a vicious innovation. It was doubtless to remove the stigma attached to the name that the bill reported by the Senate Committee on Commerce substituted for "free port" the term "foreign-trade zone."

In the hearings held by the Committee on Ways and Means in October, 1919, Mr. Fordney, the chairman of the committee, pronounced a free zone to be the handmaid of free trade. Mr. W. F. Wakeman, the alert secretary of the Protective Tariff League, said a free zone is a step toward free trade and a menace to the honest administration of the customs. Mr. W. M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company, telegraphed to the committee that a "free zone is against the interest of industrial America." Another manufacturer opposed it, because "It is high time that the manufacturer be put first, and not the interest of the importer." Mr. Oxnard, of the American Beet Sugar Company, denounced a free zone as "a subtle attack on the national policy of protection," asserting that it would enable foreigners to dump low-cost products at our doors to await favorable market conditions, and that our reëxport of foreign merchandise merely means the displacement of the export of our own domestic products. There were many other witnesses before the committee with similar testimony.

It is clear that these opinions are due to a misunderstanding of the nature and functions of free ports. The report accompanying the Senate bill for establishing foreign-trade zones says that the Republican members of the Committee on Commerce gave special attention to the claim that the measure was a device to undermine the protective-tariff system; and they reached the conclusion that it would in no way affect the principles of a tariff either for protection or for revenue; that if it has any special relation to either system it is especially desirable in connection with the enforcement of a protective tariff and will strengthen rather than weaken that policy.

This report says most truly: "The prosperity of a nation depends upon the extent and activity of domestic and foreign trade. . . . No nation, however capable of maintaining itself upon its own resources, will interdict all foreign trade. World relations are becoming more and more intimate and interdependent. The more perfect the means of intercourse the better it is for business, and the nation that has the most efficient instruments of commerce will secure the greatest good from foreign trade."

OLD GRANITE FACE

(Continued from Page 15)

of Texas, the state is like to come off second best."

He might have ended the proceedings there, for it was the logical place to quit, but Ben just couldn't do it. Emmett Rainey had roiled him, and the nature of the charge had stirred his sense of fair play.

So, after rapping with his knuckles for order, Old Granite Face cleared his throat and delivered a sort of summing up:

"This business looks to me like spite work, pure and simple. And attorney for the affiant has tired this court most to death with references to statutes that don't apply, and half-baked decisions that have no bearing on the matter at issue.

"Nowadays too much mind is paid in our courts to technicalities and other foolishnesses, and too little regard is had for the meat of things. This case before the court involves something higher than man-made law. The charge against the defendant seeks to imperil the very law of Nature herself. Common sense and good conscience dictate that a rooster has a God-given right to crow. Every true American must wish this right to be held untrammeled and inviolate any time he cares to exercise it, just as free speech is the inalienable right of free men. And here and now this court wants to go on record that never will it abridge one or the other of these rights, whether at the behest of a squirrel-headed attorney, or to conform to some ill-considered statute, or to follow some puny precedent. This is a court of justice. It will be administered according to law so long as the law is consonant with justice, but where justice and law part company, there this court and the law part company. So fire ahead and amend your complaint, but I tell you right now I won't entertain it. Miz Abernathy, you are free to go, and long may the clarion call of your lusty bird keep you attuned to God's universe."

There's no use talking when it came to real oratory Ben could hold up his end with any of them. Demit Sparger himself had no finer flow of language.

That ended the business and court adjourned, but you should have seen the spectators crowd around Ben and the widow to congratulate them and shake their hands! I don't know which enjoyed the greater triumph, but a lot of people went away from that room prophesying Ben Rust's speech would put him in line for the senate and nothing on earth could stop him.

"This ain't the last of it," was Emmett Rainey's parting shot, and Mrs. Dill glared daggers at the widow.

Indeed it was not. In spite of the setback and the very evident trend of popular sympathy, the Dills bowed their necks and swore out an amended complaint against Mrs. Abernathy and her Plymouth Rock rooster under Article 193, Revised Criminal Code of Texas, and although Old Granite Face had publicly warned them that he would not entertain it, for some reason he went back on his word and not only let them execute the complaint but prepared a warrant. This set out that the sheriff or any constable of Muleshoe County was commanded to arrest Mrs. Fay Abernathy and bring her before the justice of the peace on the twenty-second day of November at eleven o'clock A.M., then and there to answer to the State of Texas for an offense against the laws of said state, to wit—for unlawfully disturbing a congregation assembled for religious worship in Muleshoe County on November fourteenth.

Nobody could understand why Ben gave in this way or why he would issue a warrant for a widow woman on such paltry grounds. It made the Dills very suspicious, too, for they had anticipated a peremptory refusal; but Emmett Rainey was jubilant.

"Why did he do it? Because he had to do it—that's why. He bluffed as long as he was able, but when Rust seen he was up against the law he soon knuckled under," said Emmett. "That's always the way with these mossbacks who think they know it all." Emmett seemed to derive a lot of satisfaction out of his victory.

The town was filled with people the morning of the trial, and an hour before court opened nobody could get within gunshot of the court room. Old-timers declared there were more folks around the square than on any First Monday in the history of Four Oaks.

Everybody expected Old Granite Face would suddenly call it off and give the Dills a fine lecture, but he didn't do any such thing. He let the case proceed exactly as though he weren't the least bit interested and had never heard of the charge before. The widow announced she wanted to be tried by a jury and the first six talesmen were selected without a challenge; in a justice-of-the-peace court the juries consist of only six. Then Emmett Rainey put Mrs. Dill on the stand and in response to direct examination she swore that her devotions and the devotions of all the other worshipers assembled in the Second Church on Sunday, November fourteenth, had been disturbed by the constant crowing of a Plymouth Rock rooster belonging to Mrs. Abernathy. Emmett had a couple of other witnesses on hand, friends of Mrs. Dill, who were prepared to swear to the same thing.

But they never got the chance, for as soon as Rainey had concluded his direct examination Old Granite Face sat up with a jerk, stared at Mrs. Dill over his spectacles, and demanded to be informed how she knew it was Mrs. Abernathy's rooster that did the crowing. Had she seen the rooster?

Well, of course that ended it. Mrs. Dill had not seen the rooster, but she had recognized the Plymouth Rock by his crow—he had a sort of deep, hoarse crow like he might have a cold. She admitted there were plenty of other roosters in the neighborhood and some of them did crow bass, too, but—well, she just knew it was Miz Abernathy's bird, and that's all there was to it.

"And on such flimsy evidence you swear to a complaint against a neighbor and cause her arrest. Nothing has been submitted to identify this Plymouth Rock rooster. The court directs the jury to bring in a verdict of 'Not guilty.'

"Furthermore, the court is of opinion that defendant has ample grounds for an action for damages."

It was a regular whizzbang and it laid the Dills and their attorney out flat. The audience rocked with laughter, and from that day on Emmett Rainey had no more chance of getting elected to office than I have. When he did announce for the legislature and tried to hold a meeting the crowd broke it up by crowing, and after six months Emmett gave up and went to Arizona, where, he said, they could appreciate brains.

Going out of the court room Mrs. Dill was in such a rage she couldn't keep quiet.

"That's all very well!" she shrilled above the laughter and hand clapping. "I know! I know why you take her side—and so does everybody else."

The court paid no attention to this shaft.

"But I'll get even with her yet! She cain't call me names and get away with it. How'd you like if she called you pore white trash?"

Old Granite Face didn't answer the first time she asked him, but when Mrs. Dill tarried to repeat the question he gave a little smile that made her madder than ever, and said in a gentle voice, "But I'm not poor white trash."

"Well, how'd you like it if she called you the kind of trash you is?" And away she went.

It may be that Mrs. Abernathy had grounds for a suit against the Dills, but grounds are all she would ever have gotten out of it, because the Dills owned nothing to be sued on and had been judgment-proof for years. So that idea never got very far.

A couple of nights after the trial a letter was shoved under Old Granite Face's door sometime between midnight and sunup. It was not there when the judge locked up before going to bed, yet Benny found it when she arrived to open the house next morning. And if there ever was a scared darky it was that cook, after she learned where the letter came from. Yet she might have known something like this would happen! It all came of that no-account husband of hers bringing an ax into the house; the minute he done it she knowed it would fetch bad luck. To fend the evils which this omen portended Benny grabbed a black cat belonging to one of the neighbors, killed it and boiled the head until a piece of white bone bobbed to the surface. Then she was jake; that white bone meant good luck all her days; she put it in a tiny leather bag, tied it to a ribbon so she could wear it around her neck, and went about her business with a tranquil mind.

Here is the letter:

FOUR OAKS, November 24, 1920.

TO HIS HONOR BEN RUST, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Herewith inclosed is a ten-dollar bill, which you will kindly deliver on our account to Mrs. Abernathy, with the request that she purchase a brood of Plymouth Rock hens at her earliest convenience. It is the opinion of the undersigned that the great Americanizing qualities of Alonzo should be encouraged and perpetuated.

The eye of the Unknown hath seen and doth constantly observe.

Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin

KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN, CHAP. 713
Realm of Texas.

If the Unknown did constantly observe, it assuredly got an eyeful during the next fortnight. Mrs. Dill's pup died, very suddenly and painfully, and she accused her neighbor of having poisoned it. The widow did not deny that the pup came to his end through adventuring on her premises, but

(Continued on Page 53)

addressed to —

Architects, Doctors, Professors, Brokers, Clergymen, Dentists, Lawyers, School Teachers — and all other Professional Men and Women.

THIS message presupposes that you are interested in gaining more complete knowledge of anything that gives to civilization a betterment in living conditions.

Were we to ask you to name the original source of heat, you would undoubtedly answer, "the sun."

Do you know much of the fascinating story of Heat and its relation to comfort in our everyday lives?

Read this book. It tells the story of heat and its use. Tells it in a pleasant, easy-reading, non-technical way. You'll enjoy this story; so much that once you start reading you'll not stop until you've finished "HEAT" from cover to cover.

Incidentally, this information is as useful and valuable as it is interesting.

Sent Without Charge or Obligation

There are only 5000 copies of this book for distribution under this offer. Send for your copy now.

P. h.

To the L. J. MUELLER FURNACE COMPANY
246 REED ST., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Gentlemen:

Please mail me, absolutely without cost, one copy of the new book you have just published containing the story of "HEAT" and its relation to our lives as we live them today.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Business or Profession _____

Perfected for Washing Faces

Palmolive is blended from the same kind of palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

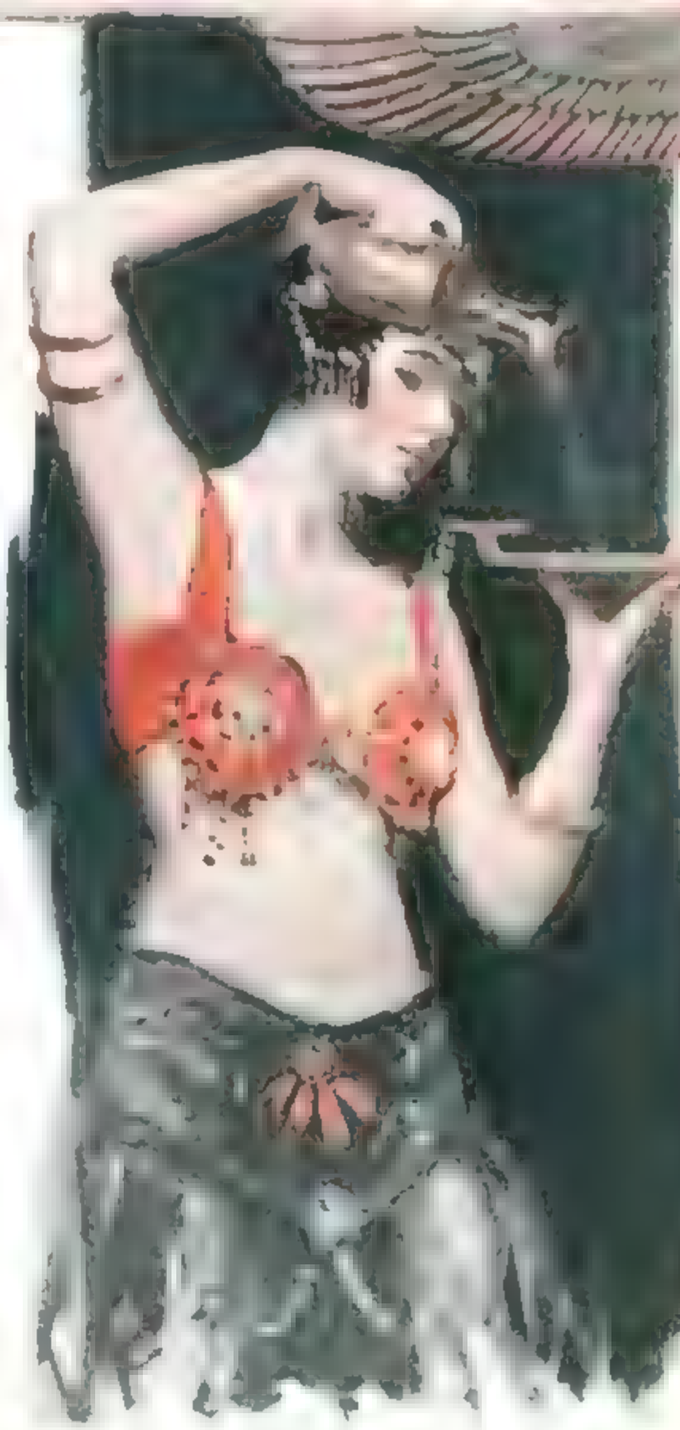
The Importance of Thorough Cleansing

It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement.

Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove. It stimulates circulation, keeps the texture fine, smooth and youthful.

The woman who fears that washing will age her skin has used the wrong soap. She will change her mind once she tries Palmolive.



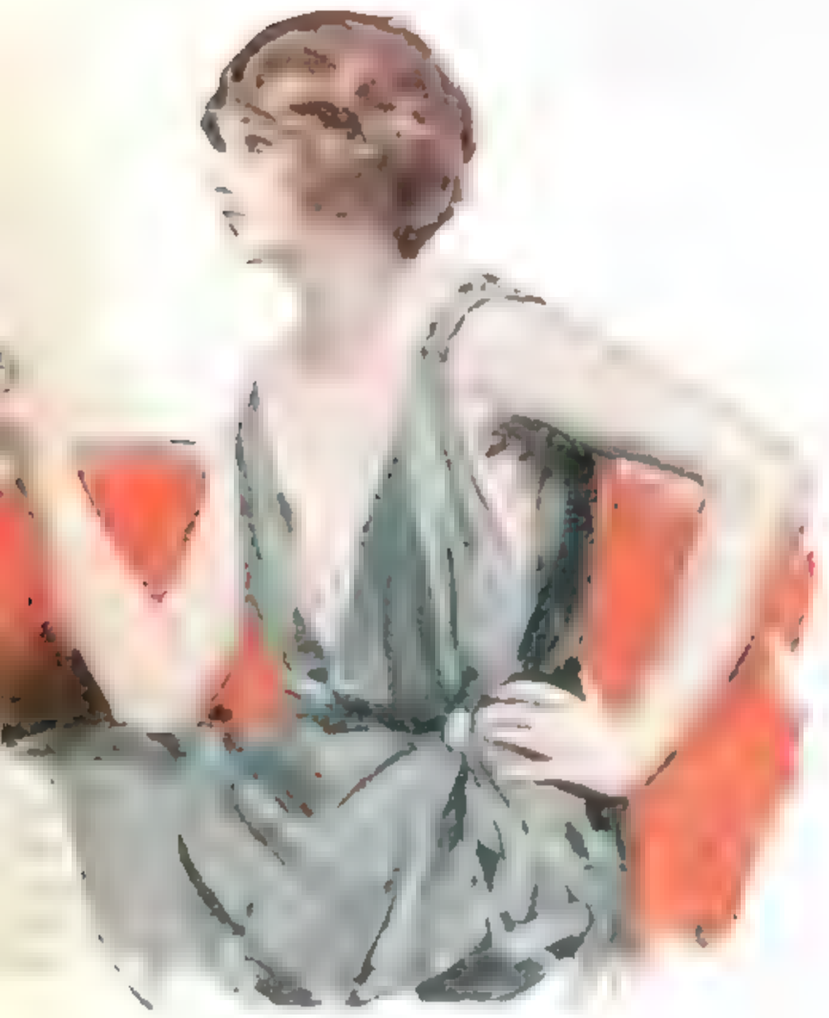
A Beauty

3,000 Ye

3,000 years ago users of palm and olive oils were contented with a very crude combination. The rare oils came by galley and caravan and were both scarce and costly. Today these same oils, in perfected blend, are an even greater luxury, but one that all may enjoy. Palmolive is made for the millions, at a price all can afford.

The use of palm and olive oils to keep the skin fresh and smooth is nothing new, but a secret known to pretty girls as far back as Cleopatra.

Her Palmolive came in skins and jars, and she had to do her own mixing. But the beautifying cleanser she achieved was the inspiration of the mild, soothing blend science produces today.



As Important for the Body

y Secret

ars Old

Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charms, just as women do today.

But the foundation was a skin that was thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and from all dangerous accumulations.

Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Your neck is just as noticeable for beauty or the lack of it. Arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

Use Palmolive for bathing and these results are accomplished. It does for your body what it does for the face.

By keeping the skin smooth and soft it greatly adds to comfort. The profuse, fragrant lather imparts a wonderful sense of exhilaration and refreshment.

If this seems an extravagance, remember the modest price. The firm, long-wearing cake of generous size costs but ten cents.

Our Price Secret

If Palmolive were made in small quantities it would be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are most costly soap ingredients, and come from overseas.

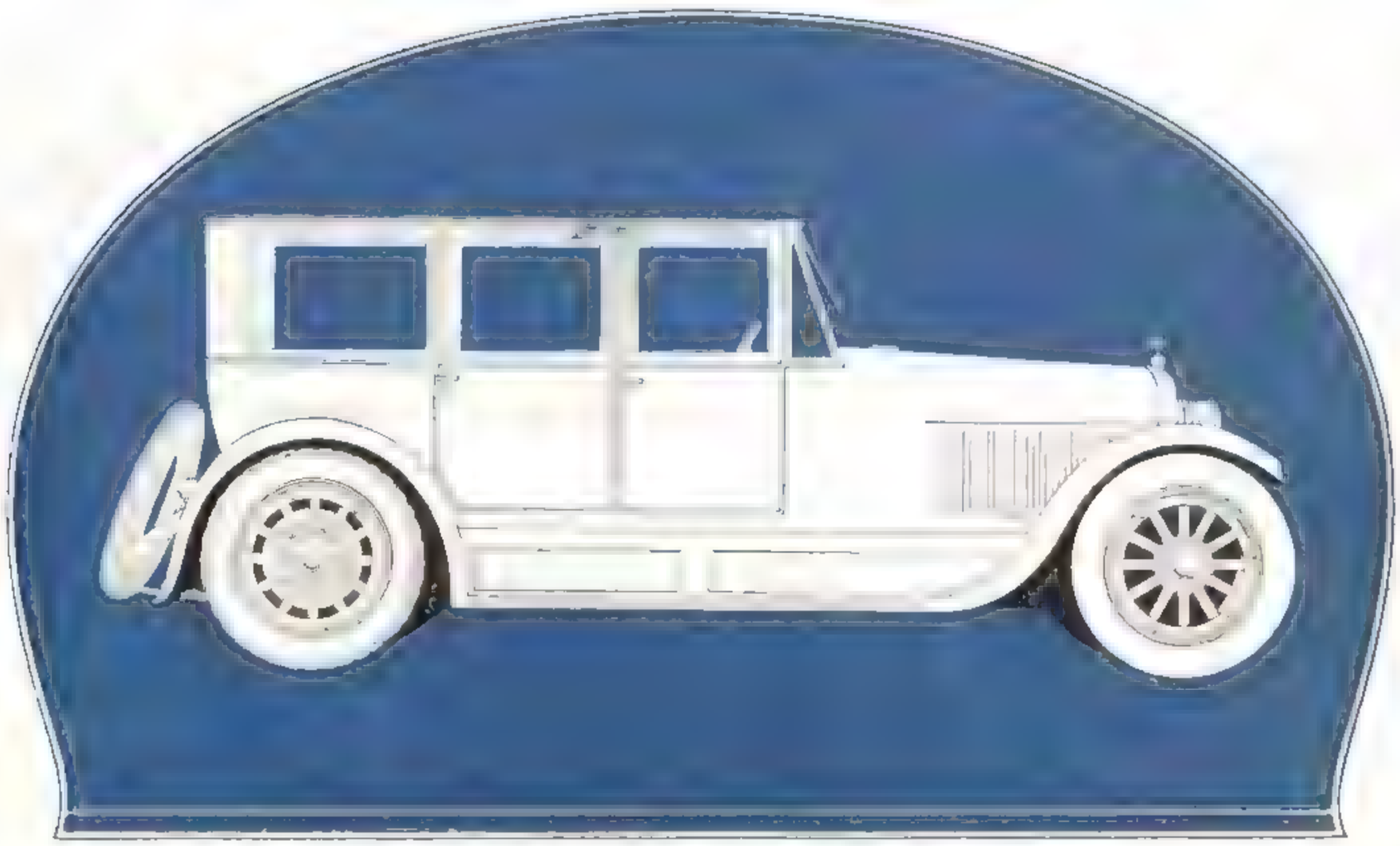
But the popularity, which requires enormous production, has reduced the price to that of ordinary soaps. The Palmolive factories work day and night—the rare oils are imported in such vast volume that the manufacturing cost is reduced.

Thus Palmolive, which, if priced according to quality, would cost at least 25 cents, is yours for a modest 10 cents. You can afford this greatest of all luxuries for every toilet purpose.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Ontario
Manufacturers of a Complete Line of Toilet Articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c



The New JORDAN Silhouette Sedan

Those individuals who once thought it wise to choose a cheap car for reasons of price—thinking thus to realize economy—now know of a car in which the original price is practically the last payment for service rendered.

That car is the new Jordan.

It is so good looking—everyone compliments you.

It is so delightfully quiet—the only car in America using the Jordan non-rattling, lubricated spring shackle.

It is low, sturdy and well balanced—not up in the air like old fashioned cars.

And it is so economical. Twenty-seven cars in the Jordan national economy run did 12,546 miles at 24.1 miles per gallon average.

People who once owned big, heavy cars are now buying Jordans for economy and ease in handling. They appreciate day-after-day dependable performance.

Jordan colors are always interesting and optional—you feel better dressed than your neighbor.

It is the lightest car on the road for its wheel-base—and the best balanced. Its motion is constantly forward, not sideways.

It rides easy, due to chrome vanadium springs. It's easy to find your place at the curb; easy to handle in crowded traffic.

Jordan is building for a reputation—for leadership.

Remember, it is not what the manufacturer says about his product which makes for leadership—it is the good will created by happy Jordan owners.

Any Jordan representative will invite you to drive the Jordan yourself if you will give him the opportunity.

Rhythmic thunder of countless hoofs. Arching horns and plunging bodies. A cinema of golden life on the western plains. Air like wine and purpling distances.' Overhead the uncharted expanses of heaven, and in the eyes of youth the dream lands of the west. That's the round-up in God's country.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc. Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 48

argued that if a trespasser ate poison intended for rats it was his own lookout and would learn him to keep out.

Then somebody flung a deceased cat over the fence into Mrs. Abernathy's flowerbed. Mrs. Abernathy flung it out and somehow or other the carcass traveled north by east and landed in the Dills' back yard. To a proud family this was an insult, and the Dills threw it back.

After that the cat started to travel. It went hurtling back and forth across the fence for the better part of a week, until finally it really began to show the wear and tear of visiting. First the widow would throw it, and she was not always accurate on the swing; then one of the Dill children would loft it with beautiful accuracy; and Mrs. Abernathy's only daughter, Minnie May, would pick it up with a gesture of superb contempt and spurn the thing back into the Dill domain. To do her justice, however, Minnie May yielded to this natural impulse of retaliation only twice, for she had just graduated from a girls' school in Missouri and was a great stickler for the proprieties. Indeed, she finally begged her mother to ignore the cat and not to pay the Dills any further mind. It was mighty hard to ignore the cat by that time, and Mrs. Abernathy did not try; but instead of skyrocketing it back to the Dills she hired Atticus Pericles Poe to remove it.

The Dill-Abernathy feud was a godsend to Atticus Pericles, since it provided him with a steady job, the which he had been shy some weeks. The widow engaged him to work around the place—not that she really needed Doc, because there was little to do in the wintertime except make the fires and sweep out, but twice recently the Abernathys had been roused in the middle of the night by prowlers in the back yard. Somebody had come snooping near the chicken coop, but each time the alert and dauntless Plymouth Rock rooster had given the alarm.

"They're fixing to steal Alonzo," declared Mrs. Abernathy, and it did look that way.

Therefore she paid Doc a generous weekly wage to work for her and sleep on the premises. The Abernathys had no servants' house, as do most of the houses of the well-to-do in the colored zone, so Doc slept in the barn. As the chicken coop leaned against the barn and could be entered from it this seemed an ideal protective arrangement. The widow gave him her late husband's shotgun as an aid, and ordered Atticus Pericles to use it impartially if he heard a thief.

"Ain't you afraid, mawm, Doc may lift a couple of friers on his own account?" queried Old Granite Face.

"No-o, I don't reckon he will, Mr. Ben. That's why I hired that boy—his wife's got more chickens than any other nigger in Four Oaks."

"But don't you reckon you're takin' a chance, lettin' that boy have a shotgun? He's like to hurt somebody."

The widow laughed. "Shucks, no! Doc couldn't hit a barn door. Besides, nobody'll get hurt if they only leave us alone."

Ben Rust was becoming pretty regular in his visits to the widow's house now, and people began to speculate openly as to how long it would take him to land her. The consensus of opinion was that Ben and the widow would likely hitch up before the winter was out, and it would be a right sensible match, too, for both were middle-aged, both had some property, and Ben's single state of happiness would no longer be a reproach and a sting to the feminine population of the town.

The married men shook their heads dolefully. Here was a man who could go fishing and duck shooting whensoever he wanted to, who could play dominoes every night in the week if so minded, who had good health and as much money as he required for his needs, yet aimed —— It looked like flying in the face of Providence, and they would have warned Old Granite Face had they dared, but you know how it is. There are always so many possible flarebacks to meddling in an affair of this description. And their wives contemplated the prospective making-over of this confirmed old bachelor with a sort of tight-lipped grim joy.

We had some lovely weather in December, cold and crisp and sparkling, and toward the end of the month Old Granite Face decided that business would keep—he conducted a real estate and loan office—but such bird weather might never come again. So he made all ready. Just as he was setting out, his dog ran under an automobile and was crippled. Ben had him fixed up, but he would be out of the game for the remainder of the season, and the call of the fields was not to be resisted.

Now there was only one other bird dog in the county which could compare with the injured Pete, and it belonged to Buck Dill. Old Granite Face had little traffic with Dill and held him in slight esteem, but the freemasonry of sport established a bond of a sort, and he decided to ask, anyhow.

"Buck ain't home," snapped Mrs. Dill. She thought Old Granite Face had his nerve to try to borrow their dog, after the way he had treated them in the rooster case.

"I know, mawm—that's why I thought he might not be using him. Don't you reckon I could take him for a day, anyhow?" he persisted.

"No, I don't. Besides, Buck done sent that dawg away. He ain't on the place. If you like you can look for yourself."

"Sent him away? In the middle of the bird season?" cried the justice of the peace, shocked beyond measure. "Surely he hasn't sold Mac, mawm?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, he's shipped him away." And Mrs. Dill showed Ben what she thought of him by slamming the door in his face.

Old Granite Face hurried off downtown in order to find Buck and buy the dog from him, if it was his intention to sell, but Dill was over at the county seat, lawing. He had lately been going from bad to worse. Laziness, corn liquor and a grievance against the world had proved too strong a combination for the cotton-gin manager to put up with, so he had fired Dill, and Buck was now suing him for something or other. Indeed, he was suing, or threatening to sue, about everybody in town. They weren't treating him right at all; from the First State Bank, which would no longer cash his checks, to the People's Grocery, which refused further credit—all were picking on Buck and hounding him and keeping him out of his rights. The world owed him a living, and he aimed to get it too.

Lawing is a sorry business at best and is fatal to the poor. It seems peculiarly malignant toward Democrats of Dill's type—even more deadly than the running-for-office habit, because so much quicker in its results.

People began to steer wide of Buck. Although he had never hurt anybody or engaged in fights, for some reason or other he had always borne the reputation of being a dangerous man, perhaps because of his mean eye. And now he had taken to drinking heavily and brooding over his wrongs. Some of the Widow Abernathy's friends warned her to be on her guard against Buck Dill, and when the First State Bank turned down his check for eighty-five cents, simply because his account there had been closed out, Buck's passion was so terrible that the president heard about it and obtained a permit to tote a gun for self-protection.

He never had occasion to use it, because Dill was killed within the next ten days. Residents of the neighborhood where Mrs. Abernathy lived were startled by the report of a gun shortly after midnight and when some of the men ran out to ascertain what was up and who had been shot, they heard loud shouts for help from the direction of the widow's barn. And there they found Doc Poe, in a frenzy of fright and bewilderment, jabbering and moaning and crying out, and in the doorway the body of Buck Dill. The whole front of his face had been blown off, and on the floor between the body and the negro lay the weapon the widow had given Doc to guard her rooster.

It looked like an open-and-shut case—Buck had tried to get even with the Widow Abernathy by stealing the Plymouth Rock, and the nigger had killed him. Nobody could recognize Buck, because of his ghastly injuries, but we all recognized his old brown suit with the stripes, and when somebody woke up his widow and told her she identified him with shrieks that were terrible to hear.

The crowd cast some ugly looks toward Poe and several men on the fringe of it started to whisper together. Doc knew the symptoms, of course, and instantly ceased his protestations of innocence. He begged Constable Dan Frizzell to take him away quick and lock him up before they lynched him, and Dan acted on the plea. Before any concerted movement could be made to seize the darky he whisked him off and nobody could get further trace of either of them that night.

"It's a bad business," said the president of the First State Bank to Ben Rust as they returned homeward. "I'm afraid they'll lynch that nigger."

"It's like they will if we don't watch out. If a white man had killed Buck it wouldn't be so bad."

"Sure, it wouldn't. He was fixing to rob Miz Abernathy's hen roost, wasn't he? He had no right to be there."

"But it ain't in human nature to stand for a nigger doing such a thing! Is it?"

The banker glanced at him sidewise, wondering what on earth had come over Ben.

"Did you hear what the boy said?" continued Old Granite Face.

"Who? Doc? Sure—he'd have to say he didn't do it."

"No, I don't mean that. I mean about the automobile."

"Uh-huh"

"Well, he said all he knew about it was that an automobile stopped in the road outside their fence and woke him up, and next thing he heard was a gunshot right in front of the barn, and when he jumped up the automobile was tearing down the road, and there lay Buck Dill."

"Fiddlesticks!" snorted the banker.

"And he also said Mr. Dill was killed with buckshot, which he was, and that he'd only loaded up his gun with blanks—all he wanted to do was to scare off chicken thieves."

"Well, you surely don't take any stock in lies like those, do you? They found the gun, didn't they? It was the one Miz Abernathy had given to the nigger, wasn't it? And it had one barrel still loaded with buckshot! How do you reckon Doc can explain that?"

All Old Granite Face could do was shake his head.

"But you'll help me see that this boy gets a fair trial, won't you, Charlie? You'll stand by me to keep 'em from lynching him? Think what a black eye it would be to the town if they pulled anything like that."

The banker agreed to stand by Ben, but he promised it without any enthusiasm.

Before daylight next morning Constable Dan Frizzell "spirited" the prisoner away, according to the Four Oaks Signal; actually he took the nigger in a flivver to the county seat. Judge Rust advised it, and Dan's own judgment would have dictated the step, anyhow. Feeling would not be so high there, and they possessed a real jail, instead of a lockup which an earnest boy could break up with a rock.

Old Granite Face was very busy the entire day and did not attend the inquest, which developed nothing new. Mrs. Dill positively identified the body as that of her husband and said that he had gone out early in the evening. She supposed he was going to the Wahoos' lodge rooms, and how he came to be in the Abernathy barn at midnight she was at a loss to explain.

Had he ever made threats in her hearing against the rooster? Plenty of them, said Mrs. Dill; but he often talked big and ranted about, and she never paid that sort of thing any mind. She was morally certain that Buck did not aim to steal the Plymouth Rock, and tried to advance the theory that Doc Poe had shot her husband out of meanness somewhere in the street and had then dragged the body to where it was found. The coroner cut short this portion of her testimony.

The Widow Abernathy identified the gun as the one she had intrusted to the negro, and she repeated the instructions she had given him—to use it only to frighten off intruders. This led to some questioning by the coroner as to the ill feeling between the two families over Alonzo's matutinal efforts, but everybody in Four Oaks already knew all that.

The prisoner was not present at the inquest. He wished to be there, and then again he didn't. Doc wanted desperately to talk, and tell his side of the story, but was in a quaking fear lest a return to Four Oaks should expose him to the noose or a bonfire. And his lawyer advised him to keep quiet at all costs. Yes, he had a lawyer; Junius Brigham Hornblower was looking after his interests, having gone to the jail and nominated himself as Doc's attorney. The negro did not know enough to disclaim him and I can hardly blame Junius for grabbing the case when it offered, because he had been practicing for eight years without a client. One time a client had actually entered his office, but Junius happened to be out, trying to swap a mule team.

Well, the whole wretched tragedy was threshed out at the inquest, and then a charge of murder was brought in against Atticus Pericles Poe. Ben Rust heard about it while at the Widow Abernathy's house; he was not surprised, but it speeded up his precautions against violence. And as darkness fell he perceived they would be needed, for everywhere he went men were talking about the heinous character of the crime, a nigger shooting down a white man in cold blood that-away, and they were beginning to paint Buck in rather warm colors as a fine good-hearted fellow, and Doc Poe as a mean nigger with a bad record. Given a few hours, and Dill would be esteemed as a martyred hero, and the negro sought for the stake. There was actually some feeling against the widow, too, for owning the Plymouth Rock.

About nine o'clock that night ten automobiles loaded with armed and masked men sped out of Four Oaks and headed for the county seat. Those in the lead cars wore sheets and were very evidently in charge of proceedings. The news spread like wildfire that they had gone to get the nigger.

Before the lynching party had traveled a mile beyond the town Old Granite Face had called the sheriff of the county on the telephone, to give warning. The sheriff did not seem surprised. He told Ben he was ready for them and would not surrender his prisoner, but he said it half-heartedly, and the justice of the peace became convinced that the posse would encounter no opposition. Therefore he rounded up the president of the First State Bank and several leading citizens on whom he could rely, and started in pursuit.

They met the men from Four Oaks returning with the prisoner, the party moving in precisely the same order as they had left. Doc was in the front car, on the floor of the tonneau, and he was as near white as a black man can get. Evidently the posse had met with no difficulty in taking him from jail.

Old Granite Face stopped his automobile right in the middle of the road, so that none could pass.

"Hi!" yelled the driver of the lead car. "Pull out to one side, you bonehead!"

For answer Rust got out and walked forward until the glare of the headlights played full on him. Then he took off his hat, so that all might see him.

"Men, I am Ben Rust, justice of the peace for Precinct Five. I reckon every man here knows me. Back there in the car are the president of the First State Bank, also Doctor Peeler, Judge Earl Robinson and Reverend Jabez Schoonover."

Nobody had any comment to offer. They waited, probably wondering just what these well-meaning but harmless citizens purposed doing.

"You have a black man there who is charged with murder and who is entitled to a fair trial—and whatever punishment he deserves and the law imposes. What do you aim to do with him?"

"We're fixing to parade him down through nigger town first and then roast him alive," replied the leader in a voice of perfect composure. "We've seen how trials drag out, before this."

A murmur of approval came from those behind him. Old Granite Face waited until it had subsided and then demanded, "What're you going to lynch him for?"

Ensued a moment of bewildered silence and then somebody laughed. The posse joined in, but it was not a pleasant sound, and a man yelled to Rust to get out of the way before they ran over him or got mad.

"What're we going to lynch him for?" repeated the spokesman. "Why, what d'you suppose? For killing Buck Dill, of course."

"But he didn't kill Buck Dill."

"Shucks!" There was a murmur of disgust from the others. "All that's been settled, Rust. It's been proved he did—or the same as proved."

And then Old Granite Face drew himself up and his voice sounded like the crack of a .30-30.

"Buck Dill hasn't been killed," he cried. "He's alive right now, and will be under arrest within forty-eight hours."

Stunned silence, broken at last by a babel of ejaculations and protests of unbelief, but rising above them all a wild shout of

(Continued on Page 56)

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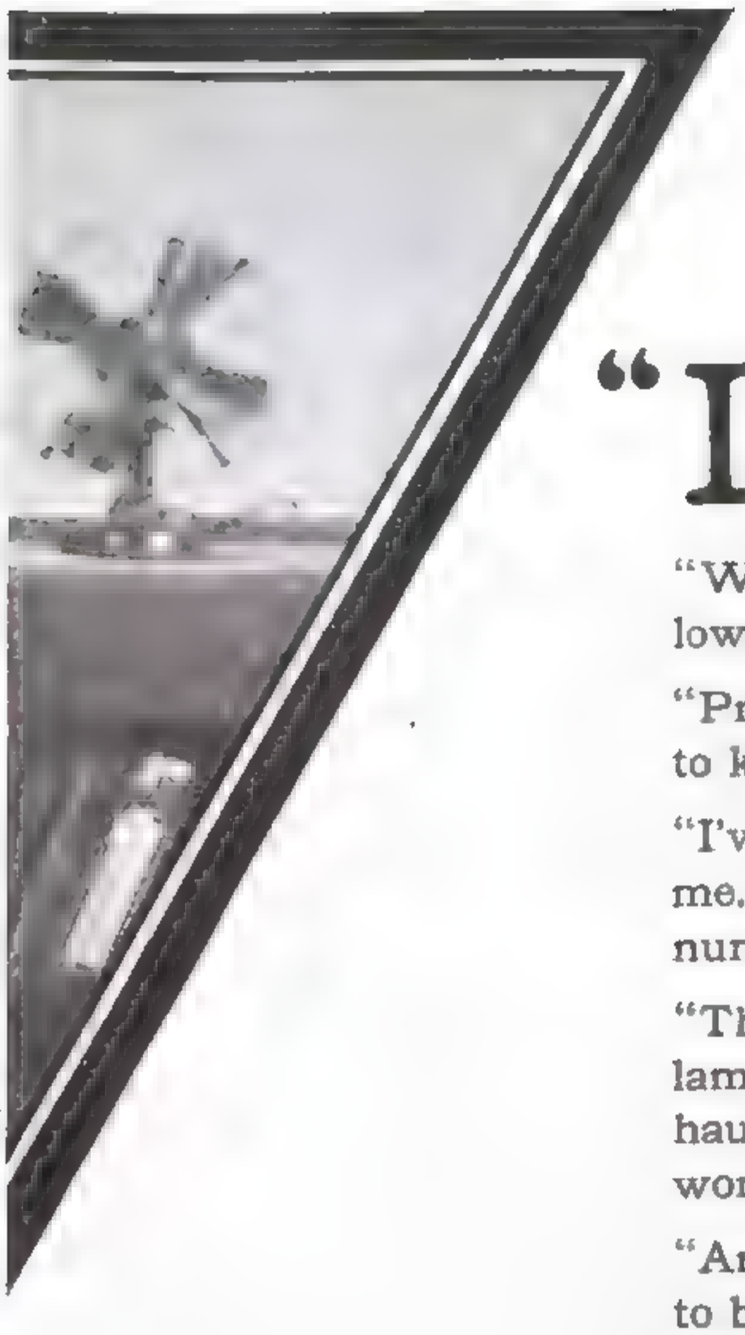
What Truck To Buy?

Buy the one that will deliver the maximum number of hours in motion under pay load, and the fewest hours in the shop for overhauling and repairs.



"I'd take that one!"

"Why? This one looks just as good to me and the price is $500.00 lower."

"Price doesn't tell the whole story, sir. It's what you have to pay out to keep a truck going that counts.

"I've handled trucks for ten years—that's one of the reasons you hired me. We've got some good trucks—and we've got some we have to nurse all the time.

"That three-ton truck's got good stuff in her from radiator to tail lamp. She's built by specialists. When the time comes for an overhaul we can do the job without taking off a couple of hundred dollars' worth of equipment to make a two-dollar repair or replacement.

"And we can get real service at a fair price. If the dealer happens to be out of the repair parts we want, he can get 'em quick from a branch station that handles genuine stuff for a half dozen of the biggest standardized-unit makers in the country.

"Of course, sir, the decision's up to you, but I'd take that one, then we'll know who made the axles and a lot of other important parts. And in these days it pays to know."

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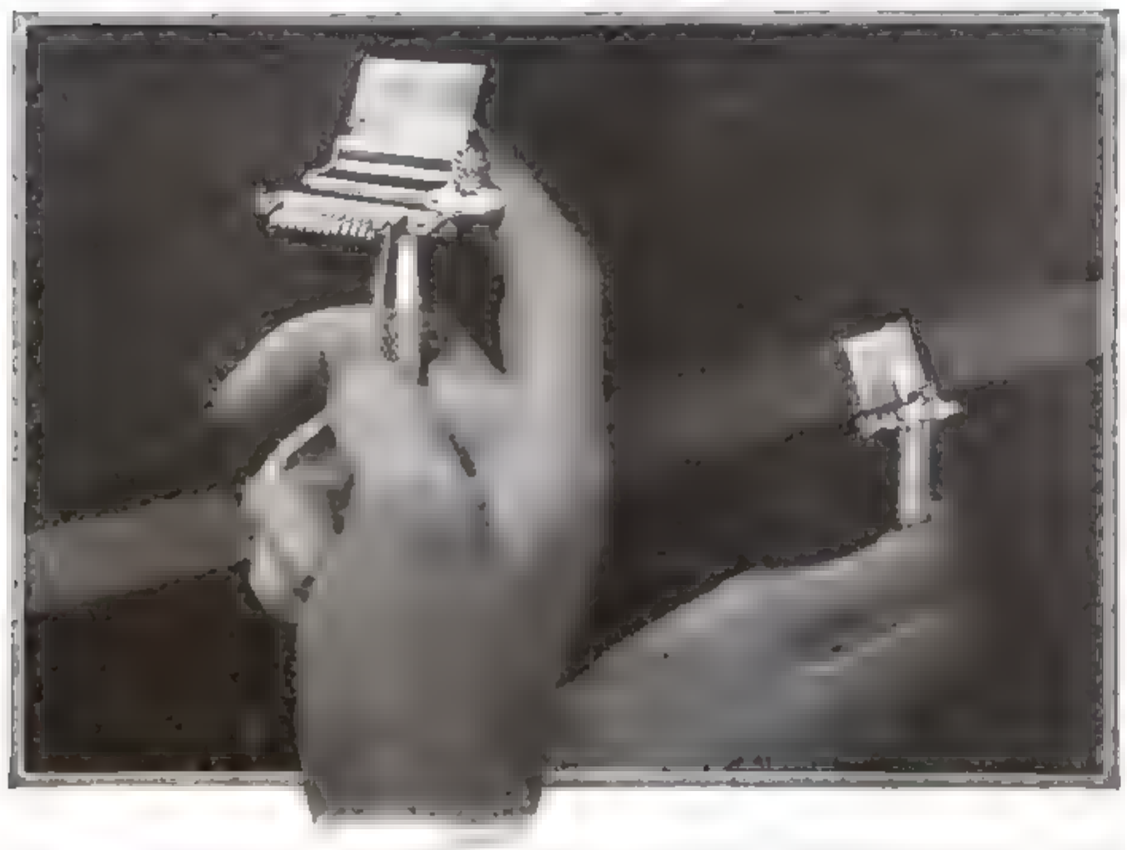

Without removing the blade this razor strops, shaves and cleans

DID you ever stop to think of the ups and downs you have in your morning shaves? A couple of good shaves when the blade is new. Then poor ones—worse each day—till you have to put in another new blade.

Here's a safety razor that will give you a new keen edge *every morning in the week*. And without constantly plunking down good money for new blades.

The Valet AutoStrop Razor sharpens its own blades on a straight leather strop—the kind the barber uses. Just slip the strop through the head of the razor—then a few strokes back and forth. After a few weeks, you'll begin to wonder how it's possible for one blade to keep on giving those smooth-as-silk shaves morning after morning.

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VALET
Auto-Strop Razor

Silver plated razor, strop, year's supply of blades, in compact case $5.00

Strops and blades may also be bought separately.

Saves constant blade expense

(Continued from Page 53)

exultation and hope from the prisoner. They shut him up quick, and in the first reaction handled Doc pretty roughly.

"What's this you're giving us, Rust? Don't try to stall," shouted the leader. "I want to warn you if it is a stall you're like to get in bad."

"Men, it's gospel truth. The body we found in the Abernathy barn is not that of Buck Dill."

"But, dad burn it, his own widow identified it! How do you get around that?"

"That will be cleared up, too, very soon. But Doctor Peeler will verify what I say—the dead man is not Buck Dill. I inspected the body. It is that of a man twenty pounds heavier. Buck had a big birthmark just below the right armpit—I've seen it a hundred times in swimmin' when we were kids—and there's none on the corpse. Doctor Peeler fixed Buck's teeth not more'n two months ago. Well, the dead man's teeth weren't hurt by that charge of buckshot, and they ain't Dill's teeth."

The lynching party just sat there and gaped. Then some of them began to swear in a dazed, helpless sort of way. The props had been knocked clean from under them; they stubbornly wanted to cling to their original idea, and yet Ben Rust appeared to have irrefutable evidence. Those in the front cars called to those behind to find out what they ought to do; the leaders alighted to confer.

At last: "Say, Rust!"

"Yes?"

"Who the Sam Hill was it got killed, then? And who done it?"

"That will be cleared up, also, within forty-eight hours."

"But—but—man alive, he was shot with the nigger's gun! How d'you explain that?"

It was plain from the way the rest of the lynching party leaned forward that this question revived their hopes that Doc might be guilty after all.

"Right! He was shot with the nigger's gun. But the nigger hadn't had that gun for two days, and was afraid to admit it to Miz Abernathy. It had been stole from him. And the man who did the murder flung the gun down when he flung the body. And then he drifted."

They demanded how he knew all this.

"I can't tell you just now. But, men, give me three days—give me forty-eight hours. I'll tell you this much: I've found out who bought the buckshot that was used and where he bought it. You've got the wrong man there. Doc Poe had no more to do with the murder than I did."

"Now, bless you for that, Mr. Ben! May the Lawd ——"

"And if you lynch him you'll lynch an innocent man and will regret it to your dying day."

Still they hesitated.

Doubt of the outcome prompted Rust to say: "I tell you what I'll do. Here's a proposition: Give me forty-eight hours to prove what I've said. In the meantime you return the prisoner to the county jail. If I don't produce, you can easily get him again, looks like. It only means a short ride for you."

"Why not just keep him ourselves?"

"No," said the justice of the peace firmly; "something might happen."

"We'll promise not to molest him, and to treat him good."

"No, sir. Something might happen. Some other niggers might try to get him out, or ——"

"We'd like to see them try."

"Well, I wouldn't. That's the difference."

The leaders of the party withdrew to talk it over. By and by they summoned others to join them, and pretty soon they were all arguing and wrangling. Finally, however, they came to an agreement and the spokesman informed Old Granite Face that they accepted his proposal.

"We'll take him back," he announced. "But, mind, if you fail to prove your words by this time Thursday night he's a gone nigger. For we'll snake him out again, and then there'll be a party, sure enough."

"That's satisfactory," cried Rust, and he accompanied the leaders on their return to the county seat, where they dumped the negro out on the ground in front of the jail, yelled to the sheriff that they had left a package for him and departed.

Old Granite Face drove to the Junction through the biting blasts and sleet of a sudden norther, and caught the express for the southwest at three A.M. And thirty hours later Four Oaks was electrified by receipt of a telegram that Buck Dill had been arrested at a town on the border whilst trying to cross into Mexico. He was held on a charge of murder.

Hardly had we recovered from the first numbing shock of this bulletin when we learned that Mrs. Dill was also under arrest as an accessory, that she had been taken into custody in the very act of boarding a train at the Junction to go and join Buck in Mexico, after having sent the children to stay with their grandmother until they could be sent for. It came out that Buck Dill had shot and killed a peddler by the name of Pasquale, who had drifted into town; that he had dressed him in his own clothes and deposited him in the Abernathy barn; that the object of the crime was to realize on a two-thousand-dollar insurance policy on Buck's life, and that his wife had aided and abetted him in planning the fraud and the killing.

The whole countryside was agog. Business simply came to a standstill in Four Oaks, and agriculture went to pot.

How had Ben Rust found it all out? What made him suspect the dead man was not Buck Dill? And how did he know where Buck had fled? Doc Poe's assertion that he had heard an automobile drive up, then the discharge of a gun, was apparently substantiated. Of course that must have been the murderer bringing the body there, and he fired one shot in the air to make it look like the nigger had done the shooting. And say, wasn't it slick of him to figure the thing out the way he did—making it impossible to recognize the face, that way, and dressing the peddler up in his own clothes? Whoever would have thought Buck Dill had enough brains! But how the tarnation did Old Granite Face ever happen to suspicion the trick?

They could scarcely contain themselves until he returned. Scores of persons kept ringing up his house to find out when he might be expected, and scores more called there for news. A few even went over to the Junction to meet the train on which it was said he would come. But they missed Ben. He got out on the other side and, returning to Four Oaks by another route, had four or five hours to attend to his own affairs before it was established beyond question that he was back.

"And guess what!" shouted Reb Riddell, bursting in on me. "The ol' son-of-a-gun has stole a march on us! Dad burn it, if he ain't slick!"

"What's he been up to now?"

"Why, consarn his eyes," bellowed Reb, who was beside himself with delight, "consarn his eyes if he ain't gone and got married! Not an hour ago!"

"Oh, well, everybody was expecting it sooner or later. We all knew it was like to happen. So that isn't so surprising. It isn't even news. But say, Reb, isn't the widow just a mite old for Ben?"

"Widow, nothin'! He didn't hitch up with the widow. He went and married the daughter—Minnie May."

In my opinion no man in Muleshoe County has ever enjoyed such a personal triumph as Ben Rust did. They couldn't have made more of a fuss over him if he had been President of the United States.

"Shucks, there was nothing to it!" he kept saying. "I knew Buck Dill had sent away his bird dog weeks ago, and so I figured he must be fixing to go too. You know what he thought of that dog. Besides, a man may up and leave his wife and children, but he'll never go off and leave his bird dog. Well, I found out where he'd sent Mac and that he hadn't sold him, so when this thing broke I just put two and two together, and sure enough they made four.

"We wired, on a chance, for them to nab Buck if he showed up, and he did. The insurance people gave us a clew, and that helped. Why, it was as simple as A B C."

Perhaps so, but to my mind Ben Rust deserves a lot of credit. He got it too. And right on top of all this glory came news that the Supreme Court had sustained his decision in the MacQuistion versus South Fork Valley Railroad case.

"Yes, sir, we'll know from now on, judge, whether chickens is livestock or not," exclaimed the reporter from the county seat, who was in Four Oaks to write pieces about the murder for his paper. "The Supreme Court has sustained you on every point."

Old Granite Face eyed him sourly over his spectacles, and then he snapped out "They have, have they? All the same, I still believe I was right."

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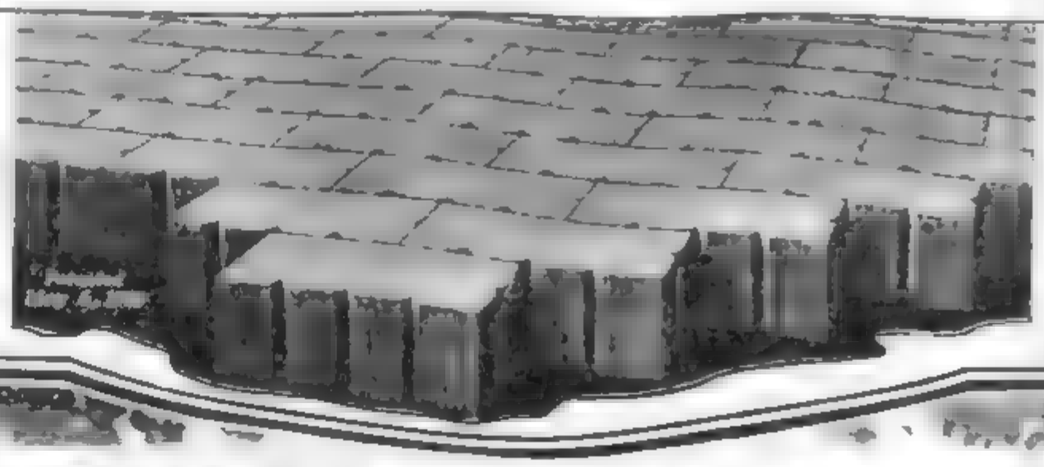

WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

GETTING ALONG IN JOURNALISM

(Continued from Page 7)

any amount of money, that he was achieving the great ambition of his life in the development of a great and prosperous newspaper, and that he loved the work and loved the Sun beyond any other consideration. I might have added that there was not money enough in the world to buy the Sun for Cleveland's friends—but I didn't.

I fear I was not very enthusiastic, for Cleveland spoke up with a bit of abruptness: "Well, what can we do about it?"

I replied that all I could do was go back to New York, make some inquiries, and let Lyman know the result; and with that my visit to the White House ended. Soon afterward I sent word to Lyman that the Sun was not for sale to anybody at any price. I saw Cleveland twice afterwards, and Lamont many times, but the subject of the purchase of the Sun was not men-
-ed again.

e afternoon a lady who had done some
d writing for the Sun approached my
smiling and in great glee. She whis-
: "President Cleveland is going to be
d in a few weeks. I know all about
it. What will you give for the complete exclusive story?"

Cleveland was a bachelor forty-nine years old at that time, and he had been President for more than a year. His sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, was living with him and was the so-called mistress of the White House. Rumor had credited her with a prodigality of enjoyment of her environment, also with somewhat decided notions of how an executive mansion should be run which did not articulate entirely with those of her big brother. She was an intense prohibitionist. She wore her hair short when she first went to the White House. She had a brisk mind of her own.

I mentioned a modest sum to the smiling lady, as a sort of starter in the negotiation, expecting to bid higher of course, but somewhat to my surprise and wonderment she confided that she was not so much interested in the money as she was in seeing the fact of the proposed wedding printed in the Sun.

Mr. Cleveland's Marriage

I asked her whether she or someone else was chiefly interested in having it printed; and if someone else, who might the lady or gentleman be. And she replied that she would tell me sometime, but under no circumstances was she or her source of information to be mentioned in anything we printed.

I told her that if she would tell me in confidence the entire narrative of what she knew I would protect her in every way. Thus persuaded she explained every detail of the arrangements for the marriage of the daughter of Cleveland's old partner to the President in the following June, giving all sources of her information. It was entirely convincing. There could be no doubt of the intended wedding.

But here again was that pesky old dilemma, so frequent in the experience of managing editors—the possession of a big piece of news, known to be true, but which was being concealed by the parties to it and which could not be verified except by the people most involved. A whirlwind of denials must surely follow its publication.

"How can I verify all this?" I asked her. "Where is the bride-elect?"

"In Paris, with her mother, getting the trousseau."

"Could not Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland verify it?"

"She would deny it or evade it. Besides, she is not in the White House now. She went back to her old home in Holland Patent sometime ago."

"In a huff?"

"Yes, in a huff."

"What was the trouble?"

"Maybe she had words with her brother about the wedding. Maybe she is piqued because there is to be a new mistress of the White House. She knows all about it; but the President is going to make her come back to the wedding. He says there isn't going to be any family nonsense."

"Who else knows about it?"

"Some of the President's old friends in Buffalo: District Attorney Wellington; Wilson S. Bissell, Cleveland's law partner; Miss Ida Gregg, an old friend of the bride-to-be; Cleveland's brother, the Rev. William Cleveland, knows about it, but he won't tell."

The conversation continued until the managing editor had secured every shred of information in the smiling lady's possession.

The Sun's exclusive announcement of the approaching wedding annoyed Mr. Cleveland very much, as the person who informed the smiling lady had intended it should. Miss Rose Cleveland after three months' absence returned, as predicted, four days before the marriage, and resumed her place as mistress of the White House until the ceremony was over.

It had been intended to keep it all a secret until about twenty-four hours before the marriage, but the Sun started fifty million tongues wagging six weeks before the event.

Colonel Lamont's Strategy

Even Colonel Lamont's attempt at a bit of final deception failed. The bride-elect and her mother were abroad. The colonel wanted to land them without publicity and put them in temporary seclusion. So he caused to be cabled from London that they were starting for home on the City of Chicago, due in New York on May twenty-seventh.

A few days after this announcement the smiling lady reappeared at my desk. "Don't let Colonel Lamont fool you," she said. "They are on the Noordland, and not on the City of Chicago. Both steamships are due here the same day."

The evening of May twenty-seventh saw the flower of New York's reportorial journalism sitting on the stringpiece of the Quarantine Wharf watching for the City of Chicago and waiting to welcome the White House bride-to-be. Every newspaper in town had a reporter there; but she was not aboard the City of Chicago, and they went back to their offices sadly to report her nonarrival.

Meantime the Sun sent two reporters in a tug and they saw Colonel Lamont transfer the young woman and her mother from the Noordland to a revenue cutter, in midstream, and rush them to the city. The Sun tug followed. The cutter extinguished her lights to escape the reporters, but to no avail.

The Sun reporters followed the party to the hotel even, and printed next morning a long exclusive circumstantial story of the arrival of the future mistress of the White House. The marriage was solemnized five days afterwards.

Colonel Lamont was one of the finest of men. His boyhood was passed in Cortland, New York, and he was an editor of the Albany Argus when Cleveland as governor selected him to be his private secretary. Lamont went with Cleveland to Washington to be the President's private secretary. Cleveland afterward made him Secretary of War. At the time of his death, in 1905, Lamont was a vice-president of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He possessed great executive ability and surpassing political sagacity. He was delightfully loyal to his friends.

The managing editor is the executive officer of the newspaper. His first duty is to carry out the policies of the editor in chief or the owner. He is responsible for what goes into the paper. He is supposed to know what is going on in every hemisphere and in every island of the sea and to have it properly presented in the news columns. He must read constantly the other newspapers and periodicals to know what they are printing and what of their contents should be printed in his own next edition. He hires the staff, except the editorial writers, fixes the salaries, obtains and directly supervises the matter for every column except the editorial page. He must, indeed, keep a sharp eye on that page as well, for it happens frequently that after an editorial article is ready for printing, along comes later news that entirely changes the situation and calls for revision of the article.

(Continued on Page 61)

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Make sure that you are not missing one of the greatest pleasures in life by making yourself at home in some music store for an hour or two, at the earliest opportunity. You will enjoy listening to a few Q·R·S PLAYER ROLLS, BECAUSE THEY ARE BETTER.

Q·R·S
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

PLAYER ROLLS *are Better*

(Continued from Page 59)

He decides questions in dispute. His best asset should be good judgment judgment what not to print as well as what should be printed; judgment as to relative news values, whether to give one, two or three columns to an unexpected piece of news that explodes in Washington, Dawson City or off Montauk Point; judgment whether to chance a libel suit in one article or the infringement of copyright in another; whether to minimize a social or a political movement or boom it; and when these questions are flashed on this unfortunate man just as the edition is going to press his must be a quick as well as a decisive judgment.

The managing editor has to deal with men of all ages and of all experiences. The staff includes cranks and enthusiasts, students and philosophers, men of every race and religion, whose illuminated intelligence reflects every phase of eccentricity, every degree of sanity as well as every perfection of common sense—men of intelligence, earnestness, sensitiveness, filled with ambition, alive with interest, and seeking above all to succeed in the business.

The managing editor needs the coöperation of these men. His first purpose should be to inspire them to loyalty to the paper and to do good work, to take pride in their work. A loyal staff is full of suggestion, will go to extremes in support of its leader; an indifferent staff is silent. It depends largely on how the staff is treated by the management whether it is loyal or indifferent.

The managing editor should mingle freely with the staff, should come in personal contact with the writers in every department, should talk with them about their work, should understand their methods of work, should have exact knowledge of their shortcomings as well as of their abilities.

To have the right man in the right place is perhaps more essential in the newspaper business than in any other. The leader soon gets a reputation among all the workers in the town. He can do much toward attracting the best writers to his staff. If he becomes known as a good man to work under he has accomplished a lot.

Now you cannot manage a newspaper staff as you might a section gang building a railroad. It is not to be expected that intelligent, sensitive writers will spring to their work, will do better work, while smarting under severe reproof or constant nagging. If they do, it is because they fear to lose their jobs, rather than from zeal. Not much good newspaper work is done under an uplifted club. Little else than resentment results from angry words.

Mr. Dana's Splendid Leadership

One reason for Mr. Dana's success may be found in his splendid leadership. He inspired the confidence of his helpers by his surpassing knowledge of the business. He encouraged them by his recognition and appreciation of superior work, and his absolute justice toward them. He fascinated them by his genial ways. Everybody loved him and would do anything for him. The editor of ability who endears himself to his staff surely will make a great newspaper.

The editor whose ability is not respected, who does not recognize good service, who is constantly nagging and complaining and finding fault and arousing resentment—he will see his circulation slipping away and his influence diminishing. A newspaper staff is made up of delicately constituted, sensitive, self-respecting men and women.

It is encouraging and inspiring to a newspaper writer to feel that he has the confidence of his editors, and I feel that I cannot better advise the young man in journalism than to urge the utmost judgment in the choice of helpers and then to stand by them. Instill into your staff the same confidence that you have in yourself and you will have a loyal band of able and faithful enthusiasts.

Mr. Paul Dana grew up in a literary and a newspaper environment. His father was surrounded by scholars and writers. The young man enjoyed the constant companionship of the great editor, whose delight in him was unconcealed and a joy to behold. After graduation from Harvard Mr Paul Dana went on the Sun staff as a writer of editorial articles, and almost immediately he assumed the editorship in his father's absence, a responsibility that increased as the chief's holiday trips latterly became of longer duration.

On Mr. Dana's death, in 1897, Paul Dana purchased a controlling interest in the property for the Dana estate and he continued to be the editor in chief until 1903. He was practically the editor of the Sun for more than ten years. His general newspaper policy coincided with that of his father. He retained the old staff and endeared himself to its members by his appreciation of their good work and by his kindly consideration. He was a fine chief to work under and to work with. He paid much attention to details of other parts of the newspaper as well as to the editorial page—more than his father had. He criticized little slips with more severity and was more interested in the presentation of the news. He was greatly absorbed in the consolidations that made the Greater New York and he insisted on the printing of broadsides about them. The Sun's staff, under Mr. Paul Dana, bent to its work with the same loyalty and enthusiastic good will as when under his father.

The managing editor of a big newspaper stands as a sort of buffer between the staff and the editor in chief or the owner. The staff constantly seeks increase in salary; the business office constantly urges retrenchment. The staff wants to whoop things up, wants to display the spectacular; the editor insists on conservatism. In a dozen other ways the jolly conflict goes on. Everybody kicks the managing editor until he knows not the joy of living. But he finds great satisfaction if he is so fortunate as to have the support of his superiors. I do not recall that Charles A. Dana ever made an unjust criticism. He criticized often, but always he was right. He had worked in every department of a newspaper and he understood the difficulties.

Mr. Laffan's Editorship

William M. Laffan, who purchased the Sun in 1902 and continued to be its owner and director until his death, in 1909, was similarly considerate. Everybody enjoyed working under him, and those who knew him well were delighted with his abundance of wit and good fellowship. Mr. Dana was very fond of him, made him dramatic critic and general writer on art topics and of editorial articles, and on the death of Isaac W. England, in 1884, made Laffan business manager of the Sun.

Laffan wrote some of the finest editorial articles ever printed. His manuscript was like copperplate and he rarely changed a word in revision. Usually he wrote readily and rapidly, but one night he got a bad case of writer's stage fright, as so many newspaper men have had when forced to write under time limit. It was the first-night New York performance of Henry Irving, in 1883, the most important dramatic event there for a quarter of a century, for Irving's fame had preceded him. Something especially fine was expected of the dramatic critic.

As Laffan entered the office he somewhat nervously inquired of the managing editor, "How much time have I?" and the answer was, "An hour and a half for the first edition, and another hour for the second."

The critic bent over his desk, wrote a few words and then tore up the sheet on which they were written. Then he wrote three or four sentences, and again tore up the sheet. He could not concentrate. He became agitated over the thought that he had so short a time in which to describe and criticize the great event for a newspaper that prided itself on the excellence of its critiques. At the end of an hour the managing editor, sensing that things were going wrong, strolled into the critic's room. The floor was white with torn-up copy paper, and the critic was gazing at a fresh sheet, on which not a word had been written. He simply could not write under the pressure of limited time. He became yet the more helpless as the hour for getting to press approached.

Nothing appeared in the first edition, and little indeed of Laffan's matter in the second. The reporter sent to the theater opening to look out for news and the names of distinguished persons there did his part, and the few words of criticism Laffan wrote were sandwiched into it.

Laffan cared little for the theater, and after he ceased to be critic, some of his friends say, he never went near a theatrical performance.

Writer's stage fright, as it is called in newspaper offices, is common enough, especially with writers of limited experience. Even the veterans in the business get it occasionally. They are compelled to write under all sorts of conditions of physical suffering or mental anguish, find themselves unable to concentrate or to reason, and as a final stimulant to panic or acute agitation someone shouts to them: "Hurry up, you have only fifteen more minutes in which to finish."

Laffan was born in Dublin and he was educated in Trinity College. He did newspaper work in San Francisco and Baltimore before going to the Sun, and he became conspicuous in the world of art for his expert knowledge of Oriental porcelains, wood engraving and oil painting. As a newspaper proprietor he was not less aggressive and decided than were the Danas. Indeed it was said of him that he drove business away instead of attracting it, for if advertisers objected in the slightest to his methods he fired them out of the place.

In his book, The Story of the Sun, Frank O'Brien tells of Laffan's attacks on a railway magnate and how the railway man's agent came around with thousands of dollars' worth of advertising which he proposed to have in the Sun. A clerk told Laffan that the agent wanted to see him.

"Tell him to see the advertising manager," said Laffan.

"He insists on seeing you," answered the clerk.

"Tell him to go to hell," said Laffan.

The Sun sent seven or eight men to report the Spanish War and they had great difficulty in delivering their news. Nothing could be sent from Cuba. Everything was carried by dispatch boat to Jamaica or Haiti and cabled from there at great expense, and when finally landed in New York the government censor held it up at will. The correspondents did their best to beat the censor. One evening a message came that read something like this, the names being those of Sun men: "Anderson has gone to Kingston, Lloyd is here, Carroll is on the yacht. Jack Ocher is with the troops in Guantánamo, Armstrong with Shafter." What could all this mean? The managing editor knew exactly where every man was. Oh! Jack Ocher, Jack Ocher, who was Jack Ocher? Why, Yellow Jack of course. Yellow fever had broken out among the troops at Guantánamo. The sender had beaten the censor and the Sun had beaten the other newspapers.

Early Morning Penny Ante

The reporting of the Spanish War was most unsatisfactory. The cable from Haiti and Jamaica to Halifax was congested always, sometimes so hopelessly congested that correspondents sent their news by way of isthmus stations, north, through Texas, at a cable rate of two dollars a word. News came along three or four days late at times, and not in the order sent. A message dated on Saturday might be delivered before one dated on the previous Tuesday. Even the United States Government was without information. It asked for the Sun's news in the following language:

The Navy Department would be obliged for any information the Sun has by cable about the movements of Spanish vessels from St. Vincent or elsewhere.

The Sun sent two yachts to Cuba and later entered into combination with two other newspapers so that their fleet was composed of six dispatch boats. These boats followed each other daily in a round of service carrying news from the southern ports of Cuba to Kingston, Jamaica, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles. As there was no way by which they could communicate with each other their movements were directed by cable from the managing editor's desk in the Sun office. The delays in cabling made it a very unsatisfactory arrangement, but no better way was devised.

Getting to the office a bit late one afternoon after Mr. Dana had gone I found a note on my desk that read:

Dear Mr. Lord: I understand that gambling games are played in the office sometimes as late as five o'clock in the morning. This must be stopped. C. A. D.

To which reply was made:

Dear Mr. Dana: It is quite true that the boys on the long wait who must stay until five o'clock in the morning sometimes play penny ante; also that some of the reporters who need not stay join in the game. Eight of them were playing the other morning when the Hotel Royal caught fire and so many lives were lost, and they all rushed to the fire, and because we

(Continued on Page 64)

"Our Sales Increased $25,000"

That's the result secured by George K. Birely and Sons of Frederick, Maryland, through the use of a Rotospeed Stencil Duplicator. It has doubled a grocer's business in four months. It has saved one concern more than a thousand dollars.

Speed Up

your business with this low-priced, highly efficient duplicator.

It prints form letters that are equal in every respect to typewritten originals—yet there's no type to set—no trouble—no muss. Write the letter on a typewriter or by hand—put it on the machine—turn the handle—that's all. You can print a thousand copies for 20c.

ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR

prints notices—bulletins—price lists—announcements—for manufacturers, merchants, architects, churches and schools. It prints ruled forms and illustrations. It does everything that a stencil duplicator can do—does it with fewer operations—simpler—quicker—cheaper. And yet the price, equipped for all classes of work, is

$43.50 Complete

The Rotospeed has eight exclusive features. It prints on any weight of paper and any size, from a postcard to an 8½ x 16 inch sheet. The equipment includes one quire of stencil paper, ink and sufficient other supplies for printing twenty-four jobs.

10 Days' Free Trial

Test the Rotospeed at our risk, in your office—see how easy it is to operate, how much it saves you. Ten days' work will convince you of its money-saving, money-making possibilities.

Mail the coupon now and indicate whether you want the machine with Free Trial Equipment at once or further details of our offer.

The Rotospeed Co.
677 E. Third St. Dayton, O.

Mail Now

Check whether you want machine now or booklet and samples of work.

The Rotospeed Co., 677 E. Third St., Dayton, Ohio

☐ Please send me complete Rotospeed Machine and Free Trial Equipment. After 10 days' trial I will pay $43.50 or return the machine.

☐ Please send samples of work, booklet and details of your Free Trial Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____

Address _____

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
The new Fisk Building takes a commanding position in the New York skyline

FISK
TIRES

The best-known tire trade-mark in the world

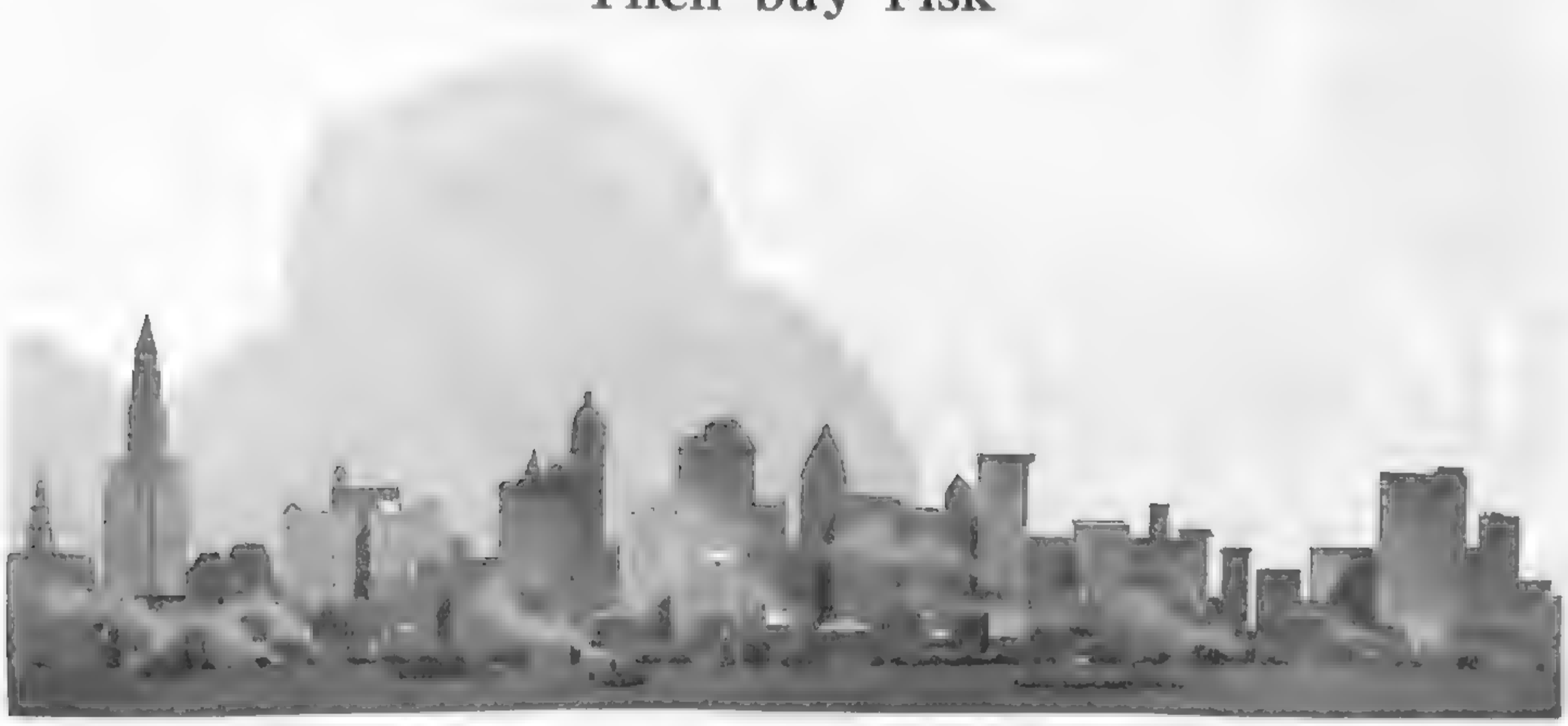
Backed by the highest-quality tire human skill can create.

Fisk Tires are built to sustain a reputation which we hold priceless.

They are sold to meet competition.

Compare their prices with those of any other tire of quality.

Then buy Fisk



Steam-heat — Coal-bills high?
—call the Watchman!

PUT the Watchman—the No. 1 Hoffman Valve—to work on your worst radiator—your coldest radiator, the radiator that leaks and bangs and hisses the most. In short order he'll make that radiator hot, silent and well-behaved. Then, when he's convinced you, give him a job on all your radiators and forget your heating troubles. He'll boost the temperature and lower the coal bills.

The bitterest weather of the whole winter is still coming. It's a splendid opportunity to prove to your own satisfaction, the truth of "More Heat from Less Coal".

$2.15 at your Heating Contractor's or sent to our Waterbury Office (or in Canada $3.00 sent to the nearest jobber of plumbing and heating supplies) will bring you a sample No. 1 Hoffman Valve. Test it! Learn the secret of steam heating efficiency.

Satisfactory service from HOFFMAN VALVES is guaranteed in writing for Five Full Years.

"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL" *is a booklet that tells all about* Hoffman Valves *and how they eliminate coal-waste. It is yours for the asking. Write for it today.*

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

HOFFMAN VALVES
more heat from less coal

(Continued from Page 61)

had so many men available at that early hour we beat the entire town with our big extra. We had not objected to the game because it keeps so much help in the office.

And this was Mr. Dana's reply concluding the correspondence:

Dear Mr. Lord: Be so good as to disregard entirely what I wrote about gambling games in the early morning. C. A. D.

The Hotel Royal fire was a memorable disaster. The flames started in the basement about three o'clock in the morning, and almost instantly cut off escape. About forty persons lost their lives by suffocation or jumping from the windows, and many were injured. The Sun's fine description in a very complete extra was the talk of the town.

Of crank and crazy visitors to the managing editor there was no end. One afternoon the office boy came, saying: "There's a man out there wants to see you; says he has a letter to Roosevelt written in blood."

"What kind of a looking man?"

"Rather a tough-looking guy—hasn't any overcoat."

Obviously it were better to see the man in the anteroom, and sure enough here was a real lunatic. He presented a long document written in red, which he said told Roosevelt what was coming to him. The man demanded that it be printed.

He was told that the editor who attended to the Roosevelt matter had just stepped out, but we would send for him. Would he please be seated and make himself comfortable?

Then going into another room we called up the secret-service office, then in Park Row, and they sent two men on the run. As they came in one of them was introduced to the crank as the Roosevelt editor, and he said to the crank, "My office is just over here. Please step over and we will fix this thing up."

Once outside the Sun office the detectives put handcuffs on the man and before night he was in an asylum.

John L.'s Answer

At another time a tall frowzy-looking man dressed like a clergyman, and with a long beard, appeared with the announcement, "I have an argument against the barge canal."

As the Sun was opposing the building of the canal it seemed well to listen to him, and he went on: "Christ is coming again soon just as sure as you live; and the Bible says that when he comes earthquakes will rend the earth, and floods will deluge the land; and they will of course destroy the barge canal and the railroads. Now it is cheaper to put our money in railroads to be destroyed than in canals to be washed away—so let's spend the money on railroads rather than on this very expensive barge canal. Put up a big sign: 'Christ is coming soon,' and the people will not want to build the canal."

When John L. Sullivan was in the full glory of his fighting career he visited the office occasionally to talk things over with the sporting editor. He was a boisterously bluff good-natured soul with a megaphone laugh and a handshake that made one twitch. I asked him to what particular fighting quality he attributed his success.

"Because I hits 'em so hard," was his reply. "I can knock a man out with one blow if I get a fair crack at him."

"You are abnormally strong?"

"That's it. Every little while you see a little man who is very strong for his size, as strong again as all the other little men. You don't often see a big man who is as strong again as the other big men, but I happen to be that strong—I am a strong big man just as you sometimes see a little man so strong that you wonder at him."

This seemed to be a very good explanation; but Sullivan might have added that he had an abnormal ferocity of facial expression quite unattainable by other pugilists of his time. He had a way of shoving out his under jaw with a savage wild-eyed demoniacal glare. I always have thought that he terrified the Australian champion, Slade, into helplessness when he advanced toward him in the third and final round of their fight, with an awful ferocity of countenance and a defiant assumption of complete mastery. Slade had made a fair fight for two rounds, but now he seemed to me to be paralyzed with fear, and Sullivan knocked him through the ropes off the platform to the floor with a single blow.

The managing editor hires the staff, and as the entire success of the newspaper depends on the writers it behooves him to be careful in the selection. The staff changes rapidly. Its members drop out to go to better posts on other newspapers or into other businesses, and new men are called to their places. Methods of recruiting the staff differ in different offices, but the Sun finally got in a way of hiring young men to begin as reporters and gradually advancing them through a continuous process of growth. Thus a man was available always to fill a vacancy and the staff in general was always complete. Three months' trial usually tested out a beginner.

The managing editor is overrun with applicants. Every graduating college class includes some men who wish to try the business. The schools of journalism in the United States are turning out about four thousand students yearly who want to go to work immediately. Many broken-down clergymen and discarded school-teachers think they can write, and they apply, along with professional men, clerks, salesmen and others who have failed to make good. A swarm of high-school boys come along after graduation. Very many men who have succeeded in country or small city newspapers want to get going in the big cities. Bright newspaper-office boys seek to become reporters and go on to success. It is from all these that the staff is recruited.

The managing editor of experience comes to know almost by instinct whether an applicant will make a good newspaper man. And though few of those who come are selected it is also true that a large proportion of those who are taken make good. The old Sun staff was recruited largely, but not entirely of course, from college graduates. Experience has taught that they go on to the highest-grade newspaper work quicker, more easily, and with greater ability than any other class of men, because they have had broader education, know more about the affairs of the world, and have been taught to reason and to comprehend. And next to them, if we are to attempt classification, come the men who have had some experience in newspapers of other cities or towns. These men are desirable for the reason that usually they intend to make journalism their life work. The man who intends to stick to the business is more promising, more desirable, than the man who goes into it as a makeshift. There is no especial advantage to a newspaper to teach a boy the business only to have him depart on the first attractive pretext that comes along.

Visitors From Wall Street

It was common enough in the early days for well-known men to drop in and sit around the managing editor's desk at night when big news was expected. Election nights, especially when a President was to be chosen, usually found a group of them there to get the first information of the voting. On the night of the assassination of President McKinley one of New York's famous financiers remained in the office until after the paper had gone to press, watching with eager interest every word that came about the condition of the wounded man. The death of President McKinley and the succession of Roosevelt were expected to precipitate a Wall Street panic, for Roosevelt's attitude toward corporations and toward capital was felt at that time to be hostile. The financiers had confidence in McKinley, and had no confidence in Roosevelt. It was anxiety over the financial situation that prompted the banker to sit at my elbow that night.

A slump in the Wall Street stock market followed next day, but the President lingered for eight days, and there was no panic. Those who felt nervous over the situation had plenty of time to sell out without serious loss before McKinley's death came. It was current report at that time that big financial interests sent a conspicuous New York physician to Buffalo, while the President lingered, to report to them his exact condition, and that the physician informed them that McKinley had no chance to live, and they accordingly got out of the market. This story was not verified.

One afternoon two attractive young women visited the managing editor, and one of them, with a troubled smile, began: "Mr. ——"—naming a promising member of the staff—"has promised to marry me, but he keeps putting off the wedding.

(Continued on Page 67)

Cord Tires Only

Seiberling Tires are cords only—the name will not be put upon any fabric tires.

There are good fabric tires; but on the average, tire for tire, mile for mile, and dollar for dollar, the cord principle has proven itself superior, and the first policy of this organization is to select the superior principle in every instance.

But in another sense, Seiberling Cords are not "cords only"—they are cords as good as we know how to make them, which is a distinction with a great difference. Correct methods of compounding, construction and curing must be added to the cord principle to assure the user satisfactory performance.

As a company new in name, but old in tire-building experience, the Seiberling organization is in position to render two important services to the motoring public:

First: it has selected from twenty years of tire-manufacturing, the principles of design, construction and curing which have proven to be definite contributions to better road performance.

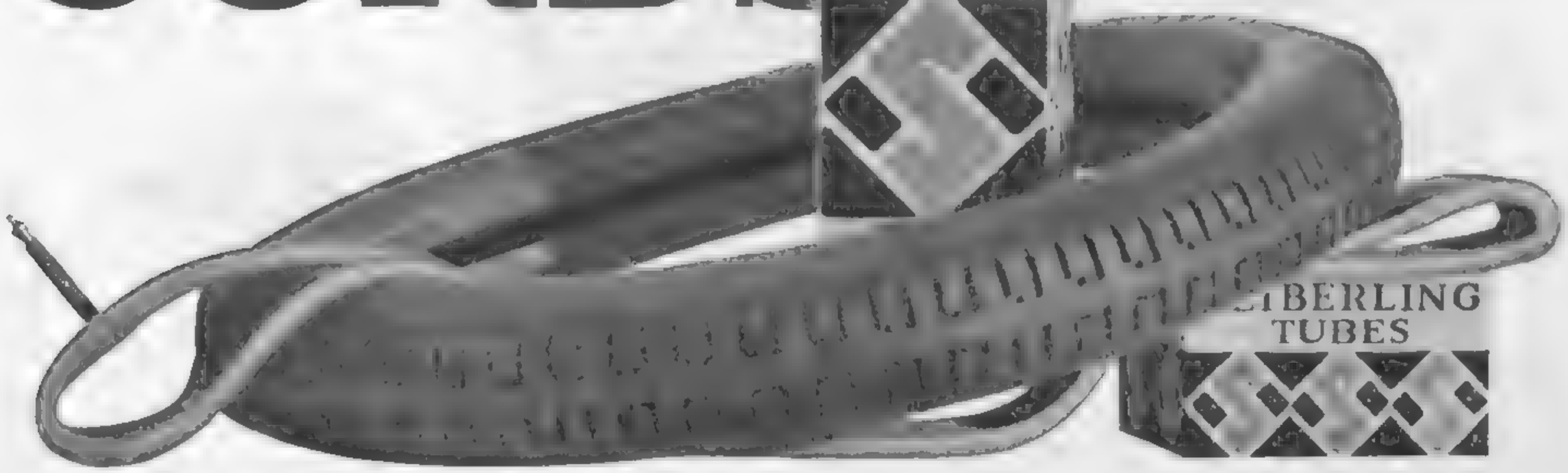
Second: it has added further improvements to cord tire construction, with the objective of giving the tire user greater value for the price he pays.

Both of these advantages of experience are embodied in the Seiberling Cords and Tubes which will be placed on sale this spring.

TO TIRE DEALERS: Seiberling Cords and Tubes are distributed through regular retail channels. We desire to establish connections with good business men who agree with us that high-grade products, a policy of selected and not closely competitive distribution, and service to the user form the right basis for a lasting and mutually profitable relationship. Write or wire Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, O.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING CORDS



Time has *tested* The Hoover

Millions more carpets and rugs are regularly beaten, swept and air-cleaned by The Hoover than are entrusted to any other cleaner.

Thirteen years of such usage has conclusively proved that The Hoover greatly prolongs the life and beauty of all carpetings—as we guarantee.

More, it has served to perfect The Hoover mechanically. Many exclusive inventions now shield from imitation those vital features of The Hoover which make it the best electric cleaner.

Not only is its electrically revolved, Beating-Sweeping Brush covered by patent, but the automatic protection of this brush, from being clogged or stopped by hairs, strings or fibres, is also similarly patented.

The simple manner in which this soft brush may be lowered as it slowly wears; the fully enclosed and hence dirt-protected, vertical motor; the accessible, single oil cup; the ability to beat out destructive grit as it sweeps up clinging litter; the way The Hoover may be tilted backward or forward by its handle without tightening any screws; the efficient dirt-bag which is so easy to remove and empty without scattering dust—these are a few of the additional Hoover patented advantages.

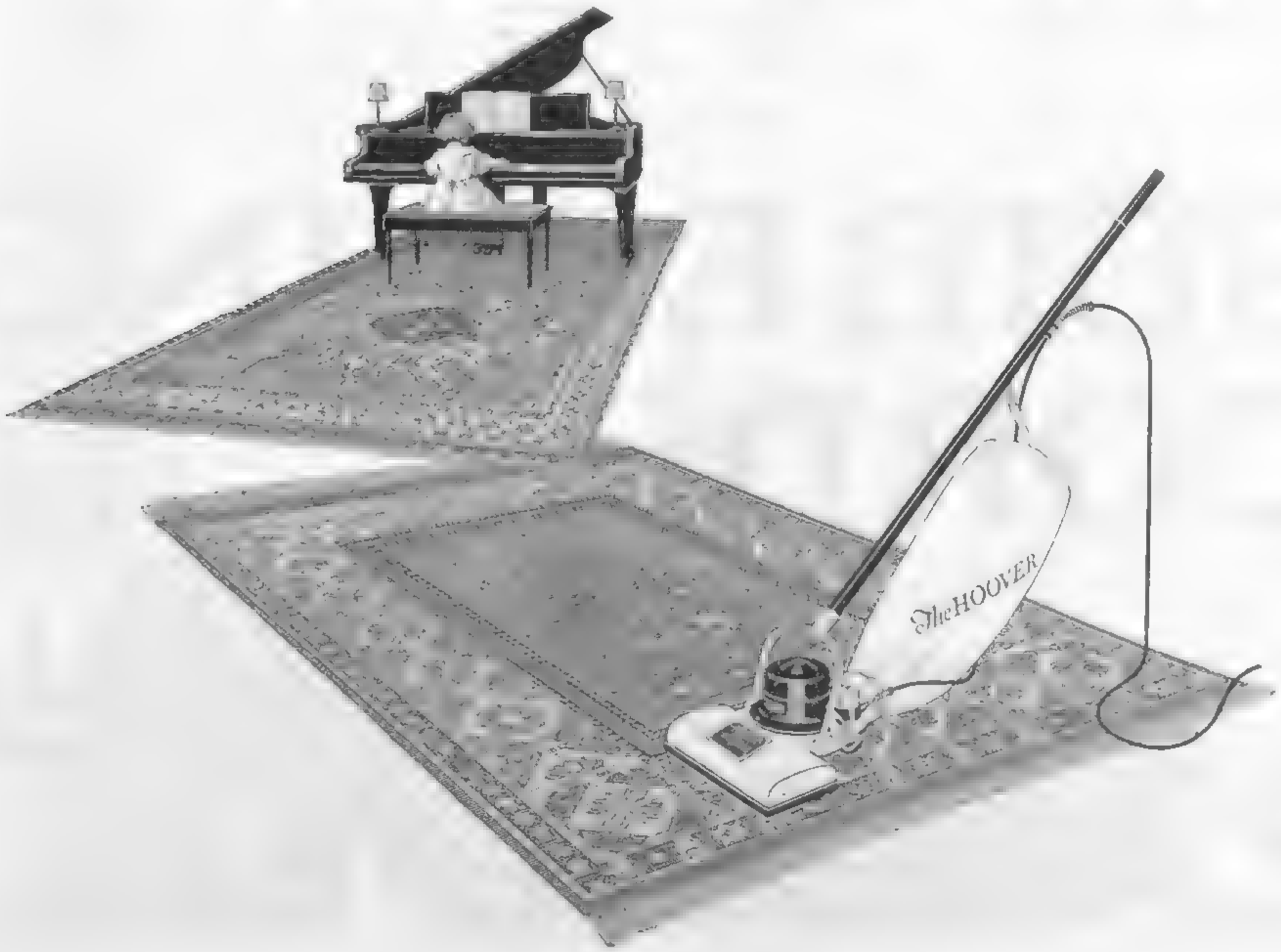
Have a free home demonstration of this time-tested, time-perfected cleaner and its attachments.

Phone any Tel-U-Where Information Bureau or write us for addresses of Authorized Dealers, the only dealers licensed to demonstrate, sell and service Hoovers bearing our guarantee. Offered in four sizes, all moderately priced. Convenient terms, if desired.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
Factories at North Canton, Ohio, and Hamilton, Canada

The HOOVER

It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans



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Won't you please tell him you will discharge him if he does not marry me right away?"

I replied that I didn't know about that; he was a valuable man to us and maybe we wanted him as badly as she did; anyway, we didn't want to discharge him.

"He is going with another girl," piped up the other, "and it's a shame when he is engaged to Miss ——"

"And she isn't a real nice girl, either," put in the fiancée. "Her mother works in a shoe factory."

"And Miss —— is of fine family," rejoined Number Two.

After a time I found opportunity to say with some firmness that I could not interfere with such things; and I was obliged to repeat it several times.

As they arose to go the young woman said, "I am going to tell him that you said you would discharge him if he didn't marry me in two weeks."

The young man married the other girl.

The Sun's fight with the Associated Press became so intense that both sides at one time stole each other's news without conscience. During the San Francisco earthquake and fire time the few wires leading over the mountains to the coast were so crowded with business and urgent personal messages that news transmission was slow and uncertain. The Sun's Omaha man put on the wire a fifteen-hundred-word report that was good disaster news. Just after it reached New York the Sun's Chicago man telegraphed that he could lift a good Associated Press story. He was told to go ahead, and soon along it came. It was the same Sun Omaha story. The Associated Press had stolen it off the wire and slid it into Chicago, where in turn the Sun man stole it from the Associated Press and passed it along to New York, at our expense.

An Exciting Election Night

The night of the Cleveland-Blaine election, in 1884, was a soul-twister for the managing editor. Everybody conceded that the contest was to be decided by the vote of New York State. The Sun made great preparations for collecting the vote and had confidence in them. Two men in every county, and more than two in some counties, were hired to telegraph the county vote, independently of each other. They all responded. Until eleven o'clock the returns favored Blaine. Republican celebrations began and it was generally thought that Blaine was elected. But the later returns began to favor Cleveland, and at midnight the Sun figures gave Cleveland the lead. Just then, while the people of Augusta were serenading and congratulating Blaine, his secretary telegraphed to me asking for the Sun's figures of Blaine's majority in New York, and I replied that they indicated two thousand for Cleveland.

"You emptied a bucket of cold water down Blaine's back," the secretary told me afterward, "and he nearly went into collapse, but he thought a few minutes and then sent quite a long telegram to the New York managers of his campaign."

I never could learn what that message said, but I always have believed that he asked his friends to try to stop the announcement of his defeat. Everybody remembered how in 1876 all newspapers except the New York Times had announced the election of Tilden. The Times had called it a close election with the chances favoring Hayes, and Hayes ultimately was seated. Great stress was put on the effect of the newspaper's attitude in its election announcement.

Anyway, about 1:30 o'clock a delegation of Republicans from Blaine headquarters, headed by Amos Cummings, the Sun's old managing editor, and Mayo W. Hazeltine, well known as leading editorial writer and literary critic of the Sun—both Democrats, but for Blaine this time—came smashing into the office and wanted to know where in the name of Satan and Sin we had the news of Cleveland's election. I explained the situation.

"You are all wrong," declared Hazeltine, "I have seen the figures in the Associated Press office that elect Blaine."

To which I replied that I had seen the Sun's figures that elected Cleveland. They insisted that I bring out the Sun with the announcement of a small majority for Blaine.

We all finally got very angry and to calling uncomplimentary names, and all that sort of thing. Cummings and Hazeltine did most of the talking, for we three had been friends and they felt free to say what they pleased. That's the reason the others brought them along.

At length I said, "Now look here"—pointing to our uncompleted table by counties of the state vote—"we are going to fill that table out for the first edition in about fifteen minutes, and then we are going to add it up, and we are going to print it just as it adds up, no matter whom it elects—and I am too busy to talk about it any longer."

They went their profane way and we added the table. It gave 3691 for Cleveland. The second edition gave 1600 for Cleveland. The official count one week later gave Cleveland a majority of 1147.

That was an exciting night in New York. The people who surged around the bulletin boards, remembering the seating of Hayes after the election of 1876, seemed to have the idea that the Republicans were going to count Blaine in, and along toward midnight they made serious demonstrations against the Tribune and the Sun offices. The mob was especially bitter against Jay Gould, who was supposed to own the Tribune and the Western Union Telegraph Company. One long queue of men with burning-newspaper torches and shouting "Burn, burn, burn this letter!"—which had been a slogan of the Cleveland campaign because one of Blaine's Mulligan letters had ended with the admonition to burn it—pushed through the multitude with many threats to burn both newspaper offices. It was becoming bigger every moment and the police could not get at it because of the crowd.

Suddenly a wild-eyed man in a frenzy of disordered excitement appeared at the head of the queue and waving frantically shouted: "Come on and burn the Western Union office!" And he led them toward the Western Union building four blocks away.

Down they went, a thousand or so of them, shouting, "Hang Jay Gould! Burn the Western Union!" They cleared themselves of the bulletin crowds and were just pushing into Broadway at Ann Street, led by the crazy man, when police whistles sounded, and two hundred and fifty officers who were concealed in doorways and elsewhere on all sides pounced on the mob, clubbed it good and hard and scattered it in all directions. The police had put up the ruse on the mob to get it away from the newspaper offices. The wild-eyed leader was the ward detective.

Roscoe Conkling's Oratory

Roscoe Conkling was very active in the Grant-Greeley campaign of 1872. He came often into the Republican political headquarters, always with an important and somewhat pompous manner, and with sneers and sarcasms a-plenty for the political enemy. He opened the campaign that year with the keynote speech for the Grant party—a speech to which the newspapers of to-day would have given a page of space. Under instructions I wrote a column about it. It was cut to half a column. He spoke three hours.

Conkling was an orator. Although spectacular and theatrical he was of commanding appearance and graceful of gesture. He was a large, well-shaped man who kept himself in physical condition by boxing. And he had a fine head of blond curly locks. His voice was round and full and had good carrying qualities to enforce his eloquent words.

It was the typical political speech of fifty years ago, directed largely to abuse of the opposing candidate and to calling him names. With intense sarcasm and scorn Conkling described Greeley as a disappointed office seeker who had always squealed and whined and complained. "This Greeley movement is called a reform movement," he thundered. "Here is richness for you, the like of which we will never see again unless perchance the disreputable women band together in a society to rescue the virtuous." He commented on Grant's fighting patriotism and Greeley's stay-at-home kind. Grant was a fighting soldier and Greeley was a complaining kicker, he affirmed.

It almost broke Greeley's heart, if indeed it did not quite do so, to have his old-time-friend Republicans say such things about him in campaign speeches. He was kindly natured and must always be remembered with reverence and esteem as an earnest, honest, philanthropic man. He died in an asylum for the insane three weeks after the election.

I had a casual acquaintance with Henry Ward Beecher. Reporters were sent always to his weekly prayer meeting, as well as to his church services, and he was cordial toward them, went out of his way to speak to them and to jest with them. I met him first at one of these meetings, and I, fresh from the country, was almost shocked at his prayer-meeting levity—or what seemed to me to be levity—for I had been brought up strictly in a Presbyterian parsonage where there was no fooling with sacred things.

Beecher was expounding the Scriptures as part of the service that night, and he read the familiar story of Balaam until he had uttered the sentence, "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass"—and then, pausing, Beecher let the Bible that he held in his left hand loosen and droop downward a bit and raising his right hand palm outward as though to hush the audience, with a twinkle of the eye he added, "And it has been open ever since." Everybody laughed outright.

Popular Clergymen

The only way to pass to and from Brooklyn in those days was by ferryboat. There were no bridges or tunnels, and the ferryboats were visiting places for Brooklyn people. Beecher had a genuine reception whenever he crossed, which was often. He was of striking appearance, large, full figure, over which was thrown a great military cloak, massive head, iron-gray hair, ruddy countenance with dancing eyes looking out from under a large black wide-brimmed soft hat.

Whether he remained in the cabin or went on deck the people surrounded him and he talked to everybody.

His phenomenal pulpit eloquence attracted thousands to every Sunday service, hundreds of whom were unable to enter the church because of the crush. His platform appearance was striking, his voice clear and resonant and distinctly heard by every person, his climaxes sometimes absolutely thrilling.

Another clergyman who drew immense throngs at this same time was the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. Reporters attended his every service, for there was no telling what sensational thing he might say or do. The auditorium of his tabernacle was much larger than Beecher's Plymouth Church, but it could not contain all who came to hear. The edifice burned up one cold Sunday morning and they built a bigger tabernacle, which, too, burned a few years afterward.

I was reporting the destruction of the first building and went around to Talmage's house. He was very theatrical. Meeting me at the door he shouted as he extended his palms heavenward: "Gone up, the Tabernacle has gone up to heaven, like Elijah in a chariot of fire!" He seems to have thought well of this outburst, for he got it off to every reporter who called. Every newspaper in New York quoted it next day.

After the conflagration Talmage preached in the Academy of Music from the big operatic stage, and the surroundings seemed to inspire him to yet more dramatic acts. I remember seeing him work over to the extreme left of the stage and then running at full speed across its entire front he shouted, "Young man, you are taking a leap into"—just here he sprang into the air and coming down hard on both heels he shouted at the instant of impact—"hell!"

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler and the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs were Brooklyn clergymen of that time, widely known and beloved and of great influence. Doctor Cuyler was an enthusiastic supporter of the Union cause in the Civil War, a patriotic and eloquent supporter of Lincoln, and he built up the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church to great success, a distinction it enjoys to this day. Doctor Storrs drew great congregations who sought the intellectual pleasure his sermons afforded. He was perhaps the most scholarly of all Brooklyn clergymen. He lacked the personal magnetism of the others mentioned and had not a suggestion of sensationalism, nor was he especially eloquent, but his words were fascinating. He and Beecher did not get on very well together.

These four clergymen gave to Brooklyn its chief distinction in those days, and more than any other influence they helped to give it the name The City of Churches.

Ten men were shipwrecked

Imagine them, after a few months, busy making new garments out of sail-cloth.

At least one man out of the ten will be sure to take more pains with his suit than the others, and his clothes will look better.

Why does he do it? Surely not to impress anyone. Surely not to help him succeed.

But he'll do it—instinctively. Just because of some inner urge that makes him want something a little better than the ordinary.

This, we think, is exactly the same sort of impulse that makes people buy Old Hampshire Bond. We don't believe the men who prefer such a fine, distinctive paper do so simply through the vulgar desire for show, or the snobbish wish to "put it over" the other fellow.

Whenever we have met an Old Hampshire user, whether he were a millionaire or a man of moderate means, we have found a man of taste and appreciation—a man who likes fine things, who will wear a fine watch, grow a fine rose or own a fine car, if he can afford it, to please *himself*—and for no other reason.

That is the kind of man we make Old Hampshire Bond for—and if you make a thing good enough for a long enough time, that kind of man will surely find it out, and your business will grow.

And because men of that type are usually successful in their affairs, you find Old Hampshire Bond preferred by thousands of successful business houses that are, after all, simply the expression of these men's characters.

If you will write us on your business letterhead, we shall be glad to send you samples of Old Hampshire Bond.

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3 plan books, showing 100 [illegible] of 2-story [illegible] with floor plans and [illegible]riptions, and 8 months' subscription to Keith's Magazine, all for $2.50.

Keith's Magazine for over 20 years an authority on planning, building and decorating homes—25c a copy on [illegible]. With its help and Keith's Plans you can get the most attractive comfortable and satisfactory home with greatest economy. Set of 3 Plan Books (360 plans) and Keith's for 12 months—$4.50.

Keith Corporation, 531 Abbey Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

RAG JAZZ [illegible] Piano Playing taught in 10 lessons. Christensen Schools in most cities—see your phone book—or write for booklet [illegible] in unoccupied cities. Christensen Schools, 22 E. Jackson Boul., Chicago

Jesse L. Lasky Presents

Cecil B. DeMILLE'S

What happens when blue blood marries red? The mixture fights, and "Saturday Night" shows you how and why.

Don't stay at home "Saturday night" or any night!

GET out and see the great Paramount shows that come to town!

There is a great Paramount Picture ready whenever you are!

All the Love and Laughter and Danger and Tragedy and Dramatic Thrills you can consume and then some!

Trade grouch and gloom for a ticket that lets you in to see a Paramount Picture. You can make this deal at the best theatre in town.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

January 1, 1922, to March 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

Wallace Reid in "Rent Free"
By Izola Forrester and Mann Page

A William De Mille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts and Helen Ferguson
From the novel and play by Zona Gale

Wanda Hawley in
"Too Much Wife"
By Lorna Moon
A Realart Production

"Back Pay," by Fannie Hurst
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production.

Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"The Lane That Had No Turning"
With Agnes Ayres and Theodore Kosloff

Thomas Meighan in
"A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel
"Enchanted Hearts"
By Darragh Aldrich

Marion Davies in
"The Bride's Play," by Donn Byrne
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions.

Bebe Daniels in
"Nancy From Nowhere"
By Grace Drew and Katherene Pinkerton
A Realart Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Three Live Ghosts," with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry

Mary Miles Minter in
"Tillie"
From the novel by Helen R. Martin
A Realart Production

Cecil B. De Mille's Production
"Saturday Night"
By Jeanie Macpherson

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

"One Glorious Day," with
Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer

George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris

May McAvoy in
"A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production

"Boomerang Bill"
With Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan.

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang," with Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua," by
Dion Clayton Calthrop

Constance Binney in
"Midnight"
By Harvey Thew
A Realart Production.

Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock."

Bebe Daniels in
"A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Realart Production.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Paramount

If it's a Paramount Picture

"SATURDAY NIGHT"

BY JEANIE MACPHERSON

What did *you* do last "Saturday Night"?

Compare it with the "Saturday Night" Cecil De Mille gives you in this great Paramount Picture!

Here you see

—the pretty daughter of the washerwoman who is asked to do the dressing and cotton stockings and seams for French silk stockings and a maid to match, not to mention a rich and aristocratic young husband!

—one of the "blue" bloods in Lyle's best houses, who finds not in the dress she spent and consecrated her attractive may be covered attack and to darn socks for some poor and handsome conqueror of her heart!

They both get what they want, and the excitement starts right away.

The poor girl tries marriage with the son of her mother's wealthiest customer. The rich girl tries it with her chauffeur. How these marriages work out? That's the story pictured on canvas Cecil B. De Mille knows how.

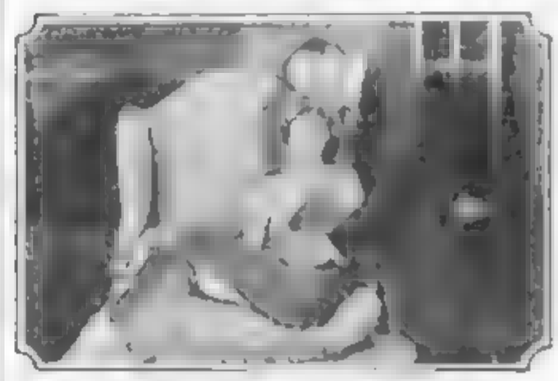
See with him the different kinds of Saturday Nights—the kind of a get-together supper party, long on food and short on fun, where mother never bothers but where sweet boys and girls and their escorts trip lightly on the water!

Another kind is Coney Island going full blast! If you never went to Coney see these scenes. They are the real thing.

The gorgeous pageantry of the settings, the latest fashions and luxury of the dresses, the artistic greatness of the whole photoplay will delight you. This is but a hint of the sort of Saturday Night a Paramount Night gives you.

Take the receiver off the hook and ask your theatre when. Make a date now for "Saturday Night"!

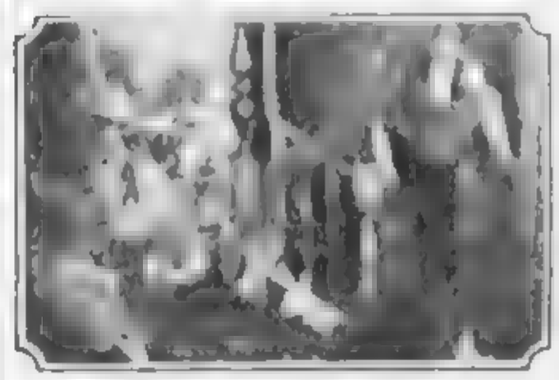
Dwelling in a palace and dreaming of a cottage the rich girl longs for a [illegible]!



The poor girl's rich husband soon discovers that the girl without social training does terrible things!

The car was crowded with people and stuffy and [illegible] the air was thick. Then, suddenly, as the train turned [illegible]

The little rich girl learns what it is to love and be loved as she wants to be loved as she can be!



The rich girl discovers that in a crisis blood calls to blood, red to red, blue to blue!

"Saturday Night" is another record-breaker in Cecil B. De Mille's long line of record-breakers.

The notable cast includes Leatrice Joy, Conrad Nagel, Edith Roberts, Jack Mower, Julia Faye, Edythe Chapman, Theodore Roberts, Sylvia Ashton, John Davidson and James Neill.

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$20 Per Set

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THE WINTER BELL

(Continued from Page 26)

Who was this talking?

"Me?" Salem wondered. "No. I can't talk so good."

And who was this other living soul who came through a door, shut and locked, to ask news of him like a brother? Salem fluttered the pages backward till he saw a picture of a man lying on a bed much like his own; a man with a jug and a book upon a stool before him, a stone wall behind; a big-boned man in knee breeches, with large mouth, firm-set nose, his head on a rough pillow and his quick bright eyes looking straight out. Below the picture began printed lines. It was this big-boned man who spoke:

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream.

Salem drew a long breath, raised his head and looked strangely about the room.

"Why, so do I."

After the word "Den" someone with pencil had drawn a star, a curved line from it into the margin, another star there, and written: "Bedford jail."

The reader sat awe-struck. This was, then, indeed his brother; his own flesh and blood had come to tell him—what?

"Lord," cried Salem, "and me a poor fist at readin'!"

Time, give him time, he thought, and he would wade through this mystery. Then remembering, he laughed his first laugh in years, a short but good one, which delivered him from evil.

"Got the rest o' my life for it, if nobody don't come take this book away."

From now on, at every moment which could be called free, Salem read. Often it was hard going, his way full of stumbling-blocks, thorny words, the pain of his own dullness; but again, and more often, he escaped these and went forward with delight. All day at his machine he thought on what he had read, and wished the hours away till he could plunge once more into this new world and continue his pilgrimage. After any hard fall he went back always and looked at the picture of his brother, who somehow never failed to rise, take him by the hand and lead him farther until the path went smooth. Salem no longer cared where his body might be. The rest of him was out. This book had made a traveler of him.

One day the person who had left the book appeared. He was known to Salem as a little, sober-lookin' feller, quiet, of middle age, with hair turning gray, and not much authority.

He had always found Salem polite though indifferent; so now he probably felt surprise when met with a glare.

"You hain't come to take it off?"

"No," said the visitor. "Not to take anything. But what did you mean?"

Salem pointed at his book.

"Smily tood of a Dream," he answered. "They was a little girl told me once about a rod and a staff. I didn't believe her then. Do now. They is both. You hain't goin' to carry a man's staff away? I'm a awful slow reader."

The visitor, going through his duty, tried to have no favorites and no aversions. He had seen this young man moving among the others, dazed like a country horse led through crowds, he had watched this young man's face change from good red brown to the pale hardness of Roman cameo; but until now, when Salem grew talkative, he could not have said whether he wished or dreaded to make better acquaintance.

"You like John Bunyan?" he asked.

"That his name?" cried Salem. "You bet ye! So many names amongst 'em, I never made out which was him."

There followed a talk, and afterward other talks of such length and nature as rules permitted. This visitor, however much he may have believed the soul of a man to be his affair, had too much sense to meddle. He brought other books, of many kinds, and let his beginner choose. Perhaps he was content one day when Salem, looking up suddenly, in the midst of an argument whether trout or pick'rel et better, exclaimed with great conviction: "They is such a thing as castin' out devils! Don't let nobody tell you different." The visitor made no comment. He left behind him Lorna Doone, Sam Lovel's Camps, The Cruise of the Casco, and a more laborious little tome bought with his own pocket money, a pronouncing dictionary.

"I dunno how to say words right," Salem had confessed. "I see 'em here and sound 'em inside my head, but they git all balled up like a hoss in damp snow." He now added, "Thank ye, sir. I'm a-goin' to learn how to punnounce."

The visitor went away pleased but saddened.

Salem bending over the dictionary, his lips moving, all his muscles urging the work, resembled too nearly some figure of a man reading music who would never play or sing, never hear voice or instrument.

Yet Salem learned, and always put his learning as far as he could into practice without delay. Once he read of a man who walked round the edge of a table on his thumbs. Next moment Salem put down that book to study his own hands. The room contained no table fit for experiment; but by some freak in an old and badly planned building, there ran along one wall a narrow ledge or jog, about three feet from the floor. Salem rose, to set his thumbs on this.

He lifted himself, strained hard and then toppled.

"Can't be done."

He tried and failed again and again, till his thumbs were livid, wealed, the nails blue, and aching as if burned. At last he faced about, panting, and spoke to his unseen rival.

"You let on you skunked me?" He wore a grim smile. "Show ye 'fore long. From now on I'm goin' to git back my stren'th." Then he paused, and corrected the speech. "Git—get. Get. Stren'th—strength. To get back my strength. And more too."

Thus began a peculiar but rigid course of training, which never afterward flagged and which had for its aim nothing less than the perfection of every sinew in a man's body. It would take time, but time abounded. Salem, having drawn up his own rules of discipline, became both slave and driver. Like all his kind, he knew many traditional feats of strength, old "bon' twisters," muscle grinders, tricks "to keep ye on the stretch, soople as a cat," which could be performed indoors as well as out; he invented many others, odd but searching trials of the human frame; and week by week, month by month, long after he could go on his thumbs the full length of that ledge and return, the driver kept the slave at work.

One evening, when it had grown almost too dark to read, Salem found matter of offense in a book. He had never done so before.

"Why, this man's a liar!" he exclaimed. "Damn whinin', dirty liar!"

He clapped the volume shut, and with a flash, a blind wrench of anger, tore it halfway in two as a conjurer tears a pack of cards.

"Sho! No sense your doin' that," he thought.

He put down the mutilated book, and sat regarding it for a moment, ashamed, but overcome by the ease with which he had done this damage. Then he rose, to stand thinking.

"You could prob'ly—probably take any man in this place and break him acrost—across your knee like a dry stick."

There was truth in the figure. But while he mused, any pride or vanity was lost, whirled away, changing in a sudden fierce desire.

"Break one of 'em. Chance will come. Break the right one at the right time, and run for it."

Salem had often felt the desire, but not as now. It coursed through him like flame. And at that hour someone without chose to jingle the keys, unlock and open the door.

A well-known shape was entering—a burly man, square-shouldered, in uniform.

Salem took one step toward him.

"Not now," said the man quickly. "For God's sake, don't!"

They paused. It was dusk, but the man's hard face betrayed emotion—something like fear, yet not fear for himself.

Salem retreated, sat down and took his head in his hands.

"I couldn't touch ye," he declared bitterly. "Can't even do that much."

The other stood watching him, then spoke.

"That's better. Now stiddy, boy. I was afraid you'd spoil your luck then. Right when it's come to you. Good noos. You get up and come with me."

VIII

TWO days later a grubby little man in a grubby little shop, the sign of which informed a back street that here second-hand goods of all kinds were bought, sold and exchanged, met one of the surprises of his career. He was dealing with a lone customer, a pale, dark-eyed young man who looked like a foreigner and who spoke with care, haltingly, as if he had learned English from books. This foreigner proposed to sell everything he stood in from top to toe—a new stiff hat which was never designed for his head or face, a new but ungainly suit of clothes, and boots to match. The dealer foresaw profit with plain sailing.

"Is that your best offer? It don't seem no—it does not seem very lib'ral—liberal."

The dealer smiled a sweet Oriental smile.

"You haf misunterstood me," he murmured. "Dey are new, yes, but de suit is poor mateer-yal. I could not gif so moch. It vould not doo. I did not pwonounsse good. Vat I tol' you vas ——"

With an air of long-suffering repetition he abated his offer by more than ten per cent.

Then came the surprise. This foreigner dropped his bashful dignity and became a native.

"You lie like Sam Hyde," he drawled quietly. "Ye pindlin' little Portagee, you, think ye can take back words by makin' fritters of 'em? You talk plain enough when ye like. Now jes' turn to and rense the batter out your mouth, take a long breath, and say 'hemlock' to onhitch the jaws; then open up, holla, and stick to whatever comes out. That is, supposin' we're to trade."

This advice, given very mildly, performed wonders. The pair drove an even bargain, with good humor. Soon afterward the young man, transformed in a dark blue flannel shirt, brown moleskin trousers and moccasins, said good day and was answered with respect. The moleskin pockets contained a little money, to boot. He had entered the shop as an awkward stiff-jointed lounger in misfit finery; he slipped outdoors like a lean young hunting dog bound for the woods.

His moccasins were machine-made; in a former life he might have scorned them; but now, after that clumping footgear he was just rid of, they bore him along like magic shoes with wings. In an hour, at any rate, he left the town five miles behind him.

Salem went bareheaded. He got no hat in his trading. Though it was midsummer there could not be too much sunlight on his face.

The second evening of liberty found him encamped by a brook. All round lay quiet farming country; he had not yet seen real woods, only groves or fir lots among low hills; but here by the stream hazels and alders made a tiny green wilderness which, as he sat cross-legged near the embers of the supper fire, encompassed him with a forest-like stillness and depth. The sun had set. Above the fresh green leaves glowed a patch or two of sky, against which the last dayflies, a fine-sifted whirl up and down, were madly ending their dance. In lanes hidden far off the cows had stopped lowing.

"If I don't wake up, now!" said Salem, half in earnest. "Too good to keep."

He desired to forget these few days just past, along with many others; but here he sat, looking now into the embers, now at the current, browner than alder bark, recalling the warden's office, the warden's face and words. A pardon from the governor; that was what the man had said. Salem would never know what the warden had thought; how strangely this youngster heard him out, looking him straight in the eyes, uttering not one syllable, keeping a face unmoved except for a flash of indignation.

"Their pardon?" Salem had thought then, and was thinking still. "Theirs? They ought to ask mine."

Well, he was done with that world.

"Let's not remember it," said Salem.

He sat listening to the brook, which lay here in a pool but which somewhere above ran down gurgling among roots or stepping-stones. He drank in its music and its mingled evening perfume.

(Continued on Page 73)

You can't see germs

Lysol Disinfectant

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Kills Germs

Fortunately, disease germs are not actually so large as they are pictured here. If germs could be seen breeding, crawling, and spreading, the sight would terrify you. Though they are invisible, the fact still remains that disease germs are a menace you cannot afford to ignore.

If not disinfected regularly, your apparently clean sink, wash-tubs, toilet bowl, pails, garbage can, floors, may reek with this unseen germ life, whose business is to cause contagious sickness.

Wherever germs might breed or lurk, pour a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant, mixed with water. Do that at least twice a week. Lysol Disinfectant kills germs.

On cleaning day, see that a little Lysol Disinfectant is added to the cleaning water. Being a soapy substance, Lysol Disinfectant helps to clean as it disinfects. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

Lysol Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.

Send for free samples of other Lysol products

You can purchase a 25c bottle of Lysol Disinfectant for trial purposes at any drug store. We shall be glad to mail you free samples of the other Lysol products.

Shall we send a sample of Lysol Shaving Cream for the men folks? Protects the health of the skin. Renders small cuts aseptically clean. We will also include a sample of Lysol Toilet Soap. Refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin.

Send name and address on a postcard.

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The polish that does not gum or veneer Restores the varnish to its or g na br lliancy, bring ng out the grain of the wood so as to g ve it that beaut fu effect so much desired
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The Secret

of beautiful furniture is not in its design—it is more in its care. No furniture can be really beautiful unless it is spotlessly clean and sparkling bright.

Now the one sure, quick, safe and easy way to clean, polish, brighten and beautify all furniture and woodwork is with O-Cedar Polish. Furniture and woodwork so cleaned and polished not only looks better but lasts longer—another economy. One hundred per cent satisfaction is guaranteed with O-Cedar and we advise you to use it the O-Cedar Polish Way.

1. Wet a cloth with water.
2. Wring it almost dry.
3. Add as much O-Cedar as the cloth contains water.
4. Go over the surface to be cleaned and polish with a dry cloth.

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O-Cedar Polish

(Continued from Page 70)

"You can fairly smell the minnies and shiners down under."

A moment afterward, none the less, he was remembering again. He unbuttoned a pocket in his shirt and brought out a wad of paper, doubled flat. This, unfolding, became a thick envelope. There was light enough to read by:

"For Mr. Salem Delaforce. His Property. To be Handed him when he gets Out."

The handwriting Salem had already pored over, many times. A bold fist, using plenty of ink and a broad pen, it was unknown to him. Salem turned the envelope over, to shake its contents out.

A leaf of plain paper, bound with faded red tape, was wrapped round all but the ends of a flat parcel. The ends were clean bank notes.

"For a Starter," the same unknown fist had scrawled across the wrapping. "$250. Plenty More where This Come From."

Salem could not guess where; he had given up guessing; and now, as before, he studied the handwriting in vain.

"Well, I know where it's going to." He buttoned the thing away almost angrily. "What they take me for? Whoever they be. Plenty of haying to do all along this ro'd—road. Slats of it."

His fire, a handful of coals on the grass, had died while he sat thinking. Salem rose to stretch his legs. Below him on darkened water the evening foam began to drift, ghostly bubbles that before morning would slide together in cakes of froth. He stared down at them, wondering. Silent things like these had gone on, all the while he was away, and he had forgotten them.

"Bedtime," he told himself.

But another forgotten thing caught and held him motionless—the silvery beat of crickets in warm hayfields thrilling the twilight.

"Them, too. Clean gone out of mind."

Salem remained there long, hearing them and watching stars come over the black tree tops. When at last he lay on his well-made bed of leaves, yet another sound startled him, ripped the veil still farther off his memory. It was nothing more than a nighthawk that dropped overhead, a whir and twang like the tongue of a jew's-harp setting teeth on edge; but that swoop left him plunged in thought which went down to the bottom of remembrance.

"If I don't come awake and find —— If it don't ring—the bell."

He shivered and sat up. His head brushed the ceiling of boughs. Reaching by starlight he caught a hazel leaf, and pinched it as one might pinch the ear of a child. It was there. He knew the soft roughness.

"All right."

Salem lay down again, heaved a great breath and let the singing of the crickets drowse and dwindle.

He woke before dawn, swam naked among the cakes of night froth on the pool, breakfasted, cleaned camp, buried his fire in sand, and departed, leaving no other trace of human stay. A wonderful chorus of birds in the roadside elms accompanied his march, and before sunrise, when the birds fell silent and began their visits in dropping flight from tree to tree, Salem had covered a good two miles. He did not hurry, neither did he rest until the way grew hot. Thus day after day his journey continued; in camp at sunset by still waters, out again at bird song in the morning. Whenever the look of a farmhouse pleased him he turned up the lane, asked for work, and was put to making hay. The farmers who hired him, and his fellow workers, thought the new man something of a riddle, but liked him one and all.

"That young furriner," said one, "don't waste no time baingeing back and forth; he kerries his swath, and goes it like J. I. C."

"Yis," agreed another, "looks poor as a snake, but seen him turn to, pitchin'? That boy, I'll bate ye, e'd outlift Mose Craig, dead weight."

"Never opens his trap," declared a third man, "but I vow he ketches a joke quicker and laughs heartier'n two folks."

As for Salem, though unaware of this praise, he rejoiced in their kindly company. His heart was enlarged. Sometimes he worked with a lump in his throat, the sense of restoration moving him almost to tears when he heard some cheerful country saying pass among his mates or only the rustling ring of scythe blades that swung in unison. But though more than once a farmer offered him good wages to stay the year round he shook his head.

"After this job, sir, I must be moving on. Got to—got to go meet somebody up yonder."

So, earning his way, regaining hard health, Salem tramped northeastward by pleasant summer roads. His face turned from brick-red to a clear brown, his eyes had not so often the look of one who hearkens for something behind him.

On a hot forenoon he climbed a ridge that seemed homelike, and as he went down its other slope, emerged from young firs to overlook a valley that also was like home, though at first glance bewildering, wrong end to. Salem knew the valley well, but never had approached it from this side. Green meadows, their boundary lines of old rail or tumbled stone, broken and smudged by wild hedge growth, ran broadly down to where at the shallow bottom of the landscape a river sparkled, and a town, little houses gray and white, straggled under a clump of elms. Flags, colored specks, hung in the town. Past it the river, bright blue, wound among fields, yet everywhere was checked, held in patchwork by log booms, crowded with square turrets, wooden piers aged to the color of granite and overgrown with choke-cherry bushes planted by birds long ago. Falls hidden in the distance tumbled and hissed with a sound like that of frying.

Salem's inner man gave a shout to the gods, for this river came winding, he knew, from his own place. His outer man did nothing but look in silence, then remark: "Don't seem to figger why they ain't working. Not Sunday. I can't hear the saw. No prettier sound if 'twas going, the saw."

It was holiday in town. Salem entered the street and was carried along, wondering, in a crowd. Bunting covered the shops, with tormented paper festoons of tricolor. Arches, gay though temporary, shone and trembled overhead in triumph. A band of music was playing. Women and girls in white dresses moved as though such creatures had always been round, every day. Salem stood marveling at them, until pushed on.

He backed into an eddy and found time to ask a man who leaned in a door, "What they celebratin'?"

The man removed a cigar from his mouth and looked vaguely over the crowd.

"It's a sentinel," he explained.

Salem drove on with the current, abashed. He felt his ignorance, for the reply meant nothing. Farther along he took courage to ask a mild old farmer who came pressed against him and clung for support in passing.

"A centinerary, they call it. Town gov'ment's a hund'ed year old t'-day, or there'bouts. Literary program and games goin' for'ard. A centannual, bub."

Someone else had not fully grasped the meaning of this revel, for a huge drunken man fell through sidewise, knocking people about, and whooping: "Hurrah fer the Fourth o' July!" And he gave the firmament a hair-raising piece of advice—what to do with Queen Victoria.

In a moment Salem had him by the neck, quietly shaking his head off.

"Behave yourself."

There were screams. Then the man went by, sobered or frightened, without another word. Salem took his own course again, to get through this fair at once, cross the bridge and follow the river bank; but holding a purpose, he could not stem this crowd which held none, and so had made little way when three men overtook him.

"You a Britisher?" their spokesman asked.

They were all strangers.

"No, I ain't," said Salem. "But the queen's a good old lady. That fellow forgot himself. Women round."

The stranger nodded.

"You handled him elegant." They began talking all three together. "Look n-here. We need a wrastler for the next game. Joe Courtemanche says, the big lazy good-for-nothin' —— A purse o' fifteen dollars. You come along. We need a man to wrastle uptown here."

"I never did for money in my life," Salem objected.

"Then you come do it for your country," they replied. "For Hail Columby, happy land. Courtemanche says the town's a hund'ed year old t'-day, and he'll throw anybody in it over the moon. Says we're all run to pigweed. . . . No, we hain't scairt of him, but —— He's waitin' there now, a-grinnin' and claimin' the purse. We non' of us kin handle him, that's all. Don't want to see foreigners walk off a-laughin' at us, do ye?"

While Salem regarded them doubtfully their leader broke forth again: "W'y, you ain't afraid, be ye?"

The crowd was watching them and listening.

"No," said Salem again, "I ain't."

"This way, then."

The three closed round him, forced their passage to an open door, hurried through a shop and a warehouse, then along a deserted alley. Salem as he went expected to find some quiet knot of connoisseurs, gathered to watch a neighborly bout in the corner of a green field. He had wrestled thus, once or twice before. It surprised him when his companions or guards turned quickly into another back door, through another shop, and forth, battling with another part of the same crowd, to an open space, the very center of all.

"Now ye kin shut yer head!" cried his leader. "Here's our man."

Shingle shavings carpeted the road; a ring of people inclosed him, men, women, boys, a horse's head among them, a red jacket or so with the gleaming brass tuba of the band, now silent; and like water in rapids a great gabble of talk poured round him, dashing his thoughts to confusion. Here he stood, public, alone. He had stood thus only once before, at his trial. Salem gave a start to turn, checked it, but felt his knees quaking. Across the clean shavings a man looked up, eyed him and laughed.

"Dat leetly tall boy? Ah'll can see he was 'fred now, me. Das too bad, keep me waitin' here too long tam for joke, yes, sah!"

The speaker, a dark man, short but enormously broad, laughed again, tossed his black curls and continued to suck a lemon. Already that day the great Courtemanche had been fighting, for blood smeared the lemon and his thick black mustache. He had also been chasing a greased pig, for his canvas jacket shone as if buttered. He wore this garment very tight over his huge chest, and a padding of sponges in armpit and on shoulder exaggerated his mass, deformed it like gnarls. His wide brown face, glossy with sweat, beamed all good humor, yet the good humor, Salem thought, of a man who had things his own way.

Voices, close behind, underran the general hubbub:

"Who's this other furriner?"

"Dunno. They jes' come and hove him in by the crop."

"He looks scairt to death."

"Ought to. He's in for it. Hell to pay and no pitch in his kittle."

"Yes, sir-ree, he'd ought to. Joe Courtemanche 'll take and snap him in two like an aidgin'."

Someone had spoken true. Salem acknowledged that much; he was frightened. This crowd would be like the other. No foretelling the kind of trouble they'd bring on a fellow.

"What's your name?" A neat little man in Sunday clothes came bobbing up with a notebook. "I'm the judge o' this contest. What's your name?"

Salem told him, and while he wrote, whispered anxiously in his ear: "Look. I ain't got to say anything, have I? To them?"

"What? What?" snapped the judge. He seemed to dance with heat or excitement. The book and pencil trembled in his hands. "What's that?"

"Have I got to do any talkin'? All I'm scairt of."

The little man stared.

"No," said he. "Why, no, not unless you want to. Nary a word." He screwed his mouth round like a buttonhole, and from one corner of it added: "All you need do is break his pesky neck. If you're able. Big tub! Roarin' like the Gulf, what he kin do round here. The big bellerin' gype."

With that the judge skipped away, held up one arm, shrilled forth some very different language, impartial and lofty, then drew aside. Courtemanche flung the lemon skin playfully after him, laughed, ran his fingers through the black curls, then moved forward, crouching. He held both hands out, low, grinned against the sun, and talked a stream of gibberish as he came. Salem stood waiting.

At last the bulk, swaying like a bear, was close enough. It left the ground and dived with a joyful yell. Shavings flew.

(Continued on Page 76)

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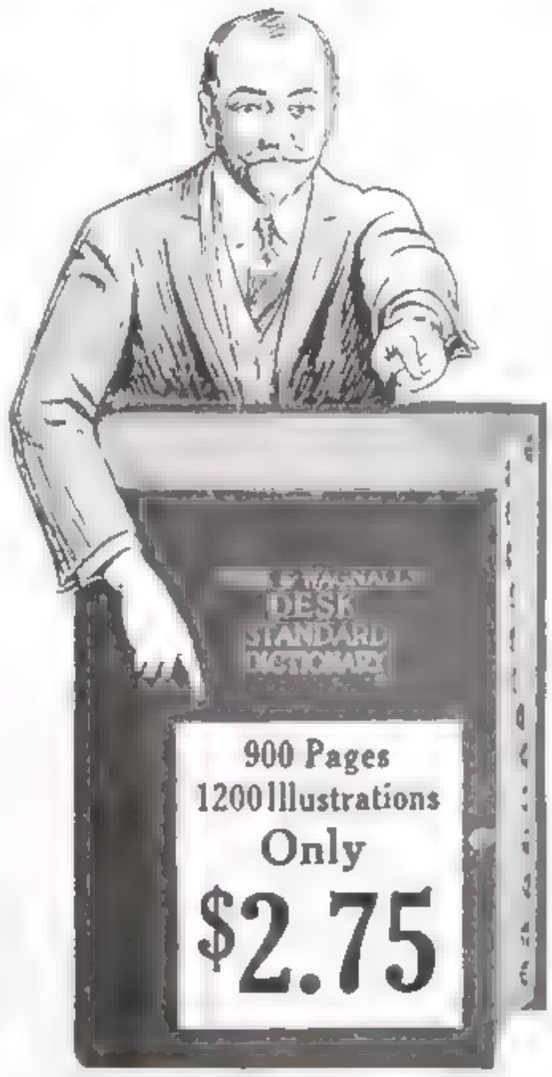

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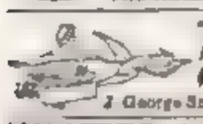
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(Continued from Page 73)

Most of the onlookers failed to understand the next thing they clearly saw. After the first rush and whirl both men remained upright where they had met. The tall youngster was holding Courtemanche by the shoulders, at arm's length, looking down into his face quietly, as though about to give him advice. Their attitude seemed almost peaceful. It did not change, till Courtemanche lowered his head and began twisting his whole breadth, to no purpose that anyone could follow.

Jeers of disappointment went round the ring. "Wrastle! Why don't ye wrastle, you two?" But those who knew better said nothing; and one by one other men began to guess, when they spied rags of sponge and canvas underfoot. Things had come loose, but not Salem's grip. The wrestlers did nothing because he chose neither to move nor to let his adversary move, except for the clumsy writhing. Moments passed.

From these two central figures a queer stillness radiated, so that rank after rank of the crowd became silent; whoever could see was watching; whoever could not, straining on tiptoe to learn what had gone wrong inside there.

They heard Courtemanche only, puffing, cursing, as he joined his fists and drove them upward again and again, to wedge Salem's arms apart. The wedge failed.

A man laughed; then another beside him; then a third across the ring from them; and some aged critic, who spoke in a toothless whistle but had good eyesight, demanded: "What is this, you, a layin' on of hands? Ye big-headed hornpout, that boy kin hold ye there all day."

Laughter became general. This public, having heard and seen the vainglory of Courtemanche a moment ago, took pleasure in finding him ridiculous.

"Throw him over the moon, hey? Waitin' till she's come full, Joe?"

A small boy, made bold by example, shouted what he would not have dared, until now, to breathe: "Hey, Jozeff! Quiddlety? Goin' home 'fore suppertime? Pea soup and onions!"

The helpless champion's face grew dark red. He loved a mighty laugh, but not at himself. Again he strained; the deadlock refused to break; and then casting away in fury what was left of a good reputation, Courtemanche bent his head sidewise and bit like a dog, setting his teeth in Salem's forearm.

Next moment, with a swoop, a lightning shift of hands, a bend, clutch and heave in one motion, Salem had the man aloft. For what seemed long time, everyone expected to see the great body, poised in air, go whirling to the ground and smash. A woman who spied the look on Salem's face gave a squeak of terror. Then she with the others became aware that he had paused, wavered under the burden, changed his mind and begun to smile. His hands flew to another grip. He lowered Courtemanche carefully, head first.

The wrestler's black curls bored among the shavings; for Salem held his feet and walked him three times round like a windlass before easing him down from the vertical to the horizontal. It should do Courtemanche credit that when he sat up, with chips in his hair, in his eyes and in the fresh blood on his mustache, he tried weakly to join the merriment.

"Bah gosh, ah guess he was the dev'!" said Courtemanche. "No, sah, ah ll don't want no more, me. One tam he'll be plenty, bah gosh!"

Salem, grinning and embarrassed, had meanwhile worked his way into the crowd. It opened to let him pass, but after him streamed a little mob of noisy adherents, thumping his back and clamoring.

"Quit that, will ye, boys?" he implored. "Jest let me go through here quiet." No man wanted such a tail to his kite. This upper end of the street rose toward the river bank, where above jostling heads loomed the gray timbers of the bridge. If he could once get free, across there, the town might go on well without him for another hundred years.

"Here. You wait." The three strangers who had caused all this annoyance, the little skipping referee with his notebook and a sweaty man in scarlet who carried a brass trombone, fought for the honor of leading him.

"Come take your purse."

Pushing, dragging, they got Salem into a canvas booth that smelled of cigars and trampled grass.

"Here's the boy!" they called. "Here's the winner for ye! Stood him on his head. Fork out!"

"A neck-and-crotch holt it was."

"Twa'n't neither!"

"'Twas so!"

"I tell ye I seen it!"

"Hand over the purse!"

In turmoil and close heat Salem found two more strangers bothering him. They wore holiday black, stood behind a counter of pine boards and bunting, added compliments to the confusion, and solemnly gave him three pieces of dirty green paper.

As they did so a bystander spoke out:

"W'y, by Godfrey, I thought I knowed him all along! That's Delaforce the murd'rer"

It was a big, saturnine, discontented man who uttered this, in a complaining voice. The booth had grown still when Salem turned.

"A haley old pass things has come to now'days. Givin' prizes round to murd'rers."

Before the whine had ended Salem flung the money on the grass and walked out. He stopped short at the entrance. Wondering faces watched him. No one supposed that as he halted, alone before their eyes, he was wrestling with an enemy greater than Courtemanche. He threw and won the fall, unseen.

Turning, Salem went quietly back, stooped and picked up his money from the bruised grass.

"Thought he'd need it after all," said that whiner who knew his name. "Guess ye do, to rights."

Salem unbuttoned the pocket of his blue flannel shirt, took out a stained wad of envelope, opened this, folded his unclean winnings away, read the inscription—"For a Starter"—and tucked it all into his bosom again.

"Yes," he said. "I got a use for it."

With that he stepped across the booth and eyed the discontented one at close range, without emotion.

"Yes, I need it," said Salem. Taking hold by the nose, he wagged the man's head harmlessly from side to side. "But there's worse needs than money. You ain't a man. What people like you say don't count."

Not caring to watch a sallow face turn pale or red, he let the nose go, nodded good day to his paymasters, ducked beneath a clothesline row of flags and was gone.

All the fun of the fair buzzed after him. It sank, the river cooling and quenching it with gurgles under the bridge.

IX

TO SAY that he disregarded the tongues of men had been easy; but when time drew near for Salem to follow his own words and live by them, he found it hard.

He was resting, a figure of peace, by sunset water that burned with clear yellow flame through a meadow. From where he sat the bright green banks ran level for a while, then seemed to float suspended between glow of air and glow of water, then made a black bar across the west. Whenever Salem dropped in his fishing line, ripples broke the inverted sky below him, widened their circle, and sent gray smoky rings running down the trunk of a young poplar on the opposite shore. Nothing else moved in all the landscape; even the poplar leaves hung without a sign of their turncoat waggling; and Salem, whose cast of the sinker had created this brief stir, remained quite motionless while it died out and the striped undulation became gray bark again.

He fished for his supper. Hornpout, eel or chub, no matter which took the bait, would be welcome. A small iron pan lay on the grass beside him, with firewood ready. But Salem had forgotten supper, forgotten his appetite.

"I can't do it." The calm which flooded these meadows, this unearthly radiance, was illusion. A black conflict went on. "I can't do it. Worse'n the toothache to spoil all. I can't go it."

He had struggled through that fair, left the town behind, a good day and a half of marching, yet now he sat and heard the voice in the booth. It whined at his ear.

"And that fellow was the only one to know your name there," Salem told himself. "Where you aim to go, you fool, down where they took to work and tried you, every man jack ll be saying it. Pointing you out."

Behind him, he knew well enough without turning to look again, an old guide post leaned at a fork of the road. Its arms had dropped askew, directing travelers toward Mother Earth, right and left. Both arms were gray and riddled with bird shot; but flakes of paint, traces of lettering, ghostly words from another generation, still proclaimed if only as a whisper:

9 Miles to Wing Dam.
18 Miles to Crossport.

The worn-out post loomed like a gallows tree at the back of all his thoughts.

"No, sir. You can't outface 'em. Nine miles. Right up to the edge of the woods. Your own country. The other way, down—no. Them? You had to lay hands on three men inside an hour, to town. I'd rather go live with the skunks and lucivees."

A tug at his line and a whirling pull brought some moments of relief. He fetched up an eel, and was busy. But having got unsnarled, having cooked, eaten, cleared away supper, and lighted his pipe, Salem felt once more the presence of the ghostly alternative behind him.

"You won't down, you old sir, will ye?"

He rose, walked to the foot of the guide post, and stared at it through the twilight. The lopsided relic offered him his choice, right or left, north or south, without comfort.

"All is, a man can't stop, hey? Past they go," said Salem aloud. "Father must have seen you, many's the time. Since your young days I guess a lot of us has traveled where you're pointing, down below ground. Most likely grandfather saw the paint fresh on you."

Dusk fell, the light withdrew from air and water, the decrepit wooden stump glimmered above him and began to melt from view, like his tobacco smoke that drifted past it; Salem waited as if consulting an oracle; and presently the hour, the symbol, or the names he had invoked, gave him a sense of watchful company. Those who had trooped past the lonely crossroad in other years now were gathering to see what he would do. Salem had his answer.

"Nine mile, short and easy?" He reflected. "No, sir. Father wouldn't go that way; nor grandfather. The long and hard, if it's got to be so."

He gave his mind no leisure to change, but made at once toward the stream, groped together his handful of belongings on the meadow bank, and was off, tramping southward. By starlight the road, a short band of mist, unrolled from darkness that was now cool open air, now trees warm and sweet with the last breath of daytime.

Two hours after midnight Salem halted.

"Twenty-odd miles out o' forty-eight," he reckoned. "Harder to go back than 'tis for'ard, now."

He camped on a dry ledge among hackmatacks and fell asleep, watching through their dark vapor the bright vapor of the Milky Way.

The rest of the journey he took at his own gait, from noon till nightfall, from dawn till after sunrise. A morning whistle blew as he came downhill toward the town. Early light covered a green sea of elm tops, green, motionless waves, and like tidal rocks in every hollow, gray roofs here, a white gable there with green shutters, a broad, low, red chimney sending up the smoke of breakfast, above all two white church spires, and on the taller of these a gilt cockerel crowing in pantomime between the gilt letters N. and W. to warn shadows that already streamed away. The river, clear gold bordered with melting brown, upheld a few dull shining lines, pink and orange masts of old schooners, against dark fir woods on a hill not yet climbed by the sun. Salem eyed all this doubtfully. The place of his trial he had pictured, beforehand, while marching on it, as hostile; now it seemed both lovely and indifferent.

"A fool's arrant you come on," he said. "Errand."

He slipped into town by a back way among outbuildings. Only half a dozen persons were in sight, and these went about their morning affairs with no more than a glance at him.

But as he passed a long gray shed that hummed with the music of the plane he saw across a yard full of chips a large man in faded blue, who leaned bulging through a doorway and had begun to stare open-mouthed.

"Hi!" The man shouted, waved both arms wildly, and came running. "You!"

Salem knew at once the heavy body that moved on such light feet. It was Trapper Kingcome.

(Continued on Page 79)

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HERE is the tire for which hundreds of thousands of motorists have been waiting. A tire that gives an average of 30% more mileage than a fabric, as proved by tests covering hundreds of thousands of miles—yet costing only 8% more—in other words, 22% mileage free.

These new cords are the same size as your fabric tires and interchangeable with them, and may be fitted one at a time as your fabrics wear out. Thus you may change to cords by easy stages at practically no increased expense. Just ask the nearest Michelin Dealer about "Regular Size" Michelin Cords.

MICHELIN offers a complete line of cord tires, oversize and regular size, in one quality only, the best—all just as good as the famous Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, N. J.

Wholesale branches in 30 leading cities. Dealers everywhere

(Continued from Page 76)

"Signs an' wonders! You ole swamp angel, you!"

Round-faced as ever, spattered with freckles to the roots of his pale, coppery hair, Trapper blocked the width of the road and caught Salem's hand.

"You ole Nick-o'-the-Woods, you! How are ye?"

Salem laughed. He had been afraid of this meeting. No need. They shook hands as if never to leave off, and the shining of Kingcome's light blue eyes outdid any words.

"Good gorry, Trapper! You ——" Salem's own eyes blurred. He choked, could not speak, and dared not try to, overcome by the hold of this freckled hand and the grin of this workman in dirty clothes. Every best part of life seemed to rise together from forgotten depths and stifle him with joy. "You—why, last time —— And I hove a bench at you!"

"Come in," said Trapper, "out the sun." It hardly shone over the mill, underfoot the chips were still damp, morning coolness lingered everywhere; but Kingcome spoke and led Salem along as if guarding some delicate thing that might wilt. "Mus' go feed my old boiler."

They entered a shed or dark wooden vault half underground, sweet smelling, filled in one corner almost to the roof by a great yellow mound of chips, crisp and curly.

These came blowing downward from a boxed hole near the ceiling, and amid them in long gusts the clean high barytone song of a plane running through clear stuff without a chatter.

"Don't mean to say you're working?" Salem regained the power of speech. "Who routs you out of bed in time?"

"Me?" cried Trapper. "I'm Gabriel-Blow-Your-Horn. I'm the cherub that wakes up the seventy times seven sleepers. Didn' you hear the w'istle blart jes' now? When I git me a good purchase on the ole cord, and histe both boots off the ground and hang there to finish my beauty sleep, boys-oh, the fo'ks go shin up trees f'm here to Piskehagan. Think she's a Injun devil."

As they faced each other, Salem on a keg, Trapper elbow-deep in shavings, they might have been mistaken for dull young men exchanging time-worn banter. No one could have guessed, at any rate, how Salem was thrilled.

"Ain't this a hell of a note?" demanded the grinning Kingcome. "How'd you git here?"

"On foot."

"You're lookin' fine."

"You haven't changed a mite, Trapper."

They shouted, for the vibrating music drowned their words, as if they sat within the body of a giant fiddle. Kingcome did not go near a boiler anywhere, but presently rose, took a broken hayrake, and began to haul shavings down the slope of the yellow mound. It was plain that he performed needless work; plain that he, like Salem, felt the embarrassment of emotion.

"Oh, guess I hain't failed non'."

"How are all the boys?"

On this question Trapper laid hold with grateful energy. He plunged into his answer, forgot to rake, sat down again, and in half an hour, talking at speed, had only disentangled the preface and laid historical groundwork to his news of the countryside. He was a master gossip, Salem not a bad listener.

"Half a jiffy, don't feed her out too quick." Salem at last halted the chronicle with a sigh. He looked slowly about the room, hearkening to the shrill plane, watching the chips blow from the chute mouth, relishing their fragrance, admiring the soft golden twilight reflected from a patch of sun at the door. "I'll bust. Good mind to get down and roll like a horse. You know, there where I was, Trapper—I've been a long time starving."

At his words the broad freckled face became grave. Its roundness could not lengthen, but it wore an infant's look of distress and appeal.

"I know," said Trapper. "May as well come to the p'int." He stopped, then broke out passionately: "Sale, you must think I got a heart no bigger'n a beaver's tongue! But how could I write to ye? All that while I kep' a-tryin', time and time again, but set there dumb and tore up. You may not believe it, when a man's jaw kin wag so like Sancho, but come to letters I wa'n't no more fit to write 'em than what hell's fit for a powder house. And that's a fact. S'posin' I could, what use was letters anyway? Like goin' up attic to show a hoss an ear o' corn out the window! Until we did have somethin' to tell, and then too late; you was gone."

Kingcome stopped short, mumbling in confusion.

"I never once thought of that," declared Salem. "Never. Nor nothing else like it." He had broken the ice now. "You know," he continued, "they let me out on what they call a pardon."

His friend looked up, still flushed, but no longer vehement.

"They told me," said Salem, "in their office, 'twus an Obadiah Voe that —— Was it our old Frizzly?"

"Yeah." The other cut in quickly. "Old Frizzly Voe, he done the deed. With your ax. He went and give Asy Beard a tunk that started the whol' thing goin'."

Trapper had heaved on foot and was raking once more.

"How'd they find out?" Salem demanded. "Last man on earth, Obadiah Voe? The poor old string of misery, what drove him to it? They said he owned up when dying. Trapper, look here. What's become of all those young ones Frizzly was father and mother to? Good gorry, he had 'em like the sands of the sea."

It appeared that Trapper would look anywhere but here. He went on combing the mound. His pale blue eyes had grown small and hidden, like the eyes of an elephant.

"I can't jes' tell ye, Sale. I did hear somep'n too. Obadiah's children are bein' well looked after, they say. I don't jes' recall the partic'lars."

Unless the world had changed, this huge talker remembered all he chose not to forget. Salem sat wondering. At last he gave up the subject and chose another.

"Did you ever go see that little girl?"

"Which one?" said Trapper.

"The one I chucked you the dog's collar ——"

"Oh, her! Yes, I give her the collar same day."

Again Salem waited.

"What," he ventured, "what you s'pose became of her?"

Kingcome fished after something in his dirty blue pockets.

"Why, she's round," he drawled. "She's livin' there yit, I guess."

The talk came to a standstill while Salem conquered another doubt.

"I don't know, Trapper," he began shyly. "Maybe a kind o' fool's caper. But I took the notion I'd like to see that child again and—and have a talk with her."

"Child? Oh. Yeah, I see."

The sleepy, elephantine eyes did not glance up, but considered what one freckled hand was now holding, a nub of black-jack tobacco gnawed all round, fluted at the edges like a pattypan.

"I'll tell ye who you'd ought to have a talk with." Kingcome tore off a chew and ruminated. "You'd ought to go see Cap'n Constantine, that's who. He could tell ye ——" Trapper suddenly roused. His eyes opened, wide and earnest. "Look, Sale, you go talk to the old cap'n. He's sick, layin' bedfast, and would love to see ye. You'd take to him like a duck's bill to the mud. Will ye go? Will ye promise?"

The man seemed ready to implore. Salem could not understand his fervor, but nodded.

"All right. I don't mind."

"Don't ye fergit to." Trapper threw away his rake, puffed out a sigh of relief, dropped on the mound elbow-deep once more, and became his old cheerful self. "But to think you never heard o' that hoss! Why, sir, as a colt Bales McCatherine willed him to Tom Grele. And now, by ginger!—Bales died in a hoss blanket, as he always 'lowed to, and wouldn' have his boots took off. Tom set up nursin' him nights, and nothin' would do, his last night on earth, but bring the colt right int' the harness room where his eyes could rest on him. 'Mambrino blood,' s'e; 'keep him good. If they'd let me lead him int' the next world with me, Tom, I'd pay the dooty.' So sayin' old Bales reaches up for the halter, but can't make it, and his hand drops, so-fashion."

The interrupted chronicle swept on, full tide.

Salem heard of great deeds done by a horse, now famous, that when he himself went to prison had not been foaled. The pair of cronies made up for lost years.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Photo copyright by Asahel Curtis, Seattle

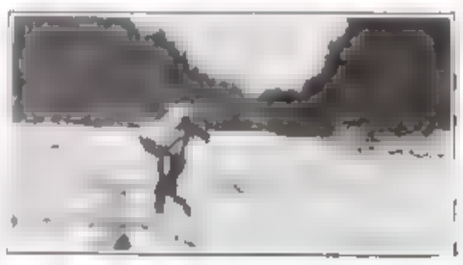
Lake Washington Boulevard bordering one of Seattle's residential districts

Seattle Invites You

To Spend Your Vacation In the Charmed Land

"In my humble opinion the Pacific Northwest is as gorgeous a vacation land as there is to be found on this continent."—IRVIN S. COBB.

"It is the charmed land of the American continent, with the most restful and soothing climate in the world, a land of the green valley and the rushing river, of tall men and tall trees, of moss, of fern and dazzling snow-tipped peaks. If you have never seen Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia in summer you lack important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like."—DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON.



THE FORCES OF NATURE united to make the Pacific Northwest the Nation's Supreme Summer Playground. There is no excessive heat or trying cold. One sleeps under blankets every night of the year. There are no hurricanes, cyclones, earthquakes, or severe electrical storms. The climate lures one out-of-doors the year around, and to what an out-of-doors!

SUCH WOODS if you love the woods and woodsy things—stately forests, carpeted with a wealth of ferns and flowering plants and shrubs—and not a poisonous reptile in the Puget Sound area

SUCH MOUNTAINS—two great ranges of snowclad peaks, and Mt. Rainier National Park, where one may spend a summer of unalloyed delight. Mt. Rainier is the most majestic single scenic feature in the United States proper. Its glacial system exceeds all the glaciers of Switzerland combined and at its base is a succession of gorgeous flowering parks.

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SUCH YACHTING—nothing like it in the western hemisphere—along the 2000 miles of shoreline of Puget Sound and the inside passage to the fjords and glaciers of Alaska.

SUCH MOTOR ROADS—through a paradise of scenic delights. Such trout streams. Such golf—golf every day in the year. Such camping, such hikes, such mountain climbing, such skiing, such all-around fun.

AND SUCH HEALTH—year by year Seattle is the healthiest city in the world.

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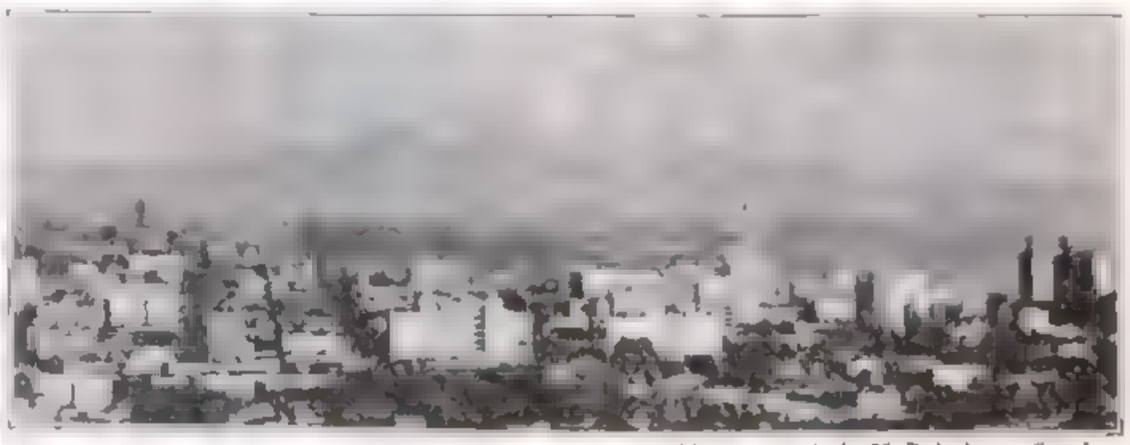

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Seattle—Center of America's Summer Playground

Hotels Statler

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo to open in the spring of 1923. 500 more rooms will be added later

Buffalo – Cleveland Detroit – St. Louis

The Busiest People in the Hotel

Telephone Operators — Mail Clerks — Elevator Operators

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

THE three busiest departments—and three of the most important—in a busy hotel, are telephone service, mail service, elevator service.

All of them have to be mighty close to 100% perfect all the time, because everybody uses them—and depends upon them.

In these hotels we do about everything humanly possible to keep those departments always at their best. At some desks we keep a written record of every transaction—which shows up every error, and who made it.

Those things—which, indeed, belong to the "backstage" side of hotel-keeping—are mentioned here because we believe that our guests like to know that we take our responsibilities seriously, down through every last detail of service. Another aspect of it (more important to you than the routine of these departments) is the way *the people concerned* serve you. That is why we print here some of the instructions these helpers of ours have, to guide them in their contact with you.

Instructions to Statler Employees

To Telephone Operators

"Remember that a guest who is depending for service upon someone whom he can't see—someone who is, at the time, *nothing but a voice* to him—is as much influenced by the tone and character of that voice as by the words it says. See, therefore, that your voice is pleasant, always; and your manner interested and gracious.

"Push every telephone transaction to completion as rapidly as is consistent with thoroughness and courtesy.

"Be especially careful of promises made by telephone. If you say 'five minutes' be quite sure that it won't be more, if you say 'right away,' don't let anything or anybody delay or neglect it. The guest takes your word for it, see that he doesn't have to wait or complain".

To Front Office Clerks

"Mail clerks and key clerks who recognize people and remember their names are more valuable to us than others who do not.

"You know that what the guest wants (and is entitled to) is a helpful and interested, as well as a courteous, service. You are not through with any transaction until the guest is satisfied; or, if you cannot satisfy him, until you have called your superior and the matter is out of your hands".

To Elevator Operators

"Don't forget the 'please' when you're speaking to your passengers, and don't let your manner be anything but pleasant. Don't talk with other employees who are on your car; don't hum or whistle or sing, even if you have no passengers.

"At every stop where passengers are waiting, call 'Up, please' or 'Down, please'. Follow exactly your instructions about calling for floors before you start and at every stop.

"If a guest is carried past his stop, whether through his own fault or yours, say 'I'm sorry', or apologize".

To Everybody

"No excuse will be accepted for any failure to carry out our policies as explained and interpreted in The Statler Service Codes.

"These hotels will not keep, and will not knowingly employ, anybody who is discourteous or abrupt or sullen—either with guests or with his fellow-employees. However trying the circumstances are, however 'unreasonable' other people may seem—or be—to you, *discourtesy cannot and will not be excused*".

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 5)

the gate was the cast-iron effigy of a small negro in fantastic uniform, holding an iron ring aloft. The Gashwiler carriage horse had been tethered to this in the days before the Gashwiler touring car had been acquired.

"Dwelling of a country storekeeper!" muttered Merton. "That's all you are!"

This was intended to be scornful. Merton meant that on the screen it would be recognized as this and nothing more. It could not be taken for the mansion of a rich banker or the country home of a Wall Street magnate. He felt that he had been keen in his dispraise, especially as old Gashwiler would never get the sting of it. Clod!

Three blocks brought him to the heart of the town, still throbbing faintly. He stood, irresolute, before the Giddings House. Chairs in front of this hostelry were now vacant of loafers, and a clatter of dishes came through the open windows of the dining room, where supper was on. Farther down the street Selby Brothers, Cigars and Confectionery, would be open; lights shone from the windows of the Fashion Pool Parlor across the way; the City Drug Store could still be entered; and the post office would stay open until after the mail from No. 4 was distributed. With these exceptions the shops along this mart of trade were tightly closed, including the Gashwiler Emporium, at the blind front of which Merton now glanced with the utmost distaste.

Such citizens as were yet abroad would be over at the depot to watch No. 4 go through. Merton debated joining these sight-seers. Simsbury was too small to be noticed by many trains. It sprawled along the track as if it had been an afterthought of the railroad. Trains like No. 4 were apt to dash relentlessly by it without slackening speed, the mail bag being flung to the depot platform. But sometimes there would be a passenger for Simsbury, and the proud train would slow down and halt reluctantly, with a grinding of brakes, while the passenger alighted. Then a good view of the train could be had: a line of beautiful sleepers terminating in an observation car, its rear platform guarded by a brass-topped railing, behind which the privileged lolled at ease; and up ahead a wonderful dining car, where dinner was being served; flitting white-clad waiters, the glitter of silver and crystal and damask, and favored beings feasting at their lordly ease, perhaps denying even a careless glance at the pitiful hamlet outside, or at most looking out impatient at the halt or merely staring with incurious eyes while awaiting their choice foods.

Not one of these enviable persons ever betrayed any interest in Simsbury or its little group of citizens who daily gathered on the platform to do them honor. Merton Gill used to fancy that these people might shrewdly detect him to be out of place there—might perhaps take him to be an alien city man awaiting a similar proud train going the other way, standing, as he would, aloof from the obvious villagers and having a manner, a carriage, an attire, such as further set him apart. Still, he could never be sure about this. Perhaps no one ever did single him out as a being patently of the greater world. Perhaps they considered that he was rightly of Simsbury and would continue to be a part of it all the days of his life; or perhaps they wouldn't notice him at all. They had been passing Simsburys all day, and all Simsburys and all their peoples must look very much alike to them. Very well—a day would come. There would be at Simsbury a momentous stop of No. 4 and another passenger would be in that dining car, disjoined forever from Simsbury, and he with them would stare out the polished windows at the gaping throng, and he would continue to stare with incurious eyes at still other Simsburys along the right of way, while the proud train bore him off to triumphs never dreamed of by natural-born villagers.

He decided now not to tantalize himself with a glance at this splendid means of escape from all that was sordid. He was still not a little depressed by the late unpleasantness with Gashwiler, who had thought him a crazy fool, with his revolver, his fiercely muttered words and his holding aloft of a valuable dummy as if to threaten it with destruction. Well, some day the old grouch would eat his words; some day he would be relating to amazed listeners that he had known Merton Gill intimately at the very beginning of his astounding career. That was bound to come. But to-night Merton had no heart for the swift spectacle of No. 4. Nor even, should it halt, did he feel up to watching those indifferent, incurious passengers who little recked that a future screen idol in natty plush hat and belted coat amusedly surveyed them. To-night he must be alone—but a day would come. Resistless Time would strike his hour!

Still, he must wait for the mail before beginning his nightly study. Certain of his magazines would come to-night. He sauntered down the deserted street, pausing before the establishment of Selby Brothers. From the door of this emerged one Elmer Huff, clerk at the City Drug Store. Elmer had purchased a package of cigarettes and now offered one to Merton.

"'Lo, Mert! Have a little pill?"

"No, thanks," replied Merton firmly.

He had lately given up smoking—save those clandestine indulgences at the expense of Gashwiler—because he was saving money against his great day.

Elmer lighted one of his own little pills and made a further suggestion.

"Say, how about settin' in a little game with the gang to-night after the store closes—ten-cent limit?"

"No, thanks," replied Merton, again firmly.

He had no great liking for poker at any limit, and he would not subject his savings to a senseless hazard. Of course he might win, but you never could tell.

"Do you good," urged Elmer. "Quit at twelve sharp, with one round of roodles."

"No, I guess not," said Merton.

"We had some game last night, I'll tell the world! One hand we had four jacks out against four aces, and right after that I held four kings against an ace full. Say, one time there I was about two-eighty to the good, but I didn't have enough sense to quit. Hear about Gus Giddin's? They got him over in the coop for breaking in on a social out at the Oak Grove schoolhouse last night. Say, he had a peach on when he left here, I'll tell the world! But he didn't get far. Them Grove lads certainly made a believer out of him. You ought to see that left eye of his!"

Merton listened loftily to this village talk, gossip of a rural sport who got a peach on and started something —— And the poker game in the back room of the City Drug Store! What diversions were these for one who had a future? Let these clods live out their dull lives in their own way. But not Merton Gill, who held aloof from their low sports, studied faithfully the lessons in his film-acting course and patiently bided his time.

He presently sauntered to the post office, where the mail was being distributed. Here he found the sight-seers who had returned from the treat of No. 4's flight, and many of the less enterprising citizens who had merely come down for their mail. Gashwiler was among these, smoking one of his choice cigars. He was not allowed to smoke in the house. Merton, knowing this prohibition, strictly enforced by Mrs. Gashwiler, threw his employer a glance of honest pity. Briefly he permitted himself a vision of his own future home—a palatial bungalow in distant Hollywood, with expensive cigars in elaborate humidors and costly gold-tipped cigarettes in silver things on low tables. One might smoke freely there in every room.

Under more of the Elmer Huff sort of gossip, and the rhythmic clump of the canceling stamp back of the drawers and boxes, he allowed himself a further glimpse of this luxurious interior. He sat on a low couch, among soft cushions, a magnificent bearskin rug beneath his feet. He smoked one of the costly cigarettes and chatted with a young lady interviewer from Photo Land.

"You ask of my wife," he was saying. "But she is more than a wife—she is my best pal, and, I may add, she is also my severest critic."

He broke off here, for an obsequious Japanese butler entered with a tray of cooling drinks. The tray would be gleaming silver, but he was uncertain about the drinks; something with long straws in them, probably. But as to anything alcoholic, now —— While he was trying to determine this the general-delivery window was opened and the interview had to wait. But, anyway, you could smoke

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Here's Mr. Rumberg's Own Story—

I ENTERED Yale University this fall and intend to make money for all my clothes and books by securing subscriptions. By looking up my record you will find that I have been averaging sixteen dollars a week for spare time work. The best profit I ever made was about four dollars as follows:

When I called one evening at the house of a friend I found eight other friends there—and I got every one of them to subscribe within a few minutes. In size and quality your publications are easily leaders.

Thanks for the $36.00 bonus check I just received.

George H. Rumberg

(The original of Mr. Rumberg's statement is on file in the offices of The Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia)

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Scores of forehanded men and women will eagerly take advantage of this attractive opening. *Will you be one of them?* It costs but a two-cent stamp to investigate.

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Gentlemen:

Please tell me more about your plan for spare time profit. Understand that I place myself under no obligation in making this inquiry.

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where you wished in that house, and Gashwiler couldn't smoke any closer to his house than the front porch. Even trying it there he would be nagged, and fussily asked why he didn't go out to the barn. He was a poor fish, Gashwiler; a country storekeeper without a future. A clod!

Merton, after waiting in line, obtained his mail, consisting of three magazines—Photo Land, Silver Screenings and Camera. As he stepped away he saw that Miss Tessie Kearns stood three places back in the line. He waited at the door for her. Miss Kearns was the one soul in Simsbury who understood him. He had confided to her all his vast ambitions; she had sympathized with them, and her never-failing encouragement had done not a little to stiffen his resolution at odd times when the haven of Hollywood seemed all too distant. A certain community of ambitions had been the foundation of this sympathy between the two, for Tessie Kearns meant to become a scenario writer of eminence, and, like Merton, she was now both studying and practicing a difficult art. She conducted the millinery and dressmaking establishment next to the Gashwiler Emporium, but found time, as did Merton, for the worthwhile things outside her narrow life.

She was a slight, spare little figure, sedate and mouselike, of middle age and, to the village, of a quiet, sober way of thought. But, known only to Merton, her real life was one of terrific adventure, involving crime of the most atrocious sort, and contact not only with the great and good, but with loathsome denizens of the underworld who would commit any deed for hire. Some of her scenarios would have profoundly shocked the good people of Simsbury, and she often suffered tremors of apprehension at the thought that one of them might be enacted at the Bijou Palace right there on Fourth Street, with her name brazenly announced as author. Suppose it were Passion's Perils! She would surely have to leave town after that! She would be too ashamed to stay. Still she would be proud, also, for by that time they would be calling her to Hollywood itself. Of course nothing so distressing—or so grand—had happened yet, for none of her dramas had been accepted; but she was coming on. It might happen any time.

She joined Merton, an envelope in her hand and a brave little smile on her pinched face.

"Which one is it?" he asked, referring to the envelope.

"It's Passion's Perils," she answered with a jaunty affectation of amusement. "The Touchstone-Blatz people sent it back. The slip says its being returned does not imply any lack of merit."

"I should think it wouldn't!" said Merton warmly.

He knew Passion's Perils. A company might have no immediate need for it, but its rejection could not possibly imply a lack of merit, because the merit was there. No one could dispute that.

They walked on to the Bijou Palace. Its front was dark, for only twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, could Simsbury muster a picture audience; but they could read the bills for the following night. The entrance was flanked on either side by billboards, and they stopped before the first. Merton Gill's heart quickened its beats, for there was billed none other than Beulah Baxter in the ninth installment of her tremendous serial, the Hazards of Hortense.

It was going to be good! It almost seemed that this time the scoundrels would surely get Hortense. She was speeding across a vast open quarry in a bucket attached to a cable, and one of the scoundrels with an ax was viciously hacking at the cable's farther anchorage. It would be a miracle if he did not succeed in his hellish design to dash Hortense to the cruel rocks below. Merton, of course, had not a moment's doubt that the miracle would intervene; he had seen other serials. So he made no comment upon the gravity of the situation, but went at once to the heart of his ecstasy.

"The most beautiful woman on the screen," he murmured.

"Well, I don't know."

Miss Kearns appeared about to advance the claims of rival beauties, but desisted when she saw that Merton was firm.

"None of the rest can touch her," he maintained. "And look at her nerve! Would your others have as much nerve as that?"

"Maybe she has someone to double in those places," suggested the screen-wise Tessie Kearns.

"Not Beulah Baxter. Didn't I see her personal appearance that time I went to Peoria last spring on purpose to see it? Didn't she talk about the risks she took and how the directors were always begging her to use a double and how her artistic convictions wouldn't let her do any such thing? You can bet the little girl is right there in every scene!"

They passed to the other billboard. This would be the comedy. A painfully cross-eyed man in misfitting clothes was doing something supposed to be funny—pushing a lawn mower over the carpet of a palatial home.

"How disgusting!" exclaimed Miss Kearns.

"Ain't it?" said Merton. "How they can have one of those terrible things on the same bill with Miss Baxter—I can't understand it."

"Those censors ought to suppress this sort of buffoonery instead of scenes of dignified passion like they did in Scarlet Sin," declared Tessie. "Did you read about that?"

"They sure ought," agreed Merton. "These comedies make me tired. I never see one if I can help it."

Walking on, they discussed the wretched public taste and the wretched actors that pandered to it. The slap-stick comedy, they held, degraded a fine and beautiful art. Merton was especially severe. He always felt uncomfortable at one of these regrettable exhibitions when people about him who knew no better laughed heartily. He had never seen anything to laugh at, and said as much.

They crossed the street and paused at the door of Miss Kearns' shop, behind which were her living rooms. She would to-night go over Passion's Perils once more and send it to another company.

"I wonder," she said to Merton, "if they keep sending it back because the sets are too expensive. Of course there's the one where the dissipated English nobleman, Count Blessingham, lures Valerie into Westminster Abbey for his own evil purposes on the night of the old earl's murder—that's expensive—but they get a chance to use it again when Valerie is led to the altar by young Lord Stonecliff, the rightful heir. And of course Stonecliff Manor, where Valerie is first seen as governess, would be expensive; but they use that in a lot of scenes too. Still, maybe I might change the locations around to something they've got built."

"I wouldn't change a line," said Merton. "Don't give in to 'em. Make 'em take it as it is. They might ruin your picture with cheap stuff."

"Well," the authoress debated, "maybe I'll leave it. I'd especially hate to give up Westminster Abbey. Of course the scene where she is struggling with Count Blessingham might easily be made offensive—it's a strong scene—but it all comes right. You remember she wrenches herself loose from his grasp and rushes to throw herself before the altar, which suddenly lights up, and the scoundrel is afraid to pursue her there, because he had a thorough religious training when a boy at Oxford, and he feels it would be sacrilegious to seize her again while the light from the altar shines upon her that way, and so she's saved for the time being. It seems kind of a shame not to use Westminster Abbey for a really big scene like that, don't you think?"

"I should say so!" agreed Merton warmly. "They build plenty of sets as big as that. Keep it in!"

"Well, I'll take your advice. And I shan't give up trying with my other ones. And I'm writing to another set of people—see here." She took from her hand bag a clipped advertisement which she read to Merton in the fading light, holding it close to her keen little eyes. "Listen! 'Five thousand photoplay ideas needed. Working girl paid ten thousand dollars for ideas she had thought worthless. Yours may be worth more. Experience unnecessary. Information free. Producers' League 562, Piqua, Ohio.' Doesn't that sound encouraging? And it isn't as if I didn't have some experience. I've been writing scenarios for two years now."

"We both got to be patient," he pointed out. "We can't succeed all at once, just remember that."

"Oh, I'm patient, and I'm determined; and I know you are, too, Merton. But the way my things keep coming back—well, I guess we'd both get discouraged if it wasn't for our sense of humor."

(Continued on Page 85)

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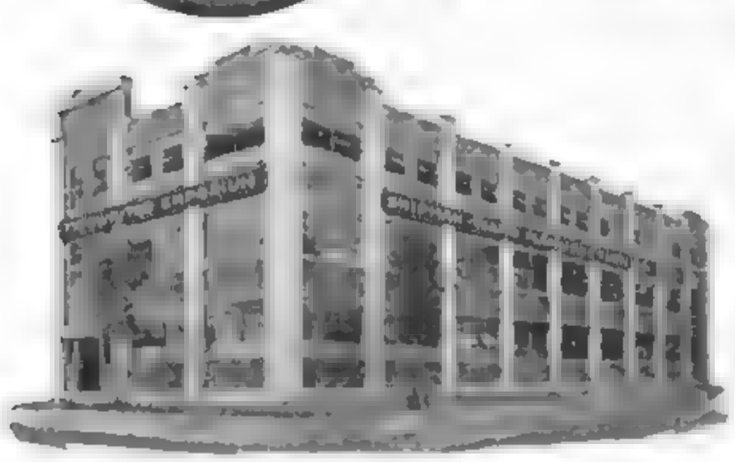

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(Continued from Page 82)

"I bet we would," agreed Merton. "And good night!"

He went on to the Gashwiler Emporium and let himself into the dark store. At the moment he was bewailing that the next installment of the Hazards of Hortense would be shown on a Saturday night, for on those nights the store kept open until nine and he could see it but once. On a Tuesday night he would have watched it twice, in spite of the so-called comedy unjustly sharing the bill with it.

Lighting a match, he made his way through the silent store, through the stock room that had so lately been the foul lair of Snake le Vasquez, and into his own personal domain, a square partitioned off from the stock room in which were his cot, the table at which he studied the art of screen acting, and his other little belongings. He often called this his den. He lighted a lamp on the table and drew up the chair.

On the boards of the partition in front of him were pasted many presentments of his favorite screen actress, Beulah Baxter, as she underwent the nerve-racking Hazards of Hortense. The intrepid girl was seen leaping from the seat of her high-powered car to the cab of a passing locomotive, her chagrined pursuers in the distant background. She sprang from a high cliff into the chill waters of a storm-tossed sea. Bound to the back of a spirited horse, she was raced down the steep slope of a rocky ravine in the Far West. Alone in a foul den of the underworld she held at bay a dozen villainous Asiatics. Down the fire escape of a great New York hotel she made a perilous way. From the shrouds of a tossing ship she was about to plunge to a watery release from the persecutor who was almost upon her. Upon the roof of the Fifth Avenue mansion of her scoundrelly guardian in the great city of New York she was gaining the friendly projection of a cornice from whence she could leap and again escape death—even a fate worse than death, for the girl was pursued from all sorts of base motives. This time, friendless and alone in profligate New York, she would leap from the cornice to the branches of the great eucalyptus tree that grew hard by. Unnerving performances like these were a constant inspiration to Merton Gill. He knew that he was not yet fit to act in such scenes—to appear opportunely in the last reel of each installment and save Hortense for the next one. But he was confident a day would come.

On the same wall he faced also a series of photographs of himself. These were stills to be one day shown to a director who would thereupon perceive his screen merits. There was Merton in the natty belted coat, with his hair slicked back in the approved mode and a smile upon his face; a happy, careless college youth. There was Merton in tennis flannels, his hair nicely disarranged, jauntily holding a borrowed racquet. Here he was in a trench coat and the cap of a lieutenant, grim of face, the jaw set, holding a revolver upon someone unpictured; there in a wide-collared sport shirt lolling negligently upon a bench after a hard game of polo or something. Again he appeared in evening dress, two straightened fingers resting against his left temple. Underneath this was written in a running, angular, distinguished hand, "Very truly yours, Clifford Armytage." This, and prints of it similarly inscribed, would one day go to unknown admirers who besought him for likenesses of himself.

But Merton lost no time in scanning these pictorial triumphs. He was turning the pages of the magazines he had brought, his first hasty search being for new photographs of his heroine. He was quickly rewarded. Silver Screenings proffered some fresh views of Beulah Baxter, not in dangerous moments, but revealing certain quieter aspects of her wondrous life. In her kitchen, apron clad, she stirred something. In her lofty music room she was seated at her piano. In her charming library she was shown "Among Her Books." More charmingly she was portrayed with her beautiful arms about the shoulders of her dear old mother. And these accompanied an interview with the actress.

The writer, one Esther Schwarz, professed the liveliest trepidation at first meeting the screen idol, but was swiftly reassured by the unaffected cordiality of her reception. She found that success had not spoiled Miss Baxter. A sincere artist, she yet absolutely lacked the usual temperament and mannerisms. She seemed more determined than ever to give the public something better and finer. Her splendid dignity, reserve, humanness, high ideals and patient study of her art had but mellowed, not hardened, a gracious personality. Merton Gill received these assurances without surprise. He knew Beulah Baxter would prove to be these delightful things. He read on for the more exciting bits.

"I'm so interested in my work," prettily observed Miss Baxter to the interviewer; "suppose we talk only of that. Leave out all the rest—my Beverly Hills home, my cars, my jewels, my Paris gowns, my dogs, my servants, my recreations. It is work alone that counts, don't you think? We must learn that success, all that is beautiful and fine, requires work, infinite work and struggle. The beautiful comes only through suffering and sacrifice. And of course dramatic work broadens a girl's viewpoint, helps her to get the real, the worthwhile things out of life, enriching her nature with the emotional experience of her rôles. It is through such pressure that we grow, and we must grow, must we not? One must strive for the ideal, for the art which will be but the pictorial expression of that, and for the emotion which must be touched by the illuminating vision of a well-developed imagination if the vital message of the film is to be felt.

"But of course I have my leisure moments from the grinding stress. Then I turn to my books—I'm wild about history. And how I love the great free out-of-doors! I should prefer to be on a simple farm, were I a boy. The public would not have me a boy, you say"—she shrugged prettily—"oh, of course, my beauty, as they are pleased to call it. After all, why should one not speak of that? Beauty is just a stock in trade, you know. Why not acknowledge it frankly? But do come to my delightful kitchen, where I spend many a spare moment, and see the lovely custard I have made for dear mamma's luncheon."

Merton Gill was entranced by this exposition of the quieter side of his idol's life. Of course he had known she could not always be making narrow escapes, and it seemed that she was almost more delightful in this staid domestic life. Here, away from her professional perils, she was, it seemed, "a slim little girl with sad eyes and a wistful mouth."

The picture moved him strongly. More than ever he was persuaded that his day would come. Even might come the day when it would be his lot to lighten the sorrow of those eyes and appease the wistfulness of that tender mouth. He was less sure about this. He had been unable to learn if Beulah Baxter was still unwed. Silver Screenings, in reply to his question, had answered "Perhaps." Camera, in its answers to correspondents, had said "Not now." Then he had written to Photo Land: "Is Beulah Baxter unmarried?" The answer had come, "Twice." He had been able to make little of these replies, enigmatic, ambiguous, at best. But he felt that some day he would at least be chosen to act with this slim little girl with the sad eyes and wistful mouth. He, it might be, would rescue her from the branches of the great eucalyptus tree growing hard by the Fifth Avenue mansion of the scoundrelly guardian. This, if he remembered well her message about hard work.

He recalled now the wondrous occasion on which he had traveled the nearly hundred miles to Peoria to see his idol in the flesh. Her personal appearance had been advertised. It was on a Saturday night, but Merton had silenced old Gashwiler with the tale of a dying aunt in the distant city. Even so, the old grouch had been none too considerate. He had seemed to believe that Merton's aunt should have died nearer to Simsbury, or at least have chosen a dull Monday.

But Merton had held with dignity to the point; a dying aunt wasn't to be hustled about as to either time or place. She died when her time came—even on a Saturday night—and where she happened to be, though it were a hundred miles from some point more convenient to an utter stranger. He had gone and thrillingly had beheld for five minutes his idol in the flesh, the slim little girl of the sorrowful eyes and wistful mouth, as she told the vast audience—it seemed to Merton that she spoke solely to him—by what narrow chance she had been saved from disappointing it. She had missed the train, but had at once leaped into her high-powered roadster and made the journey at an average of sixty-five miles an hour, braving death a dozen times. For her public was dear to her, and she

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would not have it disappointed, and there she was before them in her trim driving suit, still breathless from the wild ride.

Then she told them—Merton especially—how her directors had again and again besought her not to persist in risking her life in her dangerous exploits, but to allow a double to take her place at the more critical moments. But she had never been able to bring herself to this deception, for deception, in a way, it would be. The directors had entreated in vain. She would keep faith with her public, though full well she knew that at any time one of her dare-devil acts might prove fatal.

Her public was very dear to her. She was delighted to meet it here, face to face, heart to heart. She clasped her own slender hands over her own heart as she said this, and there was a pathetic little catch in her voice as she waved farewell kisses to the throng. Many a heart besides Merton's beat more quickly at knowing that she must rush out to the high-powered roadster and be off at eighty miles an hour to St. Louis, where another vast audience would the next day be breathlessly awaiting her personal appearance.

Merton had felt abundantly repaid for his journey. There had been inspiration in this contact. Little he minded the acid greeting, on his return, of a mere Gashwiler, spawning in his low mind a monstrous suspicion that the dying aunt had never lived.

Now he read in his magazines other intimate interviews by other talented young women who had braved the presence of other screen idols of both sexes. The interviewers approached them with trepidation, and invariably found that success had not spoiled them. Fine artists though they were, applauded and richly rewarded, yet they remained simple, unaffected and cordial to these daring reporters. They spoke with quiet dignity of their work, their earnest efforts to give the public something better and finer. They wished the countless readers of the interviews to comprehend that their triumphs had come only with infinite work and struggle, that the beautiful comes only through suffering and sacrifice.

At lighter moments they spoke gayly of their palatial homes, their domestic pets, their wives or husbands and their charming children.

They all loved the great out-of-doors, but their chief solace from toil was in this unruffled domesticity, where they could forget the worries of an exacting profession and lead a simple home life. All the husbands and wives were more than that—they were good pals; and of course they read and studied a great deal. Many of them were wild about books.

He was especially interested in the interview printed by Camera with that world favorite, Harold Parmalee. For this was the screen artist whom Merton most envied, and whom he conceived himself most to resemble in feature. The lady interviewer, Miss Augusta Blivens, had gone trembling into the presence of Harold Parmalee, to be instantly put at her ease by the young artist's simple, unaffected manner. He chatted of his early struggles when he was only too glad to accept the few paltry hundreds of dollars a week that were offered him in minor parts; of his quick rise to eminence; of his unceasing effort to give the public something better and finer; of his love for the great out-of-doors; and of his daily flight to the little nest that sheltered his pal wife and the kiddies. Here he could be truly himself, a man's man, loving the simple things of life. Here, in his library, surrounded by his books, or in the music room playing over some little Chopin prelude, or on the lawn romping with the giant police dog, he could forget the public that would not let him rest.

Nor had he been spoiled in the least, said the interviewer, by the adulation poured out upon him by admiring women and girls in volume sufficient to turn the head of a less sane young man.

"There are many beautiful women in the world," pursued the writer, "and I dare say there is not one who meets Harold Parmalee who does not love him in one way or another. He has mental brilliancy for the intellectuals, good looks for the empty-headed, a strong vital appeal, a magnetism almost overwhelming to the susceptible, and an easy and supremely appealing courtesy for every woman he encounters."

Merton drew a long breath after reading these earnest words. Would an interviewer some day be writing as much about him? He studied the pictures of Harold Parmalee that abundantly spotted the article. The full face, the profile, the symmetrical shoulders, the jaunty bearing, the easy, masterful smile. From each of these he would raise his eyes to his own pictured face on the wall above him. Undoubtedly he was not unlike Harold Parmalee. He noted little similarities. He had the nose, perhaps a bit more jutting than Harold's; and the chin, even more prominent.

Possibly a director would have told him that his Harold Parmalee beauty was just a trifle overdone; that his face went just a bit past the line of pleasing resemblance and into something else. But at this moment the aspirant was reassured. His eyes were pale, under pale brows, yet they showed well in the prints. And he was slightly built, perhaps even thin, but a diet rich in fats would remedy that. And even if he were quite a little less comely than Parmalee, he would still be impressive. After all, a great deal depended upon the acting, and he was learning to act.

Months ago, the resolution big in his heart, he had answered the advertisement in Silver Screenings, urging him to "Learn Movie Acting, a fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know," it demanded, "if you are adapted to this work? If so, send ten cents for our Ten-Hour Talent-Prover, or Key to Movie-Acting Aptitude, and find whether you are suited to take it up."

Merton had earnestly wished to know this, and had sent ten cents to the Film Incorporation Bureau, Station N, Stebbinsville, Arkansas. The Talent-Prover, or Key to Movie-Acting Aptitude, had come; he had mailed his answers to the questions and waited an anguished ten days, fearing that he would prove to lack the required aptitude for this great art. But at last the cheering news had come. He had every aptitude in full measure, and all that remained was to subscribe to the correspondence course.

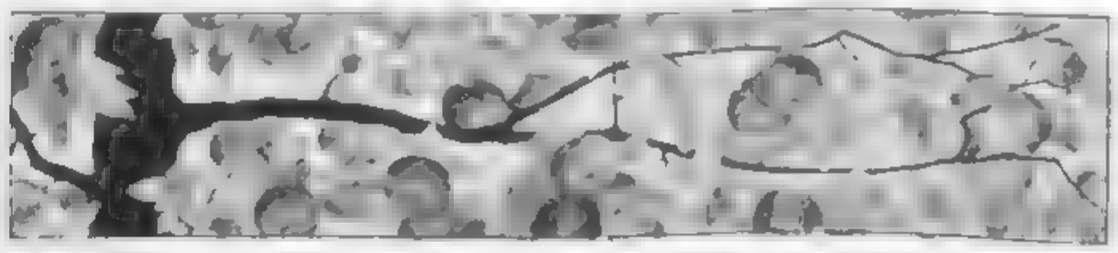
He had felt weak in the moment of his relief from this torturing anxiety. Suppose they had told him that he wouldn't do? And he had studied the lessons with unswerving determination. Night and day he had held to his ideal. He knew that when you did this your hour was bound to come.

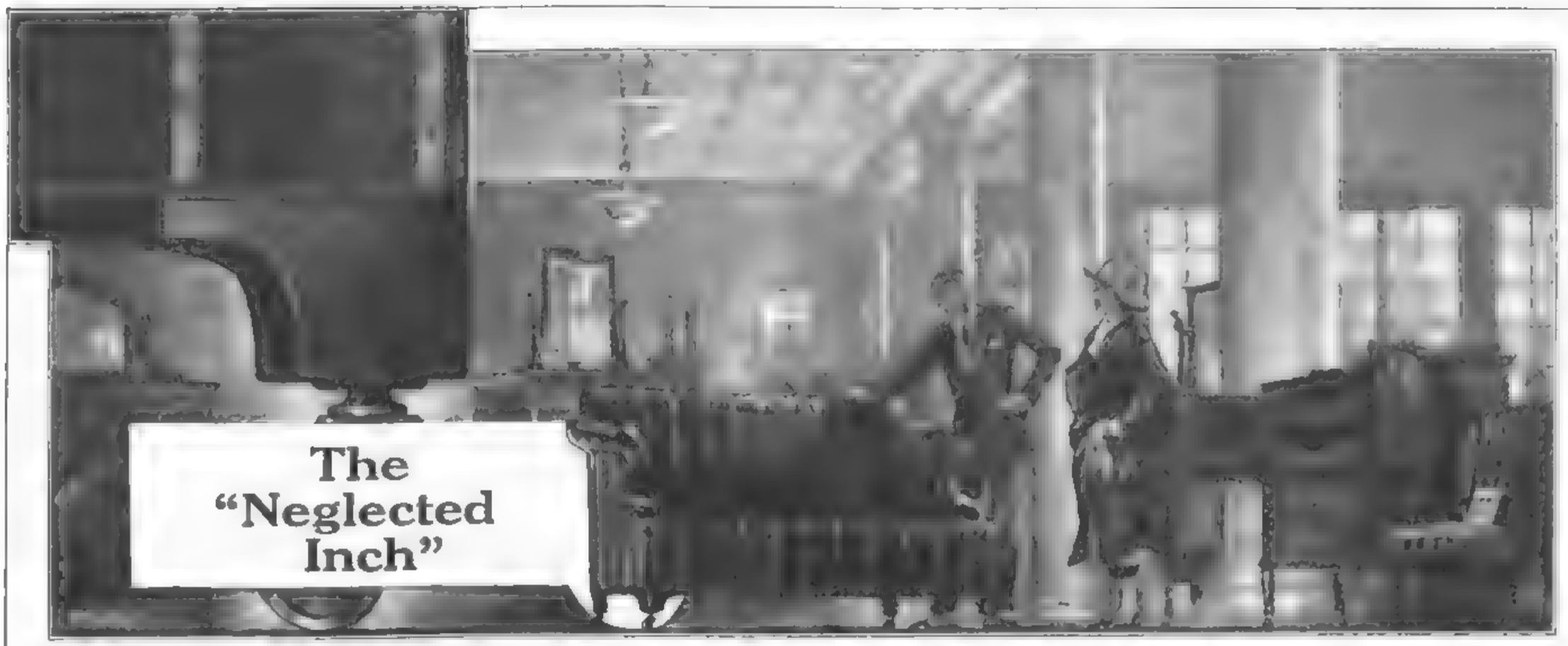
He yawned now, thinking, instead of the anger expressions he should have been practicing, of the sordid things he must do to-morrow. He must be up at five, sprinkle the floor, sweep it, take down the dust curtains from the shelves of dry goods, clean and fill the lamps, then station outside the dummies in their raiment. All day he would serve customers, snatching a hasty lunch of crackers and cheese behind the grocery counter. And at night, instead of twice watching the Hazards of Hortense, he must still unreasonably serve late customers until the second unwinding of those delectable reels.

He suddenly sickened of it all. Was he not sufficiently versed in the art he had chosen to practice? And old Gashwiler every day getting harder to bear! His resolve stiffened. He would not wait much longer—only until the savings hidden out under the grocery counter had grown a bit. He made ready for bed, taking, after he had undressed, some dumb-bell exercises that would make his shoulders a trifle more like Harold Parmalee's. This rite concluded, he knelt by his narrow cot and prayed briefly:

"Oh, God, make me a good movie actor! Make me one of the best! For Jesus' sake, amen!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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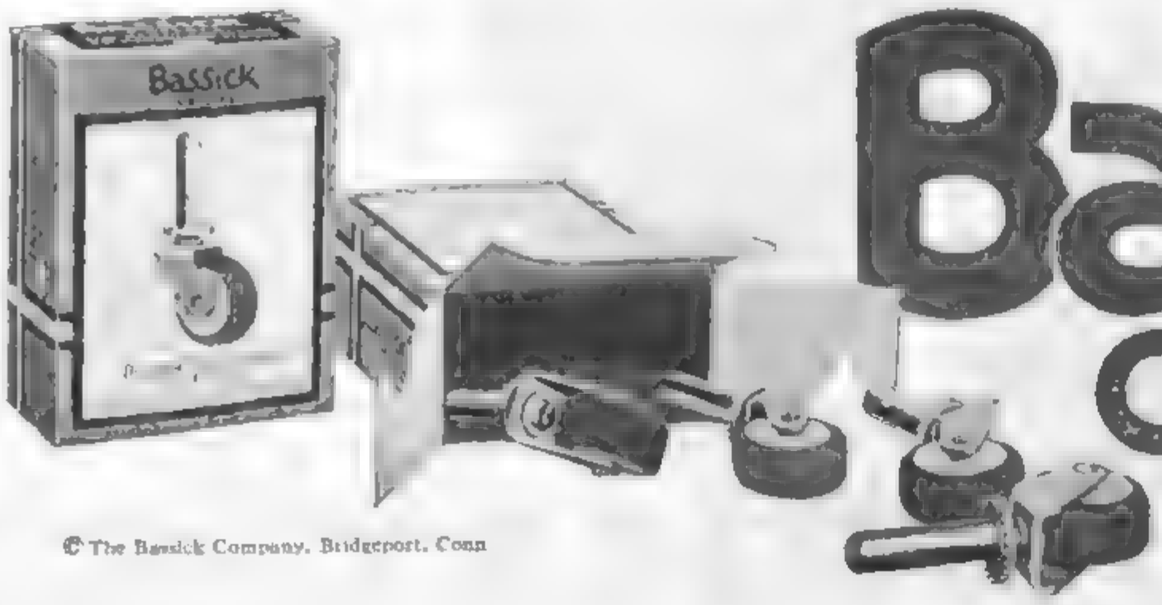

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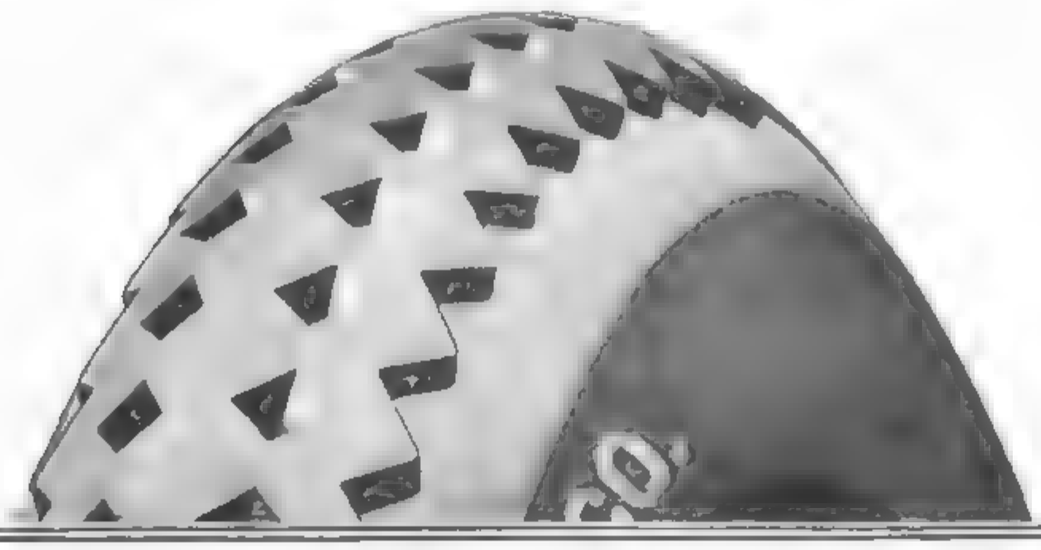

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HONOR AMONG SPORTSMEN

(Continued from Page 19)

"I, too," said Monsieur Pantan with a grim smile, "am married."

"You? Pantan? Monsieur jests!"

"If monsieur will look in the newspaper of to-day," said Monsieur Pantan dryly, "he will see an announcement of my marriage yesterday to Madame Marselet, of Perigeux."

There were astonishment and alarm in the face of the undertaker. Then reverie seemed to wrap him round. The scurrying of footsteps, the bumble of voices in the rooms over the shop aroused him. His face was tranquil again as he spoke.

"Will monsieur and his seconds do me the honor of calling on me day after to-morrow?" he asked.

"As you wish," replied Monsieur Pantan, a gleam of satisfaction in his eye.

Punctual to the second, Monsieur Pantan and his friends presented themselves at the shop of Monsieur Bonticu. His face, they observed, was first worried, then smiling, then worried again.

"Will to-morrow at dawn be convenient for monsieur?" inquired the butcher, Duffon.

Monsieur Bonticu gestured regret with his shoulders, and said, "I am desolated with chagrin, messieurs, believe me; but it is impossible."

"Impossible? It cannot be!" cried Monsieur Pantan. "Monsieur has one wife. I have one wife. Our responsibilities are equal. Is it that monsieur is prepared to swallow his word of insult?"

"Never!" declared Monsieur Bonticu. "I yearn to encounter monsieur in mortal combat. But, alas, it is not I but Nature that intervenes. I have only this morning become a father, messieurs."

As if in confirmation there came from the room above the treble wail of a new infant.

"Behold!" exclaimed Monsieur Bonticu with a wave of his hand.

Monsieur Pantan's face was purple.

"This is too much!" he raged. "But wait, monsieur! But wait!"

He clapped his high hat on his head and stamped out of the shop.

Truffles were hunted and the days flowed by and Monsieur Pantan and his seconds one high noon again called upon Monsieur Bonticu, who greeted them urbanely, albeit he appeared to have lost weight and tiny worry wrinkles were visible in his face.

"Monsieur," began the chief second, "may I have the honor ——"

"I'll speak for myself," interrupted Monsieur Pantan. "With my own voice I wish to inform monsieur that nothing can now prevent our meeting at dawn to-morrow. To-day, monsieur the undertaker, I, too, became a father!"

The news seemed to interest but not to stagger Monsieur Bonticu. His smile was sad as he said, "You are too late, monsieur the apothecary and veterinarian. Two days ago I, also, became a father again."

Monsieur Pantan appeared to be about to burst, so terrible was his rage.

"But wait!" he screamed. "But wait!" And he rushed out.

Next day Monsieur Pantan and his seconds returned. The mustachios of the little man were on end with excitement and his eye was triumphant.

"We meet to-morrow at daybreak," he announced.

"Ah, that it were possible!" sighed Monsieur Bonticu. "But the code forbids. As I said yesterday, monsieur has a wife and a child while I have a wife and children. I regret our inequality, but I cannot deny it."

"Spare your regrets, monsieur," rejoined the small man. "I, too, have two children now."

"You?" Monsieur Bonticu stared, puzzled. "Yesterday you had but one. It cannot be, monsieur!"

"It can be!" cried Monsieur Pantan. "Yesterday I adopted one!"

The peony face of Monsieur Bonticu did not blanch at this intelligence. Again he smiled with an infinite sadness.

"I appreciate," he said, "Monsieur Pantan's courtesy in affording me this opportunity; but, alas, he has not been in possession of the facts. By an almost unpardonable oversight I neglected to inform monsieur that I had become the father not of one child but of two—twins, monsieur. Would you care to inspect them?"

Monsieur Pantan's face was contorted with a wrath shocking to witness. He bit his lip; he clenched his fist.

"The end is not yet!" he shouted. "No, no, monsieur! By the thumbs of Saint Front, I shall adopt another child!"

At high noon next day three men in grave parade went down the Rue Victor Hugo and entered the shop of Monsieur Bonticu. Monsieur Pantan spoke.

"The adoption has been made," he announced. "Here are the papers. I, too, have a wife and three children. Shall we meet at dawn to-morrow?"

Monsieur Bonticu looked up from his account books with a rueful smile.

"Ah, if it could be!" he said. "But it cannot be!"

"It cannot be?" echoed Monsieur Pantan.

"No," said Monsieur Bonticu sadly. "Last night my aged father-in-law came to live with me. He is a new and weighty responsibility, monsieur."

Monsieur Pantan appeared numbed for a moment; then with a glare of concentrated fury he rasped, "I, too, have an aged father-in-law."

He slammed the shop door after him.

That night when Monsieur Bonticu went to the immaculate little sty back of his shop to see if the pride of his heart, Anastasie, was comfortable, to chat with her a moment, and to present her with a morsel of truffle to keep up her interest in the chase, he found her lying on her side moaning faintly. Between moans she breathed with a labored wheeze, and in her gentle blue eyes stood the tears of suffering. She looked up feebly, piteously, at Monsieur Bonticu. With a cry of horror and alarm he bent over her.

"Anastasie! My Anastasie! What is it? What ails my brave one?"

She grunted softly, short, stifled grunts of anguish. He made a swift examination. Expert in all matters pertaining to the pig, he perceived that she had contracted an acute case of that rare and terrible disease known locally as Périgord pip, and he knew only too well that her demise was but a question of hours. His Anastasie would never track down another truffle unless

He leaned weakly against the wall and clasped his warm brow. There was but one man in all the world who could cure her, and that man was Pantan the veterinarian. His Elixir Pantan, a secret specific, was the only known cure for the dread malady.

Pride and love wrestled within the torn soul of the stricken Bonticu. To humble himself before his rival—it was unthinkable. He could see the sneer on Monsieur Pantan's olive face; he could hear his cutting words of refusal. The dew of conflicting emotions dampened the brow of Monsieur Bonticu. Anastasie whimpered in pain. He could not stand it. He struck his chest a resounding blow of decision. He reached for his hat.

Monsieur Bonticu knocked timidly at the door of the apothecary-veterinarian's house. A head appeared at a window.

"Who is it?" demanded a shrill, cross, female voice.

"It is I, Bonticu. I wish to speak with Monsieur Pantan."

"Nice time to come!" complained the lady. She shouted into the darkness of the room, "Pantan! Pantan, you sleepy lout, wake up! There's a great oaf of a man outside wanting to speak to you."

"Patience, my dear Rosalie, patience!" came the voice of Monsieur Pantan; it was strangely meek. Presently the head of Monsieur Pantan, all nightcap and mustachios, was protruded from the window.

"You have come to fight?" he asked.

"But no!"

"Bah! Then why wake me up this cold night?"

"It is a family matter, monsieur," said the shivering Bonticu. "A matter the most pressing."

"Is it that monsieur has adopted an orphanage," inquired Pantan, "or brought nine old aunts to live with him?"

"No, no, monsieur! It is most serious. It is Anastasie. She—is—dying!"

"A thousand regrets, but I cannot act as pallbearer," returned Monsieur Pantan, preparing to shut the window. "Good night."

"I beg monsieur to attend a little second!" cried Monsieur Bonticu. "You can save her."

"I save her?" Monsieur Pantan's tone suggested that the idea was deliciously absurd.

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U. S. Pat. No. 1,155,727, April 11, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,210,139, Feb. 13, 1917
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"Yes, yes, yes!" cried Bonticu, catching at a straw You alone. She has the Périgord pip, monsieur."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes, one cannot doubt it."

"Most amusing."

"You are cruel, monsieur!" cried Bonticu. "She suffers—ah, how she suffers!"

"She will not suffer long," said Pantan coldly.

There was a sob in Bonticu's voice as he said, "I entreat monsieur to save her. I entreat him as a sportsman."

In the window Monsieur Pantan seemed to be thinking deeply.

"I entreat him as a doctor. The ethics of his profession demand ——"

"You have used me abominably, monsieur," came the voice of Pantan, "but when you appeal to me as a sportsman and a doctor I cannot refuse. Wait!"

The window banged down and in a second or so Monsieur Pantan, in hastily donned attire, joined his rival and silently they walked through the night to the bedside of the dying Anastasie. Once there, Monsieur Pantan's manner became professional, intense, impersonal.

"Warm water—buckets of it," he ordered.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Olive oil and cotton."

"Yes, monsieur."

With trembling hands Monsieur Bonticu brought the things desired, and hovered about, speaking gently to Anastasie, calling her pet names, soothing her. The apothecary-veterinarian was busy. He forced the contents of a huge black bottle down her throat. He anointed her with oil, water and unknown substances. He ordered his rival about briskly.

"Rub her belly."

Bonticu rubbed violently.

"Pull her tail."

Bonticu pulled.

"Massage her limbs."

Bonticu massaged till he was gasping for breath.

The light began to come back to the eyes of Anastasie, the rose hue to her pale snout; she stopped whimpering. Monsieur Pantan rose with a smile.

"The crisis is past," he announced. "She will live. What in the name of all the devils ——"

This last ejaculation was blurred and smothered, for the overjoyed Bonticu, with the impulsiveness of his warm southern nature, had thrown his arms about the little man and planted loud kisses on both hairy cheeks. They stood facing each other, oddly shy.

"If monsieur would do me the honor," began Monsieur Bonticu a little thickly, "I have some ancient port. A glass or two after that walk in the cold would be good for monsieur, perhaps."

"If monsieur insists," murmured Pantan.

Monsieur Bonticu vanished and reappeared with a cobwebbed bottle. They drank.

Pantan smacked his lips. Timidly Monsieur Bonticu said, "I can never sufficiently repay monsieur for his kindness." He glanced at Anastasie, who slept tranquilly. "She is very dear to me."

"Do I not know?" replied Monsieur Pantan. "Have I not Clotilde?"

"I trust she is in excellent health, monsieur."

"She was never better," replied Monsieur Pantan.

He finished his glass and it was promptly refilled. Only the sound of Anastasie's regular breathing could be heard. Monsieur Pantan put down his glass.

In a manner that tried to be casual he remarked: "I will not attempt to conceal from monsieur that his devotion to his Anastasie has touched me. Believe me, Monsieur Bonticu, I am not unaware of the sacrifice you made in coming to me for her sake."

Monsieur Bonticu, deeply moved, bowed.

"Monsieur would have done the same for his Clotilde," he said. "Monsieur has demonstrated himself to be a thorough sportsman. I am grateful to him. I'd have missed Anastasie."

"But naturally."

"Ah, yes," went on Monsieur Bonticu. "When my wife scolds and the children scream it is to her I go for a little talk. She never argues."

Monsieur Pantan looked up from a long draught.

"Does your wife scold and your children scream?" he asked.

"Alas, but too often," answered Monsieur Bonticu.

"You should hear my Rosalie," sighed Monsieur Pantan. "I, too, seek consolation as you do. I talk with my Clotilde."

Monsieur Bonticu nodded sympathetically.

"My wife is always nagging me for more money," he said with a sudden burst of confidence. "And the undertaking business, my dear Pantan, is not what it was"

"Do I not know?" said Pantan. "When folks are well we both suffer."

"I stagger beneath my load," sighed Bonticu.

"My load is no less light," remarked Pantan.

"If my family responsibilities should increase," observed Bonticu, "it would be little short of a calamity."

"If mine did," said Pantan, "it would be a tragedy"

"And yet," mused Bonticu, "our responsibilities seem to go on increasing."

"Alas, it is but too true."

"The statesmen are talking of limiting armaments," remarked Bonticu.

"An excellent idea," said Pantan warmly.

"Can it be that they are more astute than two veteran truffle hunters?"

"They could not possibly be, my dear Bonticu."

There was a pregnant pause. Monsieur Bonticu broke the silence.

"In the heat of the chase," he said, "one does things and says things one afterwards regrets."

"Yes, that is true."

"In his excitement one might even so far forget himself as to call a fellow sportsman—a really excellent fellow—a puffball."

"That is true; one might."

Suddenly Monsieur Bonticu thrust his fat hand toward Monsieur Pantan.

"You are not a puffball, Armand," he said. "You never were a puffball!"

Tears leaped to the little man's eyes. He seized the extended hand in both of his and pressed it.

"Aristide!" was all he could say. "Aristide!"

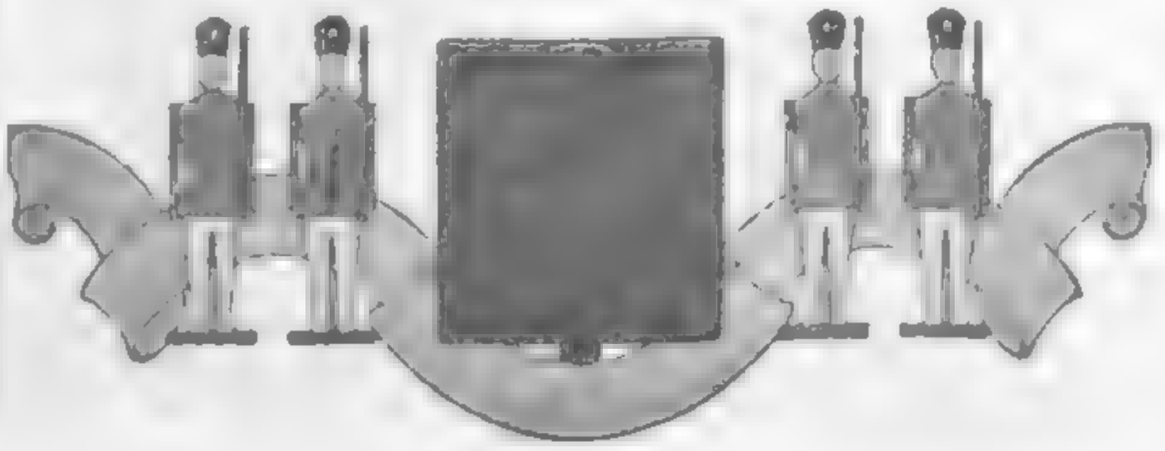
"We shall drink," cried Bonticu, "to the art of truffle hunting."

"The science," corrected Pantan gently.

"To the art-science of truffle hunting!" cried Bonticu, raising his glass.

The moon smiled down on Périgord. On the ancient twisted streets of Montpont it smiled with particular brightness. Down the Rue Victor Hugo, in the middle of the street, went two men, a very stout big man and a very thin little man, arm in arm, and singing, for all Montpont and all the world to hear, a snatch of an old song from some forgotten revue:

Oh, Gaby, darling Gaby!
Bam! Bam! Bam!
Why don't you come to me?
Bam! Bam! Bam!
And jump in the arms of your own true love,
While the wind blows chilly and cold?
Bam! Bam! Bam!



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This ware does not absorb food values nor food flavors; nor discolor. It is impervious to chemicalization, which impairs the flavor of food. Even heat distribution in the heavy metal base makes food well cooked.

Easier Dishwashing

The hard, glass-like surface of Nesco Royal Ware relieves the housewife of much of the drudgery of dishwashing. Mild soap and water are all that is needed. Time and labor in dishwashing are saved; and, best of all, the elimination of the unpleasant and expensive use of strong cleansers has a marked good effect on the hands.

Old utensils of Nesco Royal Ware—choice pieces passed on from mother—even from grandmother—look as good as new. Passing of years of service is not marked by dents and discoloration. Nor does Nesco Royal Ware readily chip. Flint-hard granite, melted and baked into the pores of the sheet steel base, readily adapts itself to chill and heat.

There is an advantage in having a ware that does not show age nor use. Perhaps the housewife has to buy her cooking equipment piece by piece. When it is Nesco Royal Ware, the utensils she bought a month, a year, or several years ago look as bright-colored and new as the latest addition to her set. The handsome appearance of Nesco Royal Ware is a constant inspiration to better cooking

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All mothers are keen to adopt the methods of cooking that promote health and strength of growing children. Glaze-surfaced Nesco Royal Ware assures retention of the valuable minerals and flavors. Its sanitary, unblemished surface, free of discoloration, arouses delightful anticipation of good-tasting food.

What a saving of labor to serve food in the same dish in which it is cooked! It is handier still to store food in a utensil, reheat it, and then serve, all in the same dish. Nesco Royal Ware is food-acid-proof. There is no possible chance of harmful chemical action. Flavors are not tainted, nor food discolored. It is unaffected by iron deposits or alkali. Its durability is unimpaired by chemicalization.

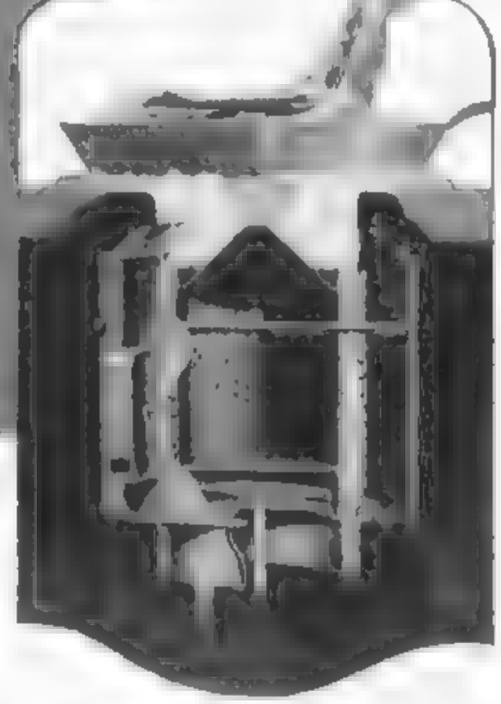
There are certain utensils in Nesco Royal Ware which should form the nucleus of a complete cooking outfit. Important among these are the Nesco Royal Tea Kettle, which retains heat exceptionally well; and the handy Nesco Royal Oval Dish Pan with solid bead that does not permit dirt to collect. Then, too, there is the wonderfully efficient Nesco Perfect Roaster. It is self-basting

The beautiful, mottled, grey granite enamel of Nesco Royal Ware is free from pin-holes, with a smooth, glassy, glossy surface. The Nesco diamond-label, which identifies each piece of Nesco Royal Granite Enameled Ware, is evidence to the housewife that each utensil has been carefully inspected to see that it is free of flaws.

Free Recipe Book

There is a utensil in Nesco Royal Ware for almost every kitchen use. Individual pieces or a complete equipment can be had at prices that make for true economy.

An attractive descriptive folder, and a handy recipe book will be sent upon request. Address National Enameling & Stamping Co., Inc., Advertising Dept., Sec. D, Milwaukee, Wis.



Sectional View of Burner

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STOP AND GO

(Continued from Page 13)

Over in Brooklyn a supreme-court judge issued an injunction against the police restraining them from interfering with the traffic in the neighborhood of Borough Hall by their so-called regulations. This made it necessary to get a state law passed by the assembly authorizing the police to adopt traffic regulations. By the way, an odd feature to traffic regulations is that the main obstacle to innovations, as a rule, is the business men. I don't recall a single change of importance that did not at first meet with their objection. After the improvements begin working smoothly, though, they become our strongest supporters.

In those early days there wasn't any particular need for automobiles to be equipped with horns, though they all had them. We could hear them coming for half a mile by their rattles and squeaks. Mighty few of them could run more than twenty miles an hour. Just the same, we got a speed law passed. This law didn't say anything about the number of miles an hour. It merely prohibited "a speed that will endanger life and property." That is still the law, though drivers generally understand that they are not to exceed twenty miles an hour. As a matter of fact the speed doesn't make so much difference so long as cars do not try to pass one another and jam up the procession. A driver could be arrested for going seventeen miles an hour if he is interfering with traffic in general.

A lot of automobilists—they were cocky in those days—tried to be arbitrary and split hairs about this. No matter what were the regulations, they were against us. A well-known manufacturer, handling his own car, shot out from the line one day and drove by me at twenty miles an hour. I halted him and sent him to the curb. He gave me such an argument and challenged my authority so that I had to give him a summons.

"All right," he said; "I'll show you."

He got back in the line and started down the Avenue at a speed of eight miles an hour. Horns blew and traffic officers yelled at him to go on, but he was bullheaded. He had made up his mind to show us up. In a little while traffic was snarled up for blocks. Finally a cop ordered him to pull up at the curb and arrested him again.

"Now that's just what I wanted you to do," declared the manufacturer hotly. "You arrested me for going too fast. I then cut down to eight miles an hour and you've arrested me for going too slow. We'll see about this."

Despite his angry protests the magistrate fined him on both charges. He then turned around and brought suit against the city for damages. Of course he didn't get any. He even appealed the case in an effort to prove his contention. He didn't want any money and he never got the decision. This rich man was willing to spend a lot of money just to show us that traffic regulations were a lot of foolishness and simply a prejudice against automobiles.

Drivers With a Pull

After I got to be a regular traffic cop I soon learned that it was not easy to keep up that snappy appearance and pleasant manner expected of us. Early in the morning we would get on the job, full of good humor and feeling that life was a great thing. After standing there ten hours and quarreling with all kinds of folks life didn't look so bright toward night. Men and women in their fine cars couldn't understand why we did not greet them with the same smile and salute as we had when they started out in the morning to business or on a shopping tour. Occasionally we were actually reported for surliness. I am sure, though, if these people had realized the weariness of our legs when we got home to supper they would have been a little more considerate.

Did you ever stand in one exposed spot for ten hours in a cold rain or a driving sleet and have to be on the alert all the time? Of course you didn't, unless you were a soldier during the winter months in France. Soldiers who had to do that were considered heroes. Our men have to do it every winter, war or no war, and there are some people thoughtless enough to regard us as officious cops interfering with their pleasure.

I am not trying to arouse sympathy for traffic cops. We understand the situation and try to avoid showing irritation even when we are cold and hungry. If an officer did show too much irritation he would be no good for the job and would be transferred to walking a beat.

The one thing that does irritate the cop always is the efforts of motorists to get special favors by a show of influence or position. Officers are human and they do not like to offend a person who may be in position to cause them trouble. At the same time it makes them boil inside to see people trying to take this advantage. To keep traffic moving smoothly all vehicles must be treated alike. Automobilists resort to all kinds of tricks to impress the cops with their influence and rights to special privilege. Many of them carry the card of some police commissioner or get themselves appointed deputy sheriffs. At one time a secretary of state, to flatter prominent constituents, sent them automobile-inspector badges. This was a cute trick and got a lot of votes for the secretary of state, but it got some of the phony inspectors with their gold badges into trouble.

It was funny to see these fellows impressively pull their badges on the police. Few of them ever read the slip sent out with the badges, defining their duties and authority. They were supposed to look out for infractions or possible improvements, and write to the secretary of state about it. They were not allowed to exceed speed limits or violate any regulations. But they never read that. All they wanted was the badge.

One day on Broadway I saw a driver stop his car, get out and jump on the running board of another car.

The Inspector Inspected

"Don't bother me," he ordered when I walked over. "I'm arresting this fellow."

"What do you mean—arresting?" demanded the other man. Evidently they had some argument before getting to my corner.

"You get out of there and I'll show you!" he said. "Officer"—he turned to me—"I am an inspector," and he flashed his trick badge. He wasn't joking either.

The inspector caught the other man by the collar and dragged him from his seat. Thereupon the man about to be arrested got good and mad and hit the inspector a wallop in the nose. A dandy fight started and finally wound up in my having to arrest the inspector for disorderly conduct, and let the other fellow go. He was thoroughly indignant at my lack of respect for the badge and was equally taken back when the judge told him he had better leave it at home for the children.

A general belief is that low license numbers give the impression of influence. Some car owners will pull every political string they know to get a number below one hundred, in the belief that only state and police officials get those numbers. Of course it's all bunk.

Just a few years ago a rumor started somewhere that license plates of the H series were very influential. In a few weeks there was a regular clamor for any number that had an H in front of it. The idea, it seems, had got around that all police officials were listed in the H series.

I stopped a man for some petty violation one day and reprimanded him. He laughed in a superior sort of way.

"I guess it will be all right," he said, fatherly-like. "You see that number, don't you?"

The number was H something or other, but it meant nothing to me. I had not heard the rumor. I showed that I was not impressed.

"Well," he cautioned me, "if you are a wise cop you'll speak to your inspector about that."

I did speak to the inspector, and he laughed. He had just heard of the new fad himself. In starting this important rumor it seemed that everybody in town but the police had been told about the influence of the H series. They forgot to let us know.

The toughest customers that we had to deal with for a long time were the truck drivers—horse-drawn trucks, I mean. These fellows always looked upon motor cars with scorn. Figuring that traffic regulations were made for automobiles

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No matter what other braces, supports or similar appliances you have used, you should try a pair of Jung's "Wonder" Arch Braces and see what a wonderful difference it makes to have real foot comfort. The most comfortable and corrective appliances obtainable. Made of special Superlastik—light and porous, but firm and durable. Try a pair—they're guaranteed to make your feet feel better. Money back if not satisfied. Price $1 per pair (Canada $1.50). If your shoe dealer, surgical dealer, druggist or chiropodist can't supply you, order direct

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they positively refused to regard the signals. It was very irritating and troublesome. These drivers would go right by any post, paying no heed to the waving arms of the cop. They wouldn't even look at him. The officer was in a fix, because he could not leave his post for fear of getting the rest of the traffic in a jam.

The best officer I ever saw is stationed on Lafayette Street, down in the busy section of lower New York. He not only does his work with the precision of a staff officer but he studies people. He found a way to cure the drivers—to locate their weaknesses.

I came up to his station one day, accompanied by the inspecting captain who was breaking me in as an assistant. We noticed a big truck halted and this officer holding the horses by the reins, the driver trying to urge them on.

"Turn loose them horses!" he yelled at the cop from his seat. "You ain't got no right to grab them reins."

"Didn't you see that signal?" demanded the policeman.

"I ain't seen nothin'," replied the driver. "I'm in a hurry. The boss told me to pay no 'tention to you fancy cops. See him."

"I couldn't expect you to know anything. You don't even know how to take care of these horses."

That got his interest at last. The ignorant fellow flared up.

"What's the matter with them horses?"

"Matter? Why, they're mistreated—not half fed or brushed."

With that the driver bounced down from his seat, put up his fists and threatened to knock the cop's block off.

"Cop or no cop you can't —"

"What's this all about?" asked the captain as we came up.

"He's knocking my horses," declared the driver.

The captain explained to him that the traffic rules were made to prevent horses from getting hurt by possible collisions.

Crosswalk Diplomacy

"Whether you think anything of yourself or not, you ought to think of these horses," he told the man. "They don't look so bad, at that."

The man thought that over a minute and went away with a better understanding. The smart officer had deliberately pulled that stunt to arouse the ignorant driver. He told us that he did it several times a day.

"When you can't make them look or listen any other way," he said, "you can always get a rise out of them by criticizing their teams."

He used a similar method to chasten chauffeurs. If a driver ran by him, claiming not to have seen the signals, he would say: "The trouble is you don't know how to handle a nice car like that. You had better begin studying up a little so as to earn your salary."

If the owner happened to be in the car at the time, that was a sure cure.

Most of the troubles with drivers are due directly to their impatience. This is especially true of owners who drive their own cars. Some of them are always in a hurry, as if going to a fire.

At an important road crossing out on a New Jersey road a cop has found the best cure for those hurry-up fellows. He says they often come up to him, going at twenty miles an hour, waving their arms as if life or death depended on getting by. He always stops them. If it is a plain case of impatience he quietly holds them there for two or three minutes, even if the road is clear.

When they have cooled down he lets them go ahead. Nine times out of ten they proceed cautiously, at a more conservative speed.

The most common excuse we get from drivers or from pedestrians is that they did not see or understand the signal. In many cases these excuses are genuine, the violations unintentional. It is easy to understand how a driver from Pennsylvania or Illinois or Missouri—or any other state—would get confused over the signals in New York.

Information collected on that subject was the basis of the organization of the International Traffic Officers' Association. Through it the police of all cities are able to get together and exchange views and suggestions. We have made a lot of improvements, but have barely scratched the surface of our possibilities.

Traffic in cities and villages is increasing so rapidly that we are convinced that future safety depends upon the adoption of uniform regulations. We are learning the difficulties in various places and are getting some coöperation, but there is still much to be done.

As I have said, the biggest task is educating the public. It is comparatively easy to select and train the officers. But people, as a rule, take very little interest in anything that does not concern them personally. Though we have done an enormous amount of work through the newspapers, I find that not one man out of a hundred ever heard of such a thing as an international association of traffic officers, whose main object is his safety.

I have attended these annual conventions and have come home full of enthusiasm, only to find little interest in what I have to say among those outside the police department. Officers in other cities have the same experience, they tell me.

It really does seem a little tough for us to spend our time and brains on the safety of the public and then find them not the least interested—looking out the window while we talk.

The trouble is that people, having learned one set of signals and one system of getting around, don't want to bother with a new one. In New York we have got some of our most practical suggestions from small cities, but it took a long time to introduce them.

California Sign Language

A few serious accidents resulting from this lack of uniform regulations, and we may be able to get a rise out of the public.

When I was on a fixed post in Fifth Avenue a car approached me one day with a woman driving. She stuck out her arm with her forefinger pointing downward. Immediately every car behind her stopped, though there had been no signal from me. I looked at her inquiringly. She also looked at me inquiringly. Then she lifted her arm so that it stuck straight out horizontally. I assumed that she wanted to make a turn around me and go down the other side of the street. With my fingers pointing toward the ground at my feet I made a rotary motion with my hand. In New York this means for the driver to make the turn. In the meantime I had held up traffic going the other way.

The woman did not move. Instead she kept gazing at the ground where my finger was pointing, evidently trying to see what was there. The cars were protesting by sounding their horns. I walked over to her and saw that her car carried a California license plate.

"Why don't you come on around?" I asked her.

"I don't want to go around you," she said. "I thought you were pointing at a hole or something. I wanted to ask you a question and put out my hand, pointing downward."

I had her pull up to the curb until I could get the traffic cleared.

From this lady I learned that in California the signals are entirely different from ours. The arm held out at different levels means different things—one is to stop, another is a left turn, and when pointing upward it means a right turn. I think that's what she said. Anyway, it was all Greek to me.

In New York if a driver wants to make the right turn he indicates it by rotating his arm in that general direction. To the left he usually points that way. The turn-around signal is the one I had given the woman. If a New York driver wants information or desires to wait until the traffic stream changes he drives directly to the officer, pointing the nose of his car straight at him. This gets him out of line and in a safe place where he can wait.

I drove through the streets of San Francisco on my last trip there and I was just as much confused as was the woman driver in New York. I wouldn't think of trying to drive a car in Boston or Chicago. In Philadelphia it is somewhat easier for a stranger, because they have so many one-way streets.

Incidentally, I believe the one-way street system and the adoption of uniform regulations are the future solution of the traffic problem—this, of course, coupled with proper education of the public.

Traffic simply cannot move rapidly and easily when it is bucking a stream coming

(Continued on Page 97)

You Are Wanted for a Bigger Job

TODAY—somewhere in the United States—two young men are seated at adjoining desks in the same big office. You, perhaps, are one of those men—

Neither man has "money"—or influential friends—or unusual ability—

Yet ten years from today one of those men will be holding a highly responsible executive position—swinging a job that pays from $10,000 to $50,000 a year—

—While the other will be still at the same old desk, plugging away at the same old routine tasks, *taking* orders instead of *giving* them—and receiving each week scarcely more than he drew when he started.

No need to cite instances. You, yourself, have seen this thing work out so many times that "luck" cannot possibly be offered as an alibi.

The explanation?

"Without painstaking study," writes Percy H. Johnston, President at thirty-eight of the great Chemical National Bank of New York, "no man can hope to attain the highest reaches of his profession. *Perhaps I can speak with unusual sincerity on this subject, because I religiously devote four or five evenings every week to study.*"

Why Do Men Throw Away Their Chances for Success?

One of the greatest tragedies in the world is that of the man who never *dares* to picture for himself a successful future, who goes thru life deluded by the thought that the big executive positions are beyond him.

Such a person never stops to realize that the ten-thousand-dollar man rarely, if ever, possesses anything which he himself cannot acquire.

Determination, perseverance, courage—these are qualities which *any* may claim and cultivate.

One thing alone marks out the man who strides from one big job to the next, and that is—*specialized training.*

But every man has twenty-four hours in his day—

And just as surely as the sun rises in the east, a man in *earnest* for success can *get* the training that will land him in a big-pay job.

From $65 a Month to $7,000 a Year

Every day in the year, we at LaSalle see proof of what specialized training can do for a man. To us, this proof is so apparent that we marvel that any man should deny himself a successful future—when the tools with which to carve it out are so readily within his reach.

Think of the thrill which R. A. Warner of Harrisburg, Pa., experienced when he found his way out of a $65-a-month job—and increased his earnings to better than $7,000 a year!

"At the time I enrolled with LaSalle," he writes, "I was operating an addressing machine for a local concern, with absolutely no chance to forge ahead. I decided to take advantage of your course in Business Management and also Higher Accountancy. As a result, this training has taken me from the $65-a-month class in 1915 to a present earning power (in 1921) of over $7,000 a year. Without a question, LaSalle Extension University has been the direct cause of my present success."

Picture the changed viewpoint of James C. Pitton of Tacoma, Wash., who found his way to $10,000 a year.

"I have your course in Business Management to thank for the position I now hold," he writes. "When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I sit in the manager's chair of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be in the neighborhood of $10,000, and I have the greatest opportunity that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things."

Not a day goes by at LaSalle but what many statements such as the following are scattered thru the morning's mail:

"Three years ago I was occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and drawing $1,100. Today, I am comptroller of a good sized corporation, with a salary to start of $4,500."

"Passed the bar examination, with second highest honors in a class of 71."

"I owe my present position (as Secretary and Assistant Treasurer of a million-dollar corporation) to the Problem Method."

"Now Service Manager, with 466 per cent increase."

"Have just declined a job paying $3,780. During the past year my salary has been increased 130 per cent."

"My training has already yielded me a profit of 1000 per cent."

Swift Advancement by the Problem Method

In business, as in science, many wonderful things are happening. In earlier times, for example, "experience"—inexact and long-drawn-out—was made the basis for advancement. Today, by the LaSalle Problem Method, it is possible—*within a comparatively few months*—to gain the *specialized* business training that equips a man for important executive responsibilities

For under the Problem Method you do not merely *read* how to do a thing; you *do* it. You master *principles* by solving actual *problems*, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. The soundness of the Problem Method is attested by the swift advancement won by LaSalle-trained men.

Send the Coupon

We have placed the facts before you—but only *you* can make the decision that will carry you swiftly forward to the bigger job.

If you are the sort who is willing to *prepare* for greater responsibilities, we at LaSalle would like to know you better, for we can surely help you.

For your convenience we have added a coupon, which will promptly bring you information regarding the training you are interested in, together with details of our *convenient-payment plan.* With this information we will send you a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book that has inspired thousands of ambitious men to greater achievement. "Get this book," said a prominent Chicago executive, "even if you have to pay five dollars for it." We will send it *free.*

The bigger job is waiting. Will it find you *ready?* Mailing the coupon does not obligate you in any way.

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1909.

Financial resources more than $6,500,000.

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1500 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.

Numbers among its students and graduates more than 300,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.

Annual enrollment, now about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.

LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad, and business institution in the United States.

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.

Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.

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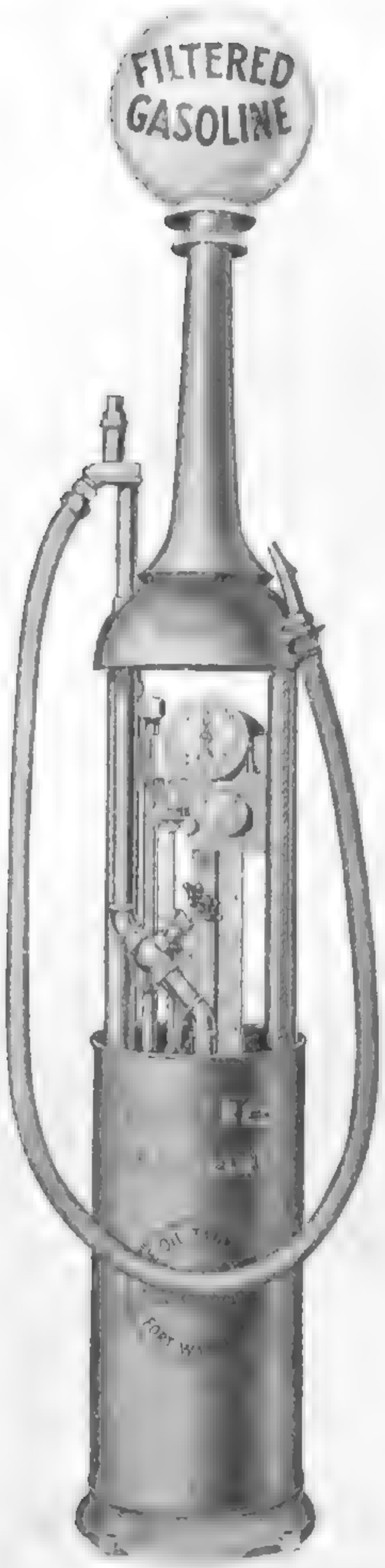

The Wayne Monarch
CUT 276

The fastest five-gallon pump. It operates easily by hand. Sturdy, dependable, and mechanically accurate. Preferred by motorists because of its many exclusive features. Bulletin 276 describes it in detail

Why Wayne Leads

For thirty years, without intermission, Wayne's inventive minds, skilled, fashioning hands, supervisors and executives have worked by day and by night, to keep apace with the ever-increasing demand for Wayne Honest Measure Gasoline Pumps.

Full time, full force is our daily schedule.

This condition, unusual in this industry, we attribute to the justly earned good will of the world's most prudent gasoline pump buyers. In substance, leadership gained as a reward for superior quality and better service.

Back of this superior quality, greater accuracy, quicker delivery, dependability and safety of each Wayne Honest Measure Gasoline Pump is the accumulative result of thirty years' exhaustive experimental and actual-test work. These pumps are the fruits of painstaking yesterdays.

The deep-seated satisfaction which you feel, the certainty of performance, the accuracy, the economy and the service you enjoy through long years of use all flow out of the experience gained in the development of these pumps.

When better pumps are made to measure gasoline, Wayne will make them.

And Wayne's goal is to make its business a bigger, better business, to grow always, but to grow only so fast as we can keep faith with our policy and confidence with all patrons and users of Wayne Honest Measure Gasoline Pumps the world over.

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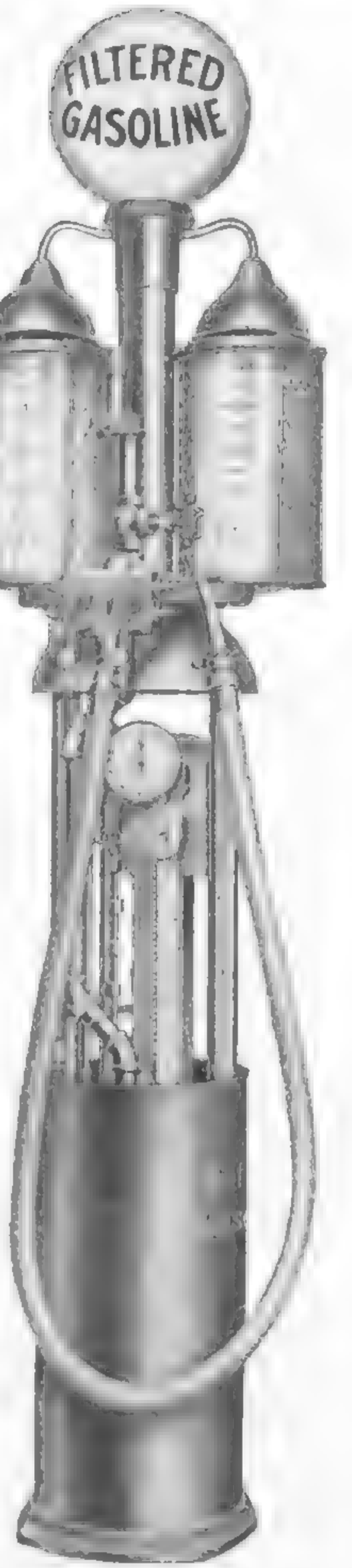

The Super-Visible
CUT 452

Really two pumps in one. Operates as a visible or piston type pump. Has all the exclusive features of the Monarch plus two glass containers. Bulletin 452 describes this safe, mechanically accurate, visible pump.

(Continued from Page 94)

the other way. Except in very broad avenues all cities will have to adopt the one-way-street system in a short time. If the blocks are square and the streets run parallel, this works out very simply. One street takes care of all eastbound traffic, we'll say, and the one next to it handles everything westbound.

Though we have broad avenues in New York we have had to introduce the one-way system in most of the cross streets of the busy section.

Outside of the actual, physical necessities of a situation it is a great thing to indicate to drivers a groove in which they must drive. Appealing to their intelligence or relying upon it is not always successful. Anyone knows, for instance, that in rounding a curve on an open road he should keep to the extreme right-hand side of the road. Still you can't make one man in three do it, especially if the turn is to the left and his car must take the outside. A majority of road accidents result from that.

I have just seen an excellent method of enforcing this principle down in Maryland. There is a state road running between Baltimore and Annapolis, extensively traveled. It is not very wide. To remind drivers of their positions while making the many turns a six-inch strip of white was painted in the middle of the asphalt road, around the curve and extending considerably beyond either end of it. Every driver must keep on the right of this white strip. By seeing it they are reminded to do so, and the accidents have been cut down to almost nothing.

In the big cities the problem is almost entirely a matter of congestion. We thought we had the whole thing solved a few years ago on Fifth Avenue when we adopted the block system. A few other cities have this. It means simply that all traffic going in a certain direction moves that way for two or three blocks and then stops automatically. When the cross traffic has proceeded a short while the procession moves forward for two more blocks, and so on.

We thought that would take care of Fifth Avenue for many years to come, but it didn't. Vehicles grew in numbers so that the string would be longer than two or three blocks and would lap over, being continually added to by cars swinging into the stream from the side streets.

The Coördinated Tower System

Next we adopted the five-block system. This was done by erecting a semaphore stanchion at the street intersections, with stop and go signs painted on the arms, dividing the avenue into five zones, with a master station in the center of each. This was an improvement, but it also had to be discarded owing to the dense mass of vehicles making it impossible for an officer on a neighboring post to see the master station.

Finally we inaugurated the present coördinated-tower signal system, which I regard as the latest and best means of handling congested traffic on a single avenue. It is superior to anything in London or in Paris.

On Fifth Avenue we have erected at intervals five steel towers, about fifteen feet high, in a distance of two and a half miles. They are placed at street intersections so that at least one of them can be seen from any point on the Avenue. In each there is a sort of compartment in which the officer can sit, well above the traffic. Each tower is equipped with powerful lights of three colors—yellow, green and red. These lights are bright enough to serve by day or night. Traffic cops afoot merely attend to the local conditions in their immediate vicinity, and watch the lights.

When the big yellow light is turned on it means that all traffic can move north and south for the entire distance of the Avenue. This remains on for two minutes. Then a bell sounds and the red light is flashed for five seconds, meaning that everything must stop. During that time vehicles and pedestrians already in the intersections of the streets must get clear. Then the green light is flashed for about one minute. This is the signal for cross traffic to proceed.

This entire system is operated from the master station at Forty-second Street. It continues day and night.

Before we installed this system tests showed that as long as forty minutes were required for a vehicle to proceed from Fifty-seventh Street to Thirty-fourth Street at certain hours. Under the tower signal system during the same hours a car can now cover the distance in a little less than fifteen minutes. That is a saving of over 60 per cent, and it has proved a god-send.

Not only has it brought safety but it has proved a convenience to drivers as well as pedestrians.

Prior to installing this arrangement it was necessary to do a lot of educational work. That is now practically a department in itself—this work of instruction. Aside from the newspapers our department details special officers to lecture at large garages, stables, public schools, and so on We also use the moving-picture theaters. Printed matter containing traffic regulations, in small pamphlets and card form, is distributed broadcast through the city.

Recently we have had much help from the women. Many of them are now in the police reserves. Their specialty is the care of children in traffic.

For an experiment we tried several of them out on busy corners adjacent to public schools.

To begin with, these women cops gave instructive talks to the children. Dangers are pointed out and the youngsters are taught how to conduct themselves at the street corners, observing signals, and so on.

A Lady Cop's Exploit

There was much joking about the women traffic cops at first, but you ought to have seen them work! They handled it with more snap and determination than a lot of men could have done.

The first day it was raining and slippery. A driver of a truck attempted to disregard one woman's signal, having no idea that she would stop him or attempt to make an arrest. He was badly fooled. The woman blocked him by calmly stepping in front of his truck.

Then she reached up to his seat and dragged him down by his collar. To the amusement of other drivers and the humiliation of the burly driver the lady cop, holding to the man's collar, led him across the street and turned him over to a regular officer, who took him away.

In a few sections we have succeeded in educating the public to move with the vehicular traffic, but we cannot do it well without a policeman being stationed at the corner to look after pedestrians, and pedestrians alone. Even without a law the mere presence of a kind though firm officer impresses them.

A new traffic problem in many of our great cities is the handling of big crowds at public events like the World's Series ball games, boxing shows and automobile races.

At the last big games at the Polo Grounds, in New York, an expert traffic officer assigned specially to the job worked out his plans so perfectly that fifty thousand people were handled daily for eight days without a bit of crowding. Not an accident was reported due to congestion.

This plan took a lot of policemen, but it was worth it. The cops were stationed like sentries at short intervals so as to cover all the street approaches.

Persons holding tickets for certain seats had to show them to the first officer and were directed down lines leading to the proper gates. In this way the mass was broken up in advance. Automobile traffic was directed in channels away from these lines of pedestrians.

It was necessary, of course, to instruct the public in advance as to the general idea as well as the details. It was done by maps and directions printed in the newspapers, and also by distributing pamphlets to those en route.

Now, mind you, there was no basic law by which we could enforce these regulations, except the police law to maintain order. The only arrests that could be made would be for disorderly conduct, a sort of general charge. But the police didn't have to make any arrests. I think I am correct in the assertion that not a single arrest was made at either of these events for a traffic violation.

It was all in educating the people and getting their coöperation. They had grasped the idea of discipline and respect for the majesty of the law. The simple uplifting of the hand did it all.

As I said at the beginning, I give that comic artist, whoever he was, credit for having taught the first lesson.

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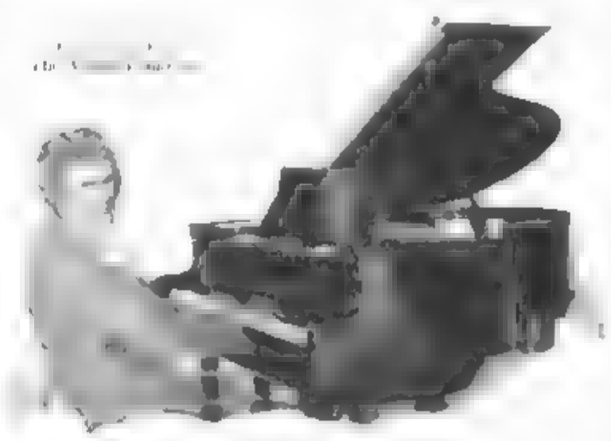

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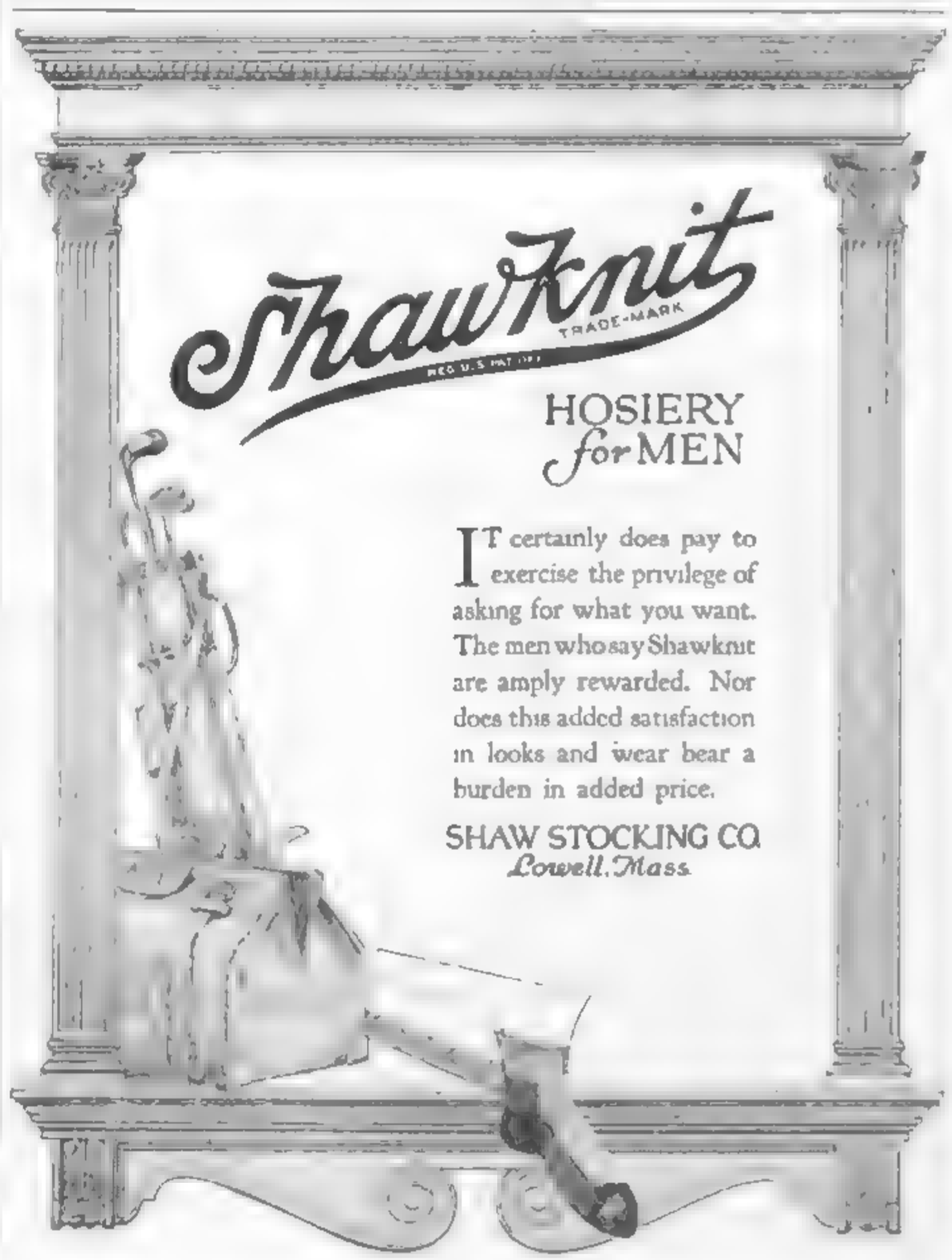

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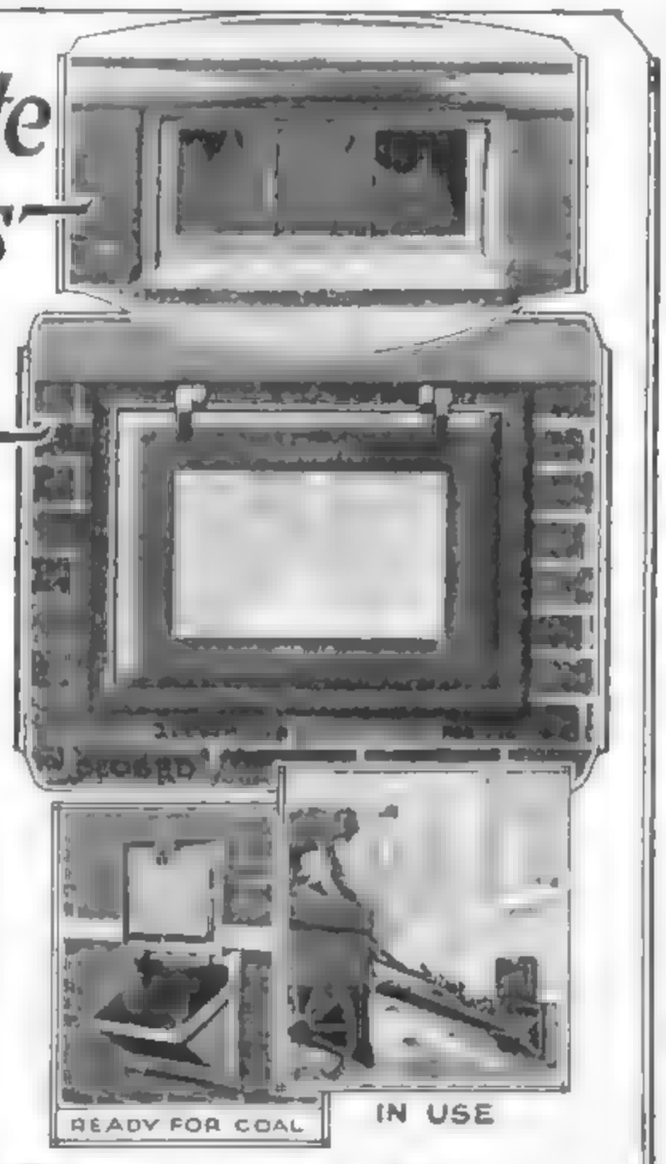

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CINDERELLA

(Continued from Page 11)

and said to the waiter, "Oh, anything, but some soup first."

She closed her eyes, and when she opened them again she was looking through a piece of plate glass that was really a mirror at a beautiful girl who was beautifully dressed and was really herself.

"I don't care," she said. "I've done it, and I don't care."

And you will remember that she was the child of extravagant parents and hadn't had a decent meal for over a week.

It must have been the soup that brought her back to sanity again, and worldly realization; or if not the soup, then the fish, the cutlet, or maybe the sweet.

Certainly it was the coffee that gave her courage.

The spirit had prevailed until the body was restored; then the body restored the mind and a new timid spirit was born. With both hands she took her bag and emptied it upon the table.

It is surprising what a little time two pounds takes to count, and the task is briefer still when a waiter relieves you of twelve shillings and only leaves twenty-eight.

Ella counted the money nineteen times, and at the last looked up and addressed the reflection of her white face in the mirror opposite. The enormity of her offense was written on every feature.

"Is madame ill?" asked the waiter, who had been a father and a husband and several other things.

"No, not ill," said Ella blankly; "but I was wondering if I ought to call a policeman, that's all."

"Madame has lost something?"

"Oh, yes."

"It has been stolen?"

She nodded.

"Yes, stolen; and I"—a sudden determination came into her face—"want a time-table, please."

"Madame desires a train?"

"Yes, to—to Little Green Lanes Halt—it's in Lincolnshire."

He returned a moment later.

"There is a train in fifteen minutes from ——"

"Then get me a taxi."

Ella arrived at Underwood Farm when night had fallen, and John Jeffries heaved his huge form out of a deep chair and looked her up and down blankly.

"Lord!" he said. "Is it really the same girl that—but I don't fall on this. Here, let me shift those boots off that chair. Tell me now, what are you doing here?"

Until then Ella had said nothing.

"I've come to give myself up," she faltered.

"To give yourself up?" he repeated. "What for—to whom?"

"To you."

He shook his head. Also, he looked pleased.

"No—no, I don't understand."

"I—I'm a thief," she said.

He grinned at her.

"You're wha-at?"

And the story came; the whole of it, unexpurgated; the whole miserable calendar of crime.

"I see," he said slowly. "I see; but what I don't see, my dear, is quite why you did it. I'm glad you've got the jolly things, but what was at the back of your head?"

"It—wasn't—in—my—head—at all!" she gasped.

"Wait a bit," he said, rubbing his chin. "Half a minute. In your heart?"

"C-couldn't help—that. C-couldn't bear th-that other g-girl y-you might m-meet, and things growing up around you th-that were yours."

The tears trickled over her lower lids and found cozy little nests in the edging of silver fox.

"Come a bit nearer," said John Jeffries, for a table was in between them. "Oh, much nearer than that. I never knew how lonely I was before!"

From his arms she could look up at the ceiling of heaven, where the cobwebs were waiting to be brushed away.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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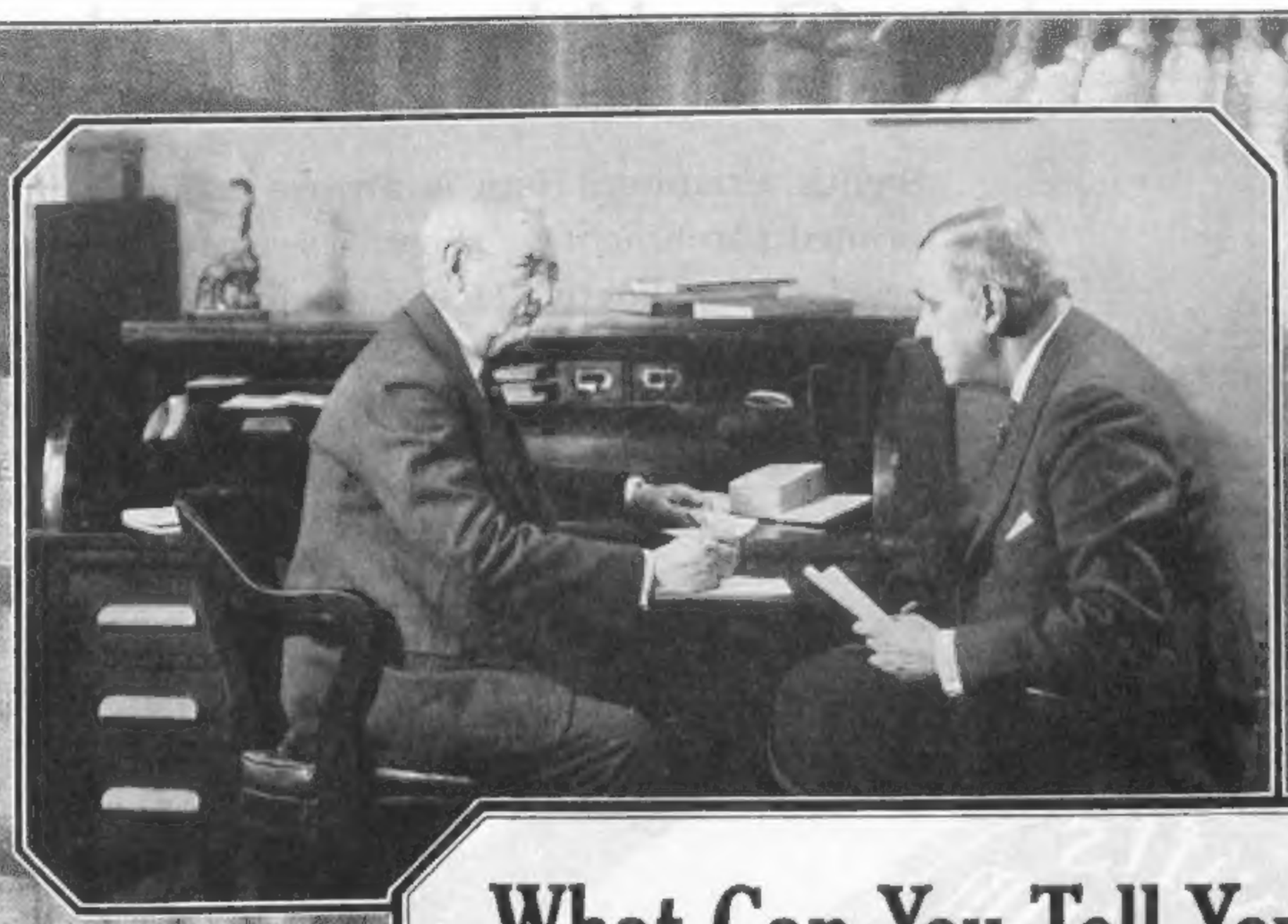

What Can You Tell Your Banker?

IF your banker wants to know how much money you owe, how much is owed you, how much you have tied up in stock and how much it costs you to do business—

What can you give him—facts based on figures or mere guesses?

Facts—not guesses—win his confidence. He knows that the business run by guesswork is uncertain. As one banker says:

"Guessing at facts about your business is poor economy. First thing you know your stock investment has grown too large, your rate of turnover too small, your expenses too high and your profit—just disappears. Then you're in trouble. It really costs less to know all about your business every day."

Easy Way to Get Facts

It used to cost more than most merchants would pay to get these facts. Today it's a different story. Burroughs has found a way out—a simplified method of accounts that anyone in your employ can keep in a few minutes each day.

Already hundreds of merchants are using the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan with a Burroughs Machine to get daily figures that show sales, expenses, cash on hand, accounts receivable and payable, investment in stock and other essential figure facts. These merchants are getting these daily figures at a cost that is really trivial compared with their value to the business.

Plan Adds to Profits

With daily figure facts they are able to reduce investment in stock, reduce outstanding accounts, get more cash into the business with which to buy new stock, discount more bills, reduce interest charges and consequently, increase profits.

The Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan is free—easy to understand—easy to apply. Every step is so clearly explained that expert bookkeeping knowledge is not needed to apply it. The Burroughs Machine quickly pays for itself and continues to earn increasing profits.

Ask the Burroughs man in your neighborhood to explain this plan to you. It will take only a few minutes to investigate—and it may point the way to greater profits in your business. You can get the address from your banker or telephone book or write Burroughs Adding Machine Company, Detroit, Mich.

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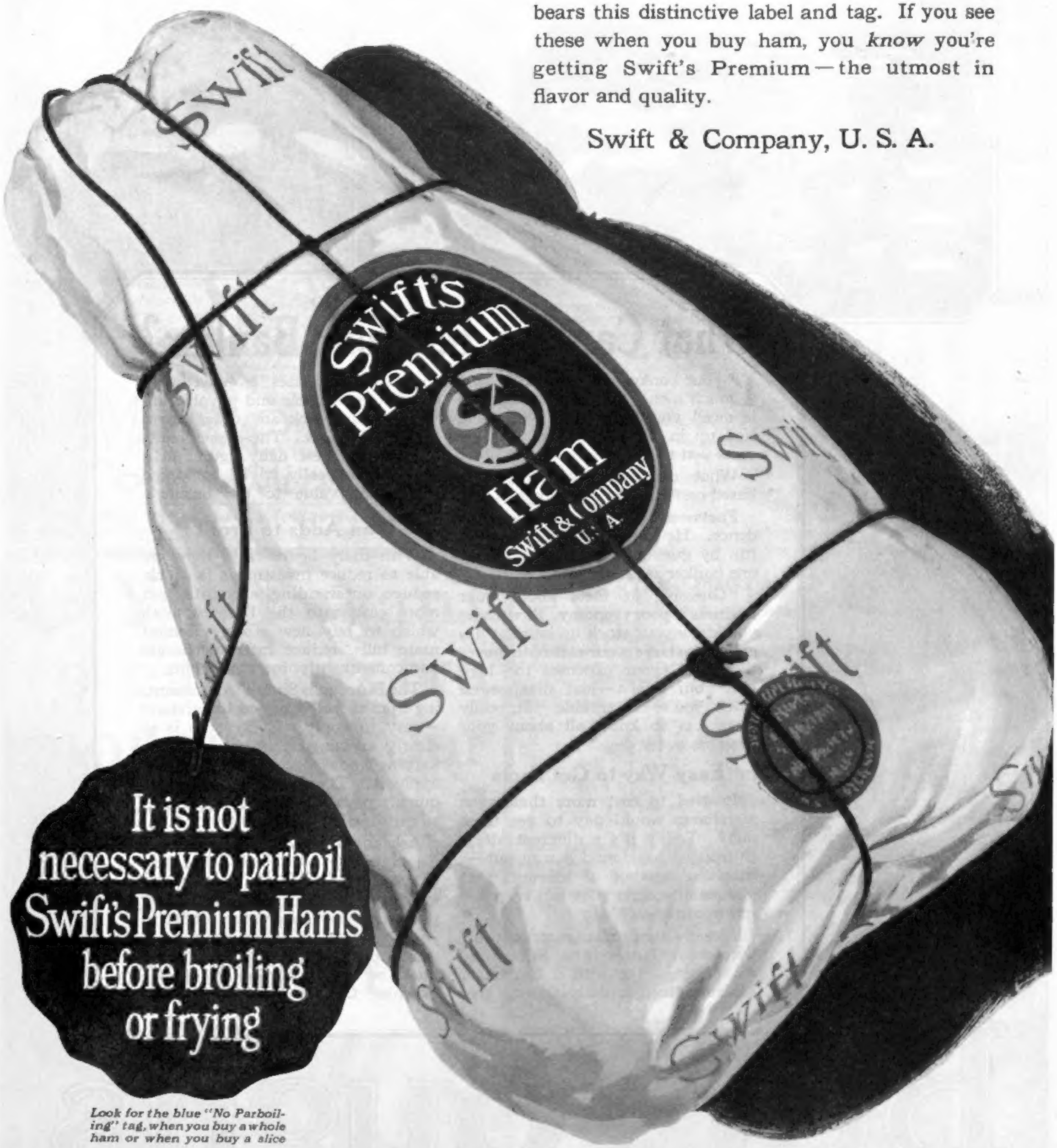

Look for the blue "No Parboiling" tag, when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

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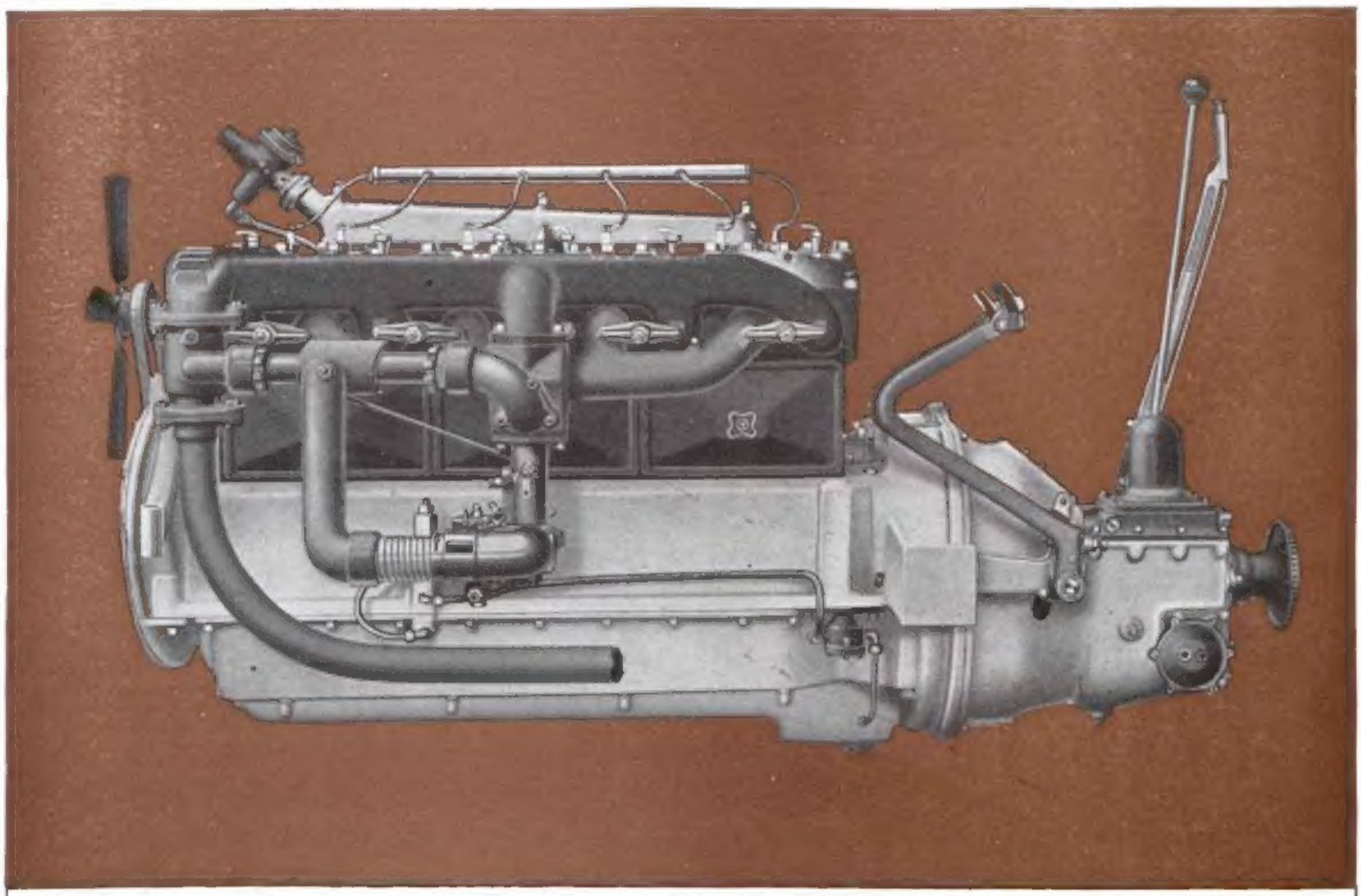
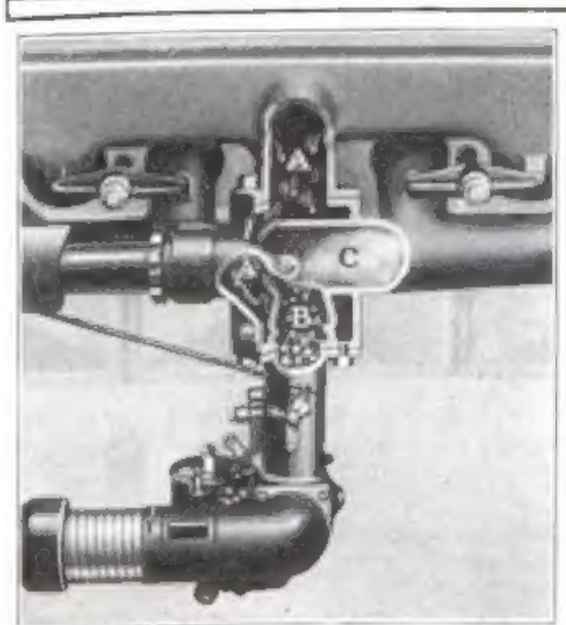


A GREATER ENGINE *for a* GREATER HAYNES



Close-up cut-away section shows where volatilization occurs

The Haynes volatilizer consists of a jacket that is cast about the intake manifold above the carburetor, which is heated by circulating through it hot exhaust gases "A", from the exhaust manifold, with which it is connected. The exhaust gases enter the volatilizer from the center of the exhaust manifold, circulate through the jacket and out through the exhaust tube, as indicated by the arrows. The incoming mixture, as it leaves the carburetor, has in suspension droplets of liquid fuel as shown at "B", which are instantly vaporized when they enter the volatilizer, and leaves as a highly combustible gas as shown at "C". The amount of heat to the volatilizer is automatically controlled by a valve that is connected to the throttle arm, so that at very low speeds, all of the exhaust passes through the volatilizer. As the speed of the engine is increased, less heat is supplied.

The New Haynes Volatilizer is a Great Engineering Development

Haynes engineers have just achieved a notable improvement in the gasoline engine through the development of the Haynes volatilizer, which results in a decided increase in motive power with much greater economy in fuel consumption. The Haynes volatilizer was produced especially for the newly-developed, more-powerful Haynes 75 motor, and makes this modern Haynes power plant the outstanding achievement in the long, successful career of the famed Haynes engineering corps.

Through the operation of the Haynes volatilizer, the liquid fuel is broken up into atoms which thoroughly mix with the air charge, thus making a gas which is highly volatile and which gives maximum explosive force when ignited. The motor exhaust is led around the intake manifold to produce a higher temperature where the gas from the carburetor enters the inlet manifold, thus producing a fuel condition which is ideal for instant ignition and results in the attainment of extraordinary explosive force. An automatic control, operated by the accelerator or the throttle, diverts the hot exhaust gas from its passage around the intake manifold as the speed of the motor is increased, and the necessity for artificial heating of the gasoline and air charge is decreased. Motor experts are agreed that the Haynes volatilizer is a distinct advance in the development of the automobile engine, and state the new Haynes 75 motor shows a great step forward over previous systems of vaporization and combustion.

Ask to see this great engineering achievement at the local Haynes showroom.

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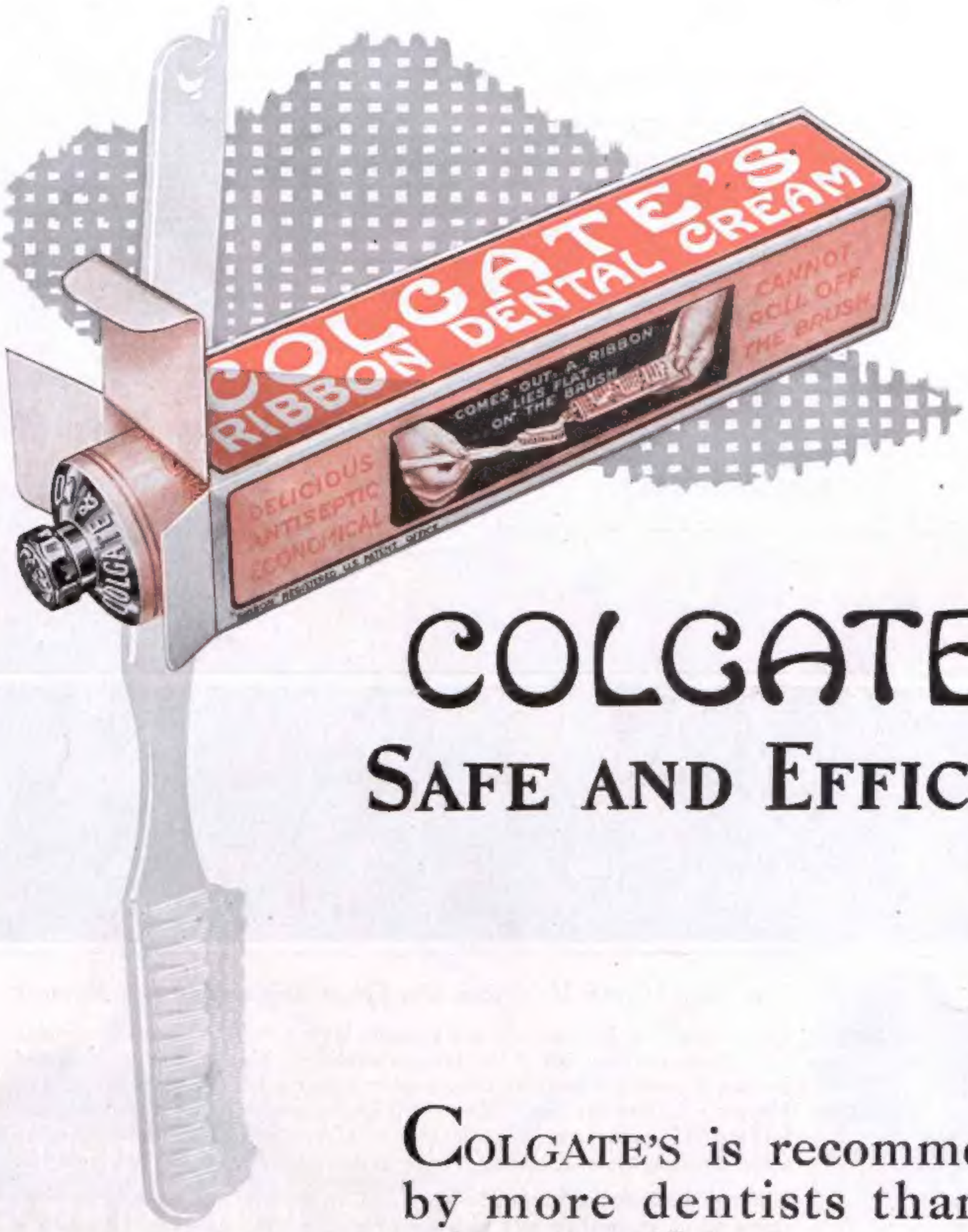

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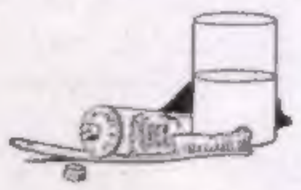
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